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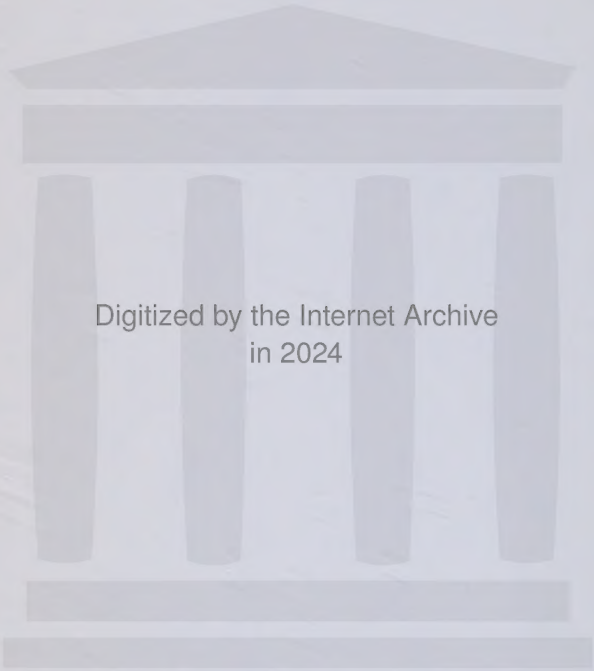

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LETTERS OF MRS. JAMES G. BLAINE

LETTERS

OF

MRS. JAMES G. BLAINE

EDITED BY

HARRIET S. BLAINE BEALE

VOLUME I

NEW YORK

DUFFIELD AND COMPANY

1908

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PREFACE

MY first thought in bringing my mother's letters together and putting them into readable form was to give to her grandchildren some clearer understanding of the home life into which her children were born and to which they look back with such tender love and appreciation as the years teach them its value. There was no thought of making a biography, and it is only as one letter has been added to another, and year after year rescued from oblivion, that I have comprehended that it is my mother's portrait which stands revealed on the background of the past. With gratitude I realize that she, who never gave a thought to herself, living only in the lives of others, who was content to be used, absorbed, obliterated if need be, in her service of love, lives once more in these rescued leaves, in her forcefulness, her honesty, her humor, and her splendid courage that was so cruelly tried.

A brief introduction to the published letters is perhaps needed.

Harriet Bailey Stanwood was the seventh child and fifth daughter of Jacob Stanwood and his second wife, Sally Caldwell. She was born at Augusta, Maine, on October 12, 1828, whither her parents had moved from Ipswich, Massachusetts, in 1820, when Maine was made a state, and where her father carried on the business of a woollen merchant. She was educated first at the Cony Academy in Augusta, and later at Mr. and Mrs. Cowles' School for Girls in Ipswich, where she was studying at the time of her father's death in 1845. On leaving the Cowles' School she went to join her older sister, Caroline, as a teacher at Mrs. Johnson's school in Millersburg, Kentucky. There she met James Gillespie Blaine, who at that time was also teaching, at the Western Military Institute at Georgetown, Kentucky, and there in 1850 they were married. From Millersburg they went to Philadelphia, where he taught in the Institute for the Blind and where their first child, Stanwood, was born in 1851. At the age of three Stanwood died, and that keen sorrow, followed almost immediately by the death of my mother's mother, to whom she was tenderly attached, brought my father and mother to Augusta, where they henceforth made their home, living for the first years in the old Stanwood house, with the oldest unmarried sisters, the "Aunt Susan" and "Aunt Caddy" of the letters, and moving later to the Rufus Child house at the corner

of State and Capitol Streets. The year after their return to Augusta, in 1855, a son was born, Robert Walker, followed in 1857 by another son, Williams Emmons, by a daughter, Alice Stanwood, in 1860, and by the three younger children who alone survive their parents. In 1863 my father was sent to the National Congress, and in 1869 he was made Speaker of the House. From that time they spent their winters in Washington, and from the year 1871 my mother's letters explain her life so fully that little further commenting is needed.

H. S. B. B.

WASHINGTON, D. C., October 26, 1908.

1869

From 1862 to 1866 Mr. Blaine represented the third Maine district, the so-called Kennebec district, in the lower house of Congress. From the period when these Letters begin, 1869, to 1876, he was Speaker of the House, and the family residence alternated between Washington and Augusta.

Mr. Blaine was born at West Brownsville, Pennsylvania, January 31, 1830. His active political experience began in 1854 when he became the part owner and editor of the Kennebec Journal, published at Augusta, Maine, then the official organ of the Whig party, holding the same relation to the Republican party when two years later that party came into being. He reported the legislative debates for his paper, and it is remembered that he never made written notes of the votes on the calls for yeas and nays, but depended on his memory alone, which was so accurate that the record was never in error. An interesting fact is that the legislative reporter for the Democratic paper at that time was Melville W. Fuller, later Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States.

Mr. Blaine's political experience was first developed by his editorial work, and then more directly by active participation in the campaign of 1856 in the interest of the newly organized Republican party. He had previously been a delegate to the First Republican Convention which had nominated John C. Fremont for the Presidency. In 1858 he edited the Portland Advertiser, but gave up active newspaper work thereafter, except that he edited the Kennebec Journal in the autumn of 1860 during the campaign which resulted in the first election of Abraham Lincoln as President of the United States.

In 1858 he was elected to the Maine Legislature and re-elected in 1859–60 and 1861, serving the last two years as Speaker of that body. In 1862 he succeeded Anson Morrill (brother of Lot M. Morrill) in the lower house of the National Congress as Representative from the third Maine district, the so-called Kennebec district, which he continued to represent until the summer of 1876, when Lot M. Morrill was appointed Secretary of the Treasury by President Grant, and Mr. Blaine was appointed by the Governor of Maine to serve out Mr. Morrill's unexpired term in the United States Senate. In the following winter he was elected for the full term.

LETTERS OF
Mrs. JAMES G. BLAINE

To Walker, at Phillips Academy, Andover

Augusta, Friday evening (1869)

My dear Walker, — I am sorry not to be able to write you a long letter to-night, but as it is already past ten, and Jamie is liable to wake up every moment, I know I shall not be able to. Your three letters came tonight, and I cannot tell you how delighted we all were to hear from you. By we *all*, I mean Emmons and *moi-même*. I had been down town all the afternoon, and my first question when we got in was as to the whereabouts of my letters. I did you the honor of keeping Father's letters waiting while I read all of yours. No further proof could I give of my desire to hear from you, as I often think my letters from Father are my daily bread. Now, one word, or rather several, about the boarding house and the homesickness, and the last first. I hoped you might be spared this most trying ordeal, but I did not

expect it. Does it not come to every one? Never shall I forget going to Ipswich when I was nine years old. The first evening after my arrival the fit came on me in full severity. I fled out of the house and crouched down behind a hogshead. In the pre-cistern days, a hogshead for rain-water graced every back door in New England. There was I found, but when questioned, I remember that I prevaricated. Something disgraceful associated itself in my mind with homesickness, so I said that I was crying for my wormwood and molasses, a spoonful of which delightful compound I was accustomed to take for some humour I had. I was at once accommodated with the dram, and so got well paid for my deception.

But to revert to yourself. Time will cure this. If you can only hold out a few days it will disappear like the early mist before the sun. And this ghost once laid rises again never.

And now if I could only look in on your quarters, I would unerringly advise you, but since I cannot I must go by the data I have; and first I send you Mr. Smyth's letter which Father sent me to-night, and which you will find in the box. You will agree with me that it is better almost to suffer three months' discomfort than to make of no avail so kind an effort on the part of Mr. S. If the other room you speak of is airier, better furnished, more cheerful than the

one you now have I would take it. You must not consider the difference in the expense. But I do not believe your Father would want you to have a room mate. I hope that you will stay at Mrs. Mathers and justify the high opinion Mr. Smyth seems to have of you. He can not think more highly of you than you deserve in my eyes, but then, I am your mother, and have borne you these many years in my prayers and my hopes. You would nowhere get much of a table. You can buy yourself a good wholesome lunch now and then when the inner man feels that it must be renewed. At any rate, all you have to do is to keep up good courage and God will give you the reward of well doing.

You ought to see Emmons's sympathy in your trials. "If he was Jack he would hump it to the first train." "It pulls a fellow down terribly, I tell you, mother, not to have what they like to eat," and so he goes on. Alice is not very well. She has not eaten anything to-day. I have been over to St Catherine's this afternoon to make the arrangements for her starting there Monday. Aunt Caddy has been here all the evening. She thinks your case not to be compared to Herbert's. Gen. Hodsdon and Capt. Boutelle [1] have been here all the evening. Johnny was in last evening to play some of the airs in La Grande

[1] Charles A. Boutelle, editor Bangor Whig and Courier; later Member of Congress.

Duchesse to Emmons. You should have seen the latter in his stocking feet dancing and singing to the accompaniment. But I have written Jamie awake, and must say good night. Keep me well posted in all your affairs, and if Mrs. Mathers remains uncongenial to you, I will arrange to have you change, but I shall be pleased if you can stay and be happy. The next time you write send a message particularly to Alice.

From your loving,

MOTHER.

AUGUSTA, Sunday afternoon.

MY DEAR WALKER, — I feel very sorry about your lamp, especially as on looking into my pocket-book I find I have not enough to send you the German Students'. I can hardly believe myself that my funds are so low, with Father still to be away two days longer, but I had to pay the workmen last night, a disbursement I did not anticipate. Your Father is in Boston to-day and I think very likely you may have heard from him, so I will not take up my time describing his movements. Emmons, Alice, M and myself went to church this morning. Heard Mr. Bingham, who was fighting a windmill, it seemed to me, all morning. No one has been in this afternoon, and I feel almost too lonesome to write letters. When

you are lonely writing does not relieve the sense of isolation as much as reading.

Have I written you that we are painting the house, building a portico on the south doors, lowering the chimneys, and resodding the north bank? Well, we are, and Emmons has a great deal of enjoyment in Sam Brick's society. He helped him yesterday paint the blinds. We shall be well through by the time you get home, if all goes well; how soon that will be! Each and all send love to brother Walker. Jamie is a lovely baby — M. very funny and entertaining.

As it is possible that you may have some money by you, enough to make out for the lamp, I send you five dollars. Do not be extravagant.

From your attached mother, who would write you a longer letter if her paper were smoother.

The Newton boys got home Saturday. Emmons says Ben Deering is to be a minister. The weather is lovely, the grass turning green, streets in some places dusty, and the Bingham boys and Fred Cony just going up back of the State House for a walk.

Good-by my dear boy, and the best of Heaven's blessings, a pure heart and good conscience, be yours.

From,

MOTHER.

Augusta, Tuesday morning, April 27, 1869

My dear Walker, — I am ashamed when I remember how long it is since your loving mother wrote you a letter, but I must say just one word in her extenuation. And to resume the *ego in toto*, I have so many things to occupy my head, my heart and my purse, that the amazing wonder of it all is that I remember to do anything, or anything well. To all this large household I am obliged to be father, mother, aunt and referee on every subject, spiritual and secular. From John, with his poor, neglected, dirty horse, to Jamie, there is no authority but myself, and when to crown and commence the day Ada gives me a poor breakfast, as she very often does, I feel that I bring not the strength of a humming bird to meet these many demands.

Yesterday Emmons commenced his school again, likewise M the magnificent, hers. Mons came home at noon perfectly disgusted with his arrangements. He had been put into Cæsar, although he is perfectly unposted as to rules; into geometry though he has never been in algebra, and in arithmetic only to square root. His other study — natural history — he made no objection to. Then he has that *bête noir* — declamation — threatening him. Altogether, I think were it not for the fear of boarding-school hanging over him, he would sit down in the ashes and wait for

his fairy godmother rather than try to help himself. But with this dread harrowing his soul, he knows that he must do or die, so last night he shut himself in the parlor till he had mastered his geometry, and this morning at breakfast while I cut steak and poured coffee, he ate and read out his "Gallia est omnis divisa in partes tres," and I will say for him that he translated his nine lines very deftly and neatly. All your old books come in play so well that he has not had to buy a new one. As soon as breakfast is over, he harnesses, then I put on my pretty hat, take in the little Blaine girls and the one big brother, and, leaving J'aime in his red night gown to the tender mercies of his little nurse, forth we drive.

First we drop M at Winthrop street; she goes off bowing her head and saying — "Now, Alice Blaine." Then Emmons throws out the reins and gives a spring as we come in sight of that dirty *hubbubbly* high school, and lastly I drive over the old bridge and deposit my saintly Alice among the saints. She likes them much, and this is now the fourth week, so I feel some confidence in the permanency of her regard. When I come home there is Jamie to bathe and dress, and Father's letter to write. This letter to Father has become such a choice affair that I have no doubt I shall go on jotting down my poor little trifles even when we are under the same roof. Father

meets me with the salutation — "Well, old lady, the separation is over. We have nothing to do now but enjoy each other." This on Friday, but on Wednesday I find myself at the door, that familiar old bag in my hand which I could pack asleep, saying good-by with the best grace I may. I give him now till Saturday to get home in. If he comes not then I have a fit of the blues all ready to put on.

I was perfectly delighted to hear from him so satisfactory an account of you. That your tongue ran, that you ate the oranges, that the homesickness had disappeared, that you addressed Aunt Caddy as Sir; each and every item gave satisfaction.

AUGUSTA, Thursday A. M. May 27, 1869.

MY DEAR WALKER, — You will hardly believe that you directed your last letter to Washington, and that to that great and wicked and corrupt and corruptible city it went before I had the satisfaction of seeing it, yet such is the truth; and if I had not fortunately been seized with a fit of curiosity respecting your dear daddy's correspondence, it would have gone on to New York, another city of notorious depravity, the fame of which may have reached even your humble ears, before it would have gladdened my waiting eyes. I say my *waiting* eyes, because I had begun to think

it high and higher time that I should hear from you, and now, as my time before the mail takes up is somewhat of the shortest,—to plunge *in medias res.* This is Latin, and Latin proper, my dear son, and not to be confounded with Greek. Your Father left yesterday for New York. He was at home just as long as it took the Creator to make the world, only your D.D. (short for Dear Daddy) rested his six days, and on the seventh commenced his labor anew. F S came home with him Wednesday, and left the next Tuesday. His visit gave us great pleasure, to none more than to Emmons; and by the way, that dear brother of thine is to come back to Andover with thee; and I trust him to you, Walker, in the confidence that in all that makes for brotherly love and perfect harmony you will never fail me. You are the elder, and doubtless you will often have to yield more than you will think the elder brother should, but whenever you are tempted to overbear, remember the teaching and the example of the Elder Brother of us all, and you will know just how to do.

MOTHER.

AUGUSTA, Thursday evening

MY DEAR SON, — How long is it since I have written you? Every morning I think I shall certainly find time for a good long letter to Andover to-day,

and night lets down her curtain upon me and the thing I would do I have not done. The truth is, I have no nurse for Jamie, and the principal care of him comes upon me, and this perpetual occupation underlying all my other cares, robs my days and evenings of all leisure. Ada, too, has been sick this week, so that there has been an added demand upon me for a few days. I often think that since in this world some things must be crowded out (this good idea is not mine but Mrs. Craddock's,[1] in that serial in the "Young Folks" — I have forgotten its name) I will elect that tucks and embroideries shall be from my life and my little girls', and perhaps I shall then find that I have like other people, twenty-four hours to my day. Can you make out my writing easily enough to readily take in my ideas?

I have been over to-night to see John Bruce; found him bolstered up in his chair, very feeble, apparently only a few days to live. I hope he will last a few days longer so that I may have the comfort of showing him a few little kindnesses. Father goes to Boston to-morrow. Am sorry to lose him even for a few days, but his errand is an important one and he must go. He will visit you at Andover before he returns.

[1] The Hon. Harriet Lister Craddock, Maid of Honor to the Queen in the early 40's and author of "The Calendar of Nature, or the Seasons of England," edited by Lord John Russell, and of "John Smith," "Rose," and other novels.

I would send you a basket of goodies but he takes the eastern road. How did you like the buttons I sent you for your birthday? We are having the house painted. Quite an improvement it will be too. I only wish we were building a new large room for my dear boy at Andover, but I intend to select a large and handsome one for him at Washington. Emmons still insists that he will not go back with you next term, although his Father is very anxious that he should. He likes Mr. Lambert very much indeed, but is unfortunately situated as to his studies, having been obliged to abandon his Latin. Monday the Blaines had a grand hair-cutting. The barber shop did not come until nine, and then there were the pater, Alice, Emmons and M to be operated on. All went merry as a marriage bell till it came to the last, then trouble began. Such a time as we had. Father stormed, threatened and coaxed, all to no purpose. Then he resorted to strength, muscle, Emmons would call it. But even here he was hardly a match for her. She never gave in, no, not for a second, and parted with her hair only as the dextrous scissors took it from her. Every inch of the way she fought. Great streams of perspiration flowed down the artist's face; but little by little the work went on, M all the time crying out amid her sobs — "I shall look horrid, I know I shall; I shall look like

a bride, I know I shall." She is not a bit reconciled to her loss yet.

Mrs. Child, who boards in Andover, wants you to come and see her. She is grandmother to Robert Wainwright who is at your school.

Good-night, my dear, and excuse this short and abrupt letter from,

MOTHER.

Friday evening.

DEAR WALKER, — I have just received your letter of Sunday. Emmons also has his. Both we have enjoyed very much indeed. Write early and often. Emmons is at this moment on his knees helping Mr. Sherman,[1] Father's clerk, empty about twenty bags of their contents. The library and the vestibule are "all running out at the mouth" with humbugs for the constituents. Father left this morning for Boston. He expects to visit Andover before his return, but this I have already written you. About your rooms, I think I may venture to let you take a room at Mrs. Torry's. I have such confidence in your good behavior that I believe you will prove no exception to the gentlemanly rule, which, according to your account, seems to obtain in her family. Have

[1] Thomas H. Sherman, Mr. Blaine's private secretary for more than twenty years, and later U. S. consul at Liverpool.

I written you how much M enjoyed her dollar? She bought a lead pencil, Faber 2, with it, and a five cent paper doll. The remaining 85 cents found its way into mother's purse.

Good-night, I would write more, but must get this note mailed to-night. Each and all send love.

MOTHER.

1871

To Walker, in England

Augusta, Monday evening, August 21st, 1871

My dear Boy, — The great event since I wrote you a week ago is your Father's Saratoga serenade speech,[1] which he made last Wednesday evening, and which he considers, though this of course is in confidence, a great strike. An immense crowd assembled to hear him, and he has been overwhelmed with congratulations. I think myself he was most happy, and perhaps I should be more difficult than almost anyone else to please. All the papers have said their say about it pro and con according to the tone of the journal. . . . No tongue can adequately portray my loneliness since I came from Boston the day after you sailed. I seem to myself to lead two lives entirely distinct from each other — the one when I am with your Father, all variety, wide-awake, gay; the other all Aunt Susan, sewing machine, children. Another telegram we have also had this afternoon from Mr. Alexander telling of the arrival of the Tripoli at Queenstown only last night.

[1] Political speech made by Mr. Blaine at Saratoga Springs August 16, 1871, in which he contrasted the economies of the Republican Administration at Washington with the reckless expenditure and shameless corruption of the government of New York City under Tammany. William M. Tweed was arrested for the first time October 28th of this year.

Was it not a long passage, and how did you stand it? I long to hear, not only this, but that you are well and happy, and sure of enjoying all that the liberality of your Father had planned for you.

AUGUSTA, August 29th, '71
Tuesday evening

MY DEAR WALKER, — I was obliged to cut my letter short so unexpectedly last night and so unsatisfactorily that I then determined to daily or rather, nightly, chronicle hereafter my small beer, so that you might in the future have a more faithful if not a better record of all our petty family doings. Your Father is better. He stays in the open air all he can, so every morning after his letters are written, we drive. Went yesterday twice, and once to-day. To-day we drove out over Western Avenue and round by Coombs' mills, Daddy walking two miles of the distance and horse of course ditto. We still keep, and probably shall for some time to come, the Rockland horse. Mr. Sherman, as I wrote you, is here, and trying to get the papers, documents and letters together in order for the winter. Thirty boxes and bags I think have been brought from the postoffice this afternoon. At 4:30 your Father left for Lewiston, has to meet the State Committee this evening.

Will look out for the election[1] rather more closely because of the rumors of danger to the party. To-morrow he goes to Boston, and is the next day to come home. Will not see Emmons, though I begged him to stay over one extra day rather than not do it, but he thinks hardening good for boys.

This morning I had a long letter from Cousin Abby.[2] She is very busy getting her book ready. Wrote for me to come up next week and bring Que J'aime.

Thursday evening.

I am going to send my letter off to-night and have but a few minutes left for final words.

Dear little M fell yesterday and broke her left arm, broke it just above the elbow, quite badly. She suffers dreadfully with it, and is very nervous, so much so that I find it difficult to leave her. She was playing at Mr. Swan's at the time and fell from an apple tree. She took ether while her arm was set, but suffered a great deal. By a most fortunate change in his plans your Father had come home in-

[1] The Maine elections were then, as they are to a somewhat less extent now, considered as a "barometer" indicating the prospects of the political parties in the general Presidential election to follow.

[2] Miss Mary Abby Dodge, Mrs. Blaine's cousin, who wrote under the nom-de-plume of Gail Hamilton. She spent many winters with Mrs. Blaine in Washington and is referred to in the "Letters" as "Cousin Abby," "C. A.," "Miss Dodge," "Gail Hamilton," "G. H.," or "The Dodger."

stead of going to Boston as he intended, and this happened just after he arrived. Dear little thing, she said Emmons minded his so little in Washington, she thought it would be good fun to break an arm; but it is a very different thing when you come to try it.

We have heard from Emmons, who likes his school a great deal better. Your Father will send you his letter by the despatch bag, so you will soon have it. It is the greatest possible comfort to me to find that he is going to do well. The Standard has been abusing your Father in its last two issues, the main cry his great wealth. To-day it has three columns citing his princely style of living, his retinue of servants, and the expensive education he is giving his children — one son now traveling in Europe. Gen. Chamberlain [1] has accepted the presidency of Bowdoin College. Toby Candor sits here waiting to see your Father; also the parlor full. Aunt Caddy and Emily have just come in, and send love.

Good-by,

Your devoted,

MOTHER.

[1] Joshua Lawrence Chamberlain, who left the professorship of rhetoric in Bowdoin College to enlist with the 20th Maine Volunteers in the Civil War, breveted Major-General in 1866, and elected three times governor of Maine, from 1866 to 1871.

Evening.

My dear Boy, — I have just had a call from Mr. Goodenow[1] and his sister, a most elegant looking girl. They are on their way to Bangor, but stayed over until to-morrow morning to see me. I was sick, and could do nothing beyond receiving the visit. M is so very far from well that she requires and has almost all my time. "Uncle John" hopes to get his leave of absence prolonged, and in that case I shall be able to show him some attention in Washington. This afternoon we received your letter of August 31st. Very nice and interesting letters, too. I have read them twice and have just enveloped them to Father, who will get them to-morrow morning at the Parker House. M. cannot quite decide on her doll's hair. Alice Farwell had one that she could brush the hair on, but Alice Wood's stayed on better. She will decide before the next letter. It was Queen Eleanor, wife of Edward I. to whom the memorial crosses were erected. There were fifteen of them, and they commemorate her resting places from Grantham to Westminster.

The little magnifier came all safe. I must close my letter. You are a dear good boy, and your letters give us unbounded satisfaction.

Good-night, and God bless you.

Mother.

[1] John Goodenow, U. S. Minister to Turkey.

AUGUSTA, Sunday evening,
September 2nd, 1871.

MY DEAR WALKER, — My time has been mostly spent since I last wrote, as you may suppose, in taking care of M. For two days she suffered very much, had two very bad nights, probably the bandages were unnecessarily tight. Dr. Brickett loosened them, and she has been steadily gaining since Friday morning. To-day she has been out driving twice, and though very weak, does not complain of much pain. To-morrow her arm is to be examined, and if all is well with it, I shall feel quite light hearted. Dr. Barbour has preached for us to-day; have been out only once, but Aunt Susan has made amends for all my deficiencies. Your Father has gone also to-night.

The Standard is all taken up with his affairs. I dislike it extremely, but suppose it will not do to let all the charges and statements go unanswered. We had a nice letter from Emmons this morning; will send it to you by despatch bag, as it tells all about his studies. I have no doubt the school is far better than it has been since Dr. Taylor's death. Your Father also had a very friendly and most excellent letter from the President.[1] I had no idea that he

[1] General Ulysses Simpson Grant, eighteenth President of the United States.

would write so good a letter. He wanted to be remembered to you children. We are all longing to hear from you, but do not expect our heart's desire for a day or two yet. You seem to have gone down into the very caverns of silence. M's great solace during her illness is her kittens — Tiger and Snowdrop. J'aime loves them, but his tender mercies are cruel. To-day Tiger took refuge from him in the warm ashes of my fire. He did not dare go there, so the poor thing had an hour of quiet. Uncle William,[1] Aunt Abby, Ida and Lucy Cony expect to start to-morrow week for Saratoga. They like to fly high when they do take the wing. Aunt Emily's[2] family are all well; Aunt Caddy exceedingly tried with the dog — a Scotch terrier, ugly enough to be a pure breed. George represents it is worth a hundred dollars. Jim and Wal take care of it, and seem to enjoy it much as the Pickwick Club did their tall horse when they were going to Mr. Wardle's.

Monday evening.

"Out of the depths have I called unto thee" — this is all I can think of. Your Father came home from town this afternoon, having intercepted the mail with your welcome letter and diary, so you must have

[1] William Caldwell, Mrs. Blaine's cousin.
[2] Mrs. Stinson, Mrs. Blaine's younger sister.

got in Saturday instead of Sunday as the Cunard gentleman telegraphed your Father. I read the letter aloud, Dada the Journal; both most satisfactory, but be sure to write on better paper. That you use is odious. You can give up Geneva, of course. I believe your Father has written you to this effect. Mrs. Stillman — I wrote you, did I not? — is the original of Euphrosyne in Lothair. How good it seems to be once more in communication with you.

M has had a very suffering day — not so much with pain in her arm as pain all over and general nervousness. Certainly I put stockings in your bag. Have just had time to write these few lines.

Love from us all; oceans from

MOTHER.

AUGUSTA, September 8th, 1871
Friday evening.

MY DEAR WALKER, — M's broken arm seems to have worked sad woe to my journalizing, as well as some other things. I got your Father to write a few lines last night, but I am afraid he is not a very good detailer of home affairs, and so, although my day has been unmarked by events, I will not wait for anything more uncommon, but will at once begin a new letter by telling you that Aunt Caddy has just gone home after spending the evening with us. She

is knitting a stocking of huge dimensions, had eaten a very hearty supper, and as the sitting room under the combined effect of gaslight and wood fire was very warm, I was not surprised to see her eagerly counting the strokes of the clock as it sounded out nine, and no less eagerly rolling up her work; after which with a prolonged and final yawn she departed. She did not sleep well at all last night, and all her waking dreams were of you, stimulated of course, by your letter, which your Father read to her at the supper table. He and I had the first reading of it in the carriage over on Malta Hill. How delighted we were to hear from you I cannot express. Your Father is well pleased with you, thinks you outdo him as a traveler. He was saying at the supper table that next summer, if Emmons wanted to go over to meet you, he should make no objection, whereupon Alice insists that he told you over and over again to keep away from Americans. Surely Emmons is an American.

Tom Sherman left us this afternoon. Your Father expects Tuesday to leave for Pennsylvania. The local politics are becoming very interesting. A partisan warfare is waged between the Journal and the Standard, and of course your Father is a mark for most of the shafts and honors. Warren Johnson, it is reported, has gone over to the Democrats. Undoubtedly he thinks Kimball is to be elected.

Heaven send that he may be well punished for his lack of faith. To-night your "Dada" takes tea, or as I should say, sups, at Sylvanus's.[1] We were both invited, but I was too tired and lifeless to go. M thinks no one so good and handsome as her dear and pretty *Mum*, and when my caresses and services for the day are through, little is left me but a recollection of past fatigues. J'aime I have hardly seen for the day. Mary Nolan, the new nurse, proves very efficient, and does not permit the earnest little soul to come about me half as much as I really want him to. He is a great toast on the street, and his pet accomplishment is to tell where you have gone. "Walker Blaine has gone to Obrope, I tell you." This you can hear any hour during the day. Alice and he went out into the country for cream this afternoon, and returned bringing with them a full grown cat. "Tiger" had been missing for a number of days, but yesterday his select and cold remains were discovered in a shoe box, J'aime having shut him in and forgotten him. There was great grief, as you may suppose, but it has been a great comfort to change his name to Ginevra.

[1] Sylvanus Caldwell, Mayor of Augusta, and cousin of Mrs. Blaine. Mrs. Sylvanus Caldwell is the "Aunt Hannah" of the Letters.

Saturday evening.

Your Father and I have been this afternoon to see Mrs. Lambard. She got home a week ago; would have liked to see you very much. She showed me a good many things she had brought home, mostly Dresden china. You cannot think how high the partisan spirit seems to run this election. Your Father has just had sent him from down town a Democratic sheet which that party in lack of a daily paper have just issued. Two thirds of it certainly is devoted to him. Judge Rice [1] and Mr. Vickery are their candidates for the Legislature. How glad I shall be when the City and State are well carried Monday evening. We had a letter from Emmons this morning, very brief; he says he is too busy to write, really seems to be studying hard. It is occasion for unbounded happiness on my part that he is happy and doing well at Andover.

Sunday evening.

A very quiet day. Out this morning to hear Dr. Caruthers, Father with me, to church. Returning, he walked with Mr. Farwell and Aunt Cad rode with me. Aunt C has forgotten "Pie," and the dog is as

[1] Richard Drury Rice, of Augusta, appointed Judge of the Supreme Court of Maine in 1852. He resigned the office in 1863 to accept the presidency of the Portland and Kennebec, now the Maine Central R. R. He was also one of the builders and a vice-president of the Northern Pacific Railroad.

a shadow which flitteth away, so overwhelming is her interest in the election to-morrow. It seems to be of vital consequence to her, but in reality it would make no difference in her basket or her store whether Perham [1] or Kimball governed the State. But I am immensely interested, for I feel there has been a deliberate effort made to break down your Father. Nothing at the bottom of it, I presume, but envy.

Monday evening.

Well, Walker, the election is over, and well over. Every ward in this city is carried by Republicans, — a thing which I think has hardly ever been before. This city is carried by 237; other towns have thrown very large votes. Gramp [2] voted among the first, fearing that he might die during the day if he put it off. Poor old Prince has been out all day, and still is going his weary rounds. Father is at the Journal office awaiting the returns. He expects to be out very late. By good rights this letter ought to have gone on the 10 o'clock train to-night, but Joe [3] and Sue [3] have been in, and I could not bear to send it without a closing word.

[1] Sidney Perham, Governor of Maine, and later member of Congress.

[2] Mr. Sewall, Mr. Manley's grandfather.

[3] Joseph Homan Manley, of Augusta, and Mrs. Manley. Mr. Manley was chairman of the Republican State Committee and later member of the National Committee for Maine.

Everyone congratulated your Father on the election in this city as a personal compliment. How he would feel to have it telegraphed all over the country, as it was to be, that Augusta, the home of Morrill [1] and Blaine, had gone Democratic. But I must close, for I mean after all to get this letter off.

Good-by my dearest boy. Everybody sends love to you. I cannot particularize.

Most devotedly,

MOTHER.

HOME, September 12th, 1871.

MY DEAR WALKER, — We have had a great treat this afternoon, namely, your first and second batch of London letters, the last date of which was August 30th. Father expected to go to Boston to-day, but as his stay is to be quite a serious one — two weeks at least in Pennsylvania — and as there were a great many telegrams concerning election to receive and be sent away, he concluded to defer his departure until to-morrow, so he was here to read out your letters. First they were read in the spare chamber, Susan, M and I the audience. When they were about half through Alice and Que J'aime added themselves to the circle — the former very indignant that we had

[1] Senator Lot M. Morrill, Secretary of the Treasury under President Grant, became a resident of Augusta in 1841, forming a law partnership with Senator James W. Bradbury and Judge Rice.

not sent for her to hear the beginning of the narration — then George was told to put old Prince into harness and go for Aunt Caddy. Of course she was more than ready, so at supper we had reading No. 2, and Aunt Hannah coming in during the evening, there was a third reading, your Father officiating every time. We all think you are doing splendidly; seeing a great deal, and describing all to us with great accuracy and freshness. But do not write any more on both sides of that paper. Your Father says, use it, if you wish, but write only on one side. You have no idea how impatiently we want to read and how slowly we have to feel our way. I have been up to the dam with your Father to-day and also drove around town a little. The election, as you will see by the papers your Father has sent you this evening, has turned out splendidly — a grand vindication of your dearest dad, that of this town is. All the capital of the Democratic party seemed to be centered in him.

Thursday morning.

Dear Walker, — I have just settled with Mary White, who goes home on a two weeks' visit, and find that I owe her so much that I have just $1.85 left in my purse. Hope you feel richer than I do this morning, with all Europe on your shoulders. Your Father

window prepared to work my slow and laborious way through the first sheet — which you will remember was written all over on both sides — Aunt Cad comes in, congratulating herself upon her great good luck in always coming in upon your letters, whereas Aunt Emily says she might come down every day in the week and she should never be here to hear one reading. Interruption number 1 was put up with, but when number 2, arriving in the shape of Lizzie Thoms, was seen, patience failed, and I beat a retreat to the sitting room. Here, after I had, I am ashamed to say, snubbed Aunt Susan for coming in, with some irrelevant question, I was permitted to go with you on the two or three days' travel you had sent us. All the places associated with Mary and her brother Murray seem full of significance to me, because I have within a few years read Froude, who bestows, of course, great care and research on the Stuart part of the history. I greatly miss the enjoyment of reading your letters with your Father. We have, since they began to come, read them together, and generally alone, and sympathizing with you and with each other to the fullest, we have felt united over you to a wonderful degree. Always may you give as much joy and satisfaction to our hearts as you have in the way you have improved the first two weeks of your stay in Europe. But to go on with my narrative,

when I had got through, Aunt Cad took them up, reading and rereading every word, for she pays herself the compliment of thinking that she has a great deal to do with your first start in life, and that you are, in some sort, her own product.

Thursday evening.

I am really almost mortified when I think what commonplace family affairs I write about, and here begins another page of what old Mr. Mulliken would call "the same old cat with a different tail," though I perceive my figure does not in the least hold together.

The afternoon mail brought a letter from Gen. Schenck[1] full of regret that he was not in England to meet you; saying that he remembered you perfectly, and that he expects to leave the Continent today, and that if anywhere within his jurisdiction after this time, you must not fail to report yourself to him. Uncle Sylvanus has been in, with Charlie's picture, just sent. Again, good-night,—I hope I shall not do as I did last night, wake up after one sound nap, think about you, whom I fancied from your letter, lonely and homesick; deluge my poor pillow with a perfect flood of tears, and thoroughly waked thereby have finally to get up, light the gas, and pursue sleep,

[1] Gen. Robert C. Schenck, for some time member of Congress and later U. S. Minister to England, 1870–1876.

the rude sailor boy's blessing, through the pages of a dull story.

The mail also brought me a letter from your Father, written Sunday afternoon, at Elizabeth, where he was wandering over coal fields and thinking sadly of his mother.[1]

Augusta, September 28, 1871.

My dear Walker, — Tuesday evening, just before eight, I got a telegram from your Father saying that he was on the train due at that hour, and would expect to find George at the depot. . . . The night was stormy, and George had been dismissed till the next day. Of course there was not a bit of meat in the house. However, it was everything to have him coming home. Mary flew down the lane, and George's father came to the rescue and harnessed. A good supper was knocked up with the help of Mons, and at fifteen minutes past eight your dear dad was comfortably housed, sitting before a blazing fire in the back parlor. He had spent Monday night at Hamilton in company with the Stowes, having, of course, a most brilliant time, Harriet Beecher being in one of her most communicative, social moods. Emmons went back to Andover Monday morning early, looking, your father says, as well as he ever saw him in his life, and appearing like a good boy and a faithful scholar. He thinks he shall lay up

[1] Mr. Blaine's mother died the previous spring at Brownsville, Pa.

on his allowance! One hundred dollars is due him already, though, of course, he has not paid his board.

AUGUSTA, Thursday afternoon,
October 5th

MY DEAR WALKER, — It is a very close sultry afternoon, and although there is not a particle of fire in the furnace, I find myself very uncomfortable sitting at my sewing in my room, so I have come down into the back parlor for the sake of the fresher air. In the library Mr. Sherman is diligently at work making an accurate list of committees, together with the resignations of new Members and the "outs" — a very nice job indeed. And I heard him tell your Father yesterday he thought he had gone over the names in his anxiety some thirty times. In the kitchen Mary and Maggie sit at their sewing, and in the nursery Bedlam under the generalship of Alice, has evidently broken loose. There are gathered Que J'aime and M and Alice and Eliza, and as their leader stands in awe of no one, the liberty I permit soon becomes license. Susan has gone over to Nancy's to call on Mrs. Pike. Out in the yard George plods away raking the leaves — a perfectly foolish business, as they come from the trees faster than he can possibly clear them from the walks. Your dear Father, I am happy to say, has been out for a walk, and as he

turned his face down townward, I am in hopes his admiring constituency will have the pleasure of seeing him. I think perhaps he never stood so high with them before, certainly he never stood higher. This morning I drove down town with Que J'aime to get the darling some boots, also to canvass the field a little before making the change in his clothes; called at Aunt Emily's and took her down with us. At half past 12, just as we were turning our faces homeward, your Father hailed us from Mr. Hendee's to come over and have J'aime's picture taken. His dress was torn and his boots shabby, but I hope we got something that will at least remind you of the little brother. Your Father also sat, and Alice, who came in on her way from school, wanted to, but it was too late.

This morning we had a letter from Uncle Jacob[1] saying that he had sent the girl with the broken arm fifty pounds of Delaware grapes which she was to share with Alice and J'aime. She is getting along finely, does not even wear a sling. Since I wrote you, your Father has returned from Boston. He was there only one day, but in that time bought me blankets, two fenders, got my mended jewelry from Shreve & Stanwood where it has been ever since you sailed, and to my great surprise he got home on the 4 o'clock train yesterday afternoon, his beloved Kinglake

[1] Jacob Stanwood, Mrs. Blaine's older brother.

(Crimea) still accompanying him. You see, Walker, I write you the most trivial details of our life. I go out but little, and even if I went more, my narratives would still run on the same lay. I wrote just such letters to your Father when he was away as you are, and he said the very sight of the home names was a refreshment to him. Your Father thinks it not advisable at all for you to go to Germany with the Washburn boys. As soon as we hear from you in Paris he will write to the Minister [1] about you.

AUGUSTA, October 8th,
Sunday evening.

MY DEAR WALKER, — I have just written a note to Mr. Hale,[2] giving him Cousin Abby's address. He wishes to send her cards for his approaching

[1] Elihu B. Washburne of Illinois. Mr. Washburne was one of the few foreign ministers who stayed in Paris during the Commune. The late Hon. R. R. Hitt of Illinois, chairman of the Foreign Affairs Committee, said of him in the House, April 17, 1894: "All the other diplomats, every one of the lords, and counts and marquises hurried away; Washburne stayed — stayed through it all. The stars and garters all disappeared, but the stars and stripes stood fast. His house was pierced with shot. The bombshells fell all about the Legation, but he never failed one day nor one hour from his post. He had the respect and confidence of both the French and German governments when they trusted no one else. For weeks he was the only means of communication between the contending forces, a pure politician turned diplomat, a dignified, courageous, discreet American minister."

[2] Hon. Eugene Hale, at that time representing the Fourth Maine District in the National Congress, later U. S. Senator, married the daughter of Senator Zachariah Chandler of Michigan.

wedding, which comes off on December 31st. I heard from him yesterday — the first time for a long while. He says he is very much in love, and I suppose that must excuse him. Also, I have written to Cousin Abby, from whom I had a bright and racy letter this morning.

Monday evening, before tea.

Another day has come and gone, dear Walker, since I made the above miserable attempt at writing you a home letter, and yet no line from you. A week yesterday morning since we heard from you. Your Father sits in the parlor toasting his feet over the fire, a suspicious dampness having settled upon them in the garden, where he and Tom Sherman have been exercising or exorcising, which you will. I have just been saying to him — "Am I not better to thee than ten sons?" "Yes," said he, "and if you are better than twenty, I still want the sons." I thought he was uneasy about you, but he says he is not; still, my dear boy, be particular to send off a letter if of ever so few lines, by frequent mails.

Your Father and Mr. Sherman are desperately busy over the committees. It is the secret of the power of the Speaker, and like everything else worth anything, is a rock of offense and a block of stumbling to many, though to others the chief corner stone.

Friday your Father expects to go to Boston to participate in the honors to be paid the President, all of which he will see and a part of which be, as he is himself the city's guest. Tuesday he expects simply to come through town with the President on his way to Bangor. The President stops, I believe, about twenty minutes only. He, your Father, hates it, but I suppose it would not do for the President to come into Maine and the Speaker not be here to see him. Mr. Morrill gets rid of the whole thing by starting to Kansas to see M—— . . . But I suppose this information will be more interesting to Mons than to you. I have had a short letter from that youth — as Mrs. Prescott called him — Friday afternoon. The weather had been warmer, so they had had a very good chance at baseball. This was really the gist of the letter. I sent him, or rather, Mr. Sherman did, at my request, on Saturday the Anabasis and Virgil.

Do you get the Kennebec Journal? Your Dada says he sends it to you every week. I try to keep you posted about everything, but happily little in the shape of news occurs; no news is good news, you know. We want to hear from you very much at Paris. Do not fail to chronicle every little thing about yourself as well as the larger things. It interests me to hear of your cravats. I think of you

constantly; never wake in the night that my first impression is not of you.

Be a good boy. Good-night,

Most devotedly,

MOTHER.

AUGUSTA, October 14, 1871.
Saturday morning, just after breakfast.

MY DEAR WALKER, — I got as far as the date of a letter to you last Thursday afternoon, but just as I got so far, Aunt Emily came in, which of course delayed me for the time, and everything here being very cheerful, she concluded to stay to supper, and when that ceremony was over, I found that no trains were to leave for no one knew how long, all culverts being washed away by the vast quantities of rain, more having fallen in a given time at the hospital than there has been any record of for the last twenty years. So, though it hurt my feelings terribly, I was compelled to let the mail start for Europe without any missive good or bad, for my dear boy. The heavy storm broke up all the water works of Mr. Johnson back of the State House, falling down in floods; the water bringing with it any quantity of earth, has thoroughly altered the topography of the country about Canada Brook, filling the hollow and making of it a large flat. There, — I 'm glad to be

through with that sentence, having been interrupted during its laborious construction more times than I have fingers.

Your Father goes to Boston to-day at 12 to meet the President. He stops at the St. James, and has written Emmons to meet him there this evening. I have had a letter from him this morning full of the Chicago calamity.

M and J'aime are playing on the sofa. The latter has been trying all the morning for a cat. I heard him before breakfast on the porch calling for George to go out and find him a cat. There are so many on the premises that they go out very much as one would hunt an elephant in Africa. Sure enough, he came in a few minutes ago hugging up a very fair specimen of the feline race. This is a specimen of M's manœuvring to get the kitten: — "O J'aime, you be the mother and play that you are out shopping and buy something for the baby's birthday, a little gold chain or something. I 'll be the nurse and stay at home and take care of the baby. Here, darling, come to nursey." And J'aime, overpowered by the argument, surrenders, and M sits on the sofa fondling and enjoying to her heart's content.

I don't know how much you may have heard of the Chicago fire. From the prominent newspaper ac-

counts, alas, there never was, and God grant there never may be anything like it.

Sunday afternoon, October 15.

All the family, Eliza and J'aime excepted, went out to church to-day. Heard Professor Barbour [1] preach on the Chicago fire, after which a contribution was taken up. Your Father has already subscribed and paid $250., and to-day Alice had $5. and I put in $20 more, and again I shall give when they take up collections for old residents of Augusta. Unexpectedly a double dividend or something of that kind came in yesterday morning from the Eastern Express, and I think it a direct intimation of providence that we should give it to Chicago; anyhow, it is going that way. Then we shall send off large boxes of clothing, new and half worn. Think of the winter which is before those crowds of people, — any quantity of work but no shelter. In five years — your Father thinks less — Chicago will be rebuilt.

I drove your Father to the station yesterday at the usual hour; whipped up to Harrington's and bought him some black gloves, as I did not think a hat in mourning and colored gloves looked well together. Came back to the depot and found that the cars were thirty minutes late at least, so Dada and I whipped up the old nag and came back for a lunch. I flew

[1] The Rev. W. M. Barbour, D.D., of Yale College.

around and got up a cup of tea, cold meat and toast, a delicious pie. M and J'aime crowded in to the feast. I ate and waited on the others, and when in twenty minutes we started again for the train the whole family agreed that they had dined. This time we and the train — a very heavy one — reached the starting point together, and your Father on entering the Pullman had the pleasure of being greeted by Mrs. F——, never a favorite of his, who, sick and alone, had left Belfast in the morning starting for Washington. I was sorry for him, not for her mind you, but could afford no help. So I took in Mr. Bradbury [1] and started for home; occupied myself in coming up the hill, while Mr. Bradbury discoursed, in trying to decide which was the slowest, he, I, or old Prince. As I had only a lonesome afternoon before me, decided to stop and call at Aunt Emily's. Found them just sitting down to dinner, a very nice dinner, roast chicken, etc., but did not join, though pressed to do so. I suppose Mons and your Father are to-day at the St. James. Tuesday the President goes to Bangor, stops here about 20 minutes. I shall go to the depot and get a passing word with your dear Dada, who is to keep with the President till Friday.

[1] Hon. James W. Bradbury, Senator from Maine, 1847–1853.

Monday evening, 8 o'clock.

I have heard from your Father this afternoon. He reached Boston at 8–½ Saturday evening. Found Emmons and an alderman waiting for him. Saw the President, the P. M., Mrs. Grant and Nellie and the boy. Breakfasted with them, then went to Dr. Putnam's church, Roxbury. Emmons and the Grant boy went with Collector Russell to attend service on the School Ship. I believe I never was in Boston on Sunday that Mr. Russell did not appear to invite us to that School Ship. At six they were to dine at Mr. Hooper's.

Que J'aime fell Saturday morning and nearly broke his precious nose, catching his feet in one of the thousand holes in the old nursery carpet, so I have had it pulled up in a hurry.

We took in $250 in our church yesterday, the Episcopal $700, the Universalists $350; but many of our society subscribed on the papers, as your Father, Mr. Johnson and the Potters. O the suffering, the appalling suffering of the Chicago panic!

Most devotedly,

MOTHER.

AUGUSTA, Thursday evening,
October 19. Before tea.

MY DEAR WALKER, — The evening for sending off a letter to you has again come round, and not one

word have I written. But a few lines chronicling the uneventful days since Monday I will at least write. As usual, when I begin a letter to you, Emily has just come in, but as she has turned aside into the parlor, I will leave Aunt Susan to entertain her while I sit on in the library and write. The little family is well. M. has been to school all day; is fast getting back to her health before the break, though the stiff arm is a perpetual reminder of how hard it is for man to make God's work good when we are so unfortunate as to mar his perfect mechanism. She and J'aime are in the kitchen keeping warm and listening to Eliza, who is crooning over some old Irish tales to them.

Father is in Bangor, accompanying the President. I took M. and J'aime and drove as near the depot as I dared Tuesday afternoon. There was a great crowd, and Grant was as miserable as is his wont on such occasions. I did not see him, as I sat high up the hill in the carriage, neither did I see the other dignitaries who were present. But I saw, best of all, your Father, who, as soon as he had introduced the President to Mayor Evelyth, hunted us up and spent a delightful quarter of an hour at the carriage. Joe says there were many comparisons drawn between the bearing of the President and the Speaker. Probably the latter never stood higher in the affections of

his fellow citizens than he does at this moment. After an embarrassed stay of fifteen minutes, the cars left. I think from the newspaper accounts that the whole celebration at Bangor must be a great success. Your Father told me that he dined at Mr. Hooper's Sunday evening with Agassiz, Longfellow, Holmes, Lowell and other savants; enjoyed it extremely.

When the show was over Aunt Caddie came down to tea, and we were fearfully disappointed not to receive a letter from you. Your Father could not believe that I had none for him, and now as late as Tuesday afternoon, none has come. You cannot tell how anxious it makes me not to hear. I knew when I gave my consent to your going to Europe that necessarily anxious days and nights must be mine, but if you are well, you ought at least twice a week to send off a few lines. It is delightful — nothing could be more so, to have long letters from you, but a line would keep me from imagining all sorts of disasters.

A letter came from Mr. Hale Tuesday. He is laid up with a lame leg; got hurt trying to get on a car at Portland; cannot be in Bangor, as any risk now endangers the limb for life. Also have had letters from Mary Wilson and Martha, asking to be taken into service next winter; also from James Jackson; nothing from Robert. As is my custom, I dread to

take up the gay life in Washington. Shall like it no doubt when my dresses are made and I am well initiated. I suppose you see by the American papers all the Catacazy [1] gossip. I don't think his wife has anything to do with the trouble, as it is really all diplomatic, but it seems very hard on her.

O Walker, that Chicago calamity grows ever more heartbreaking. Five hundred children they say — though I do not believe it — have been born in the open air. A great many, happily, have not lived.

Good-night, and God bless you,

Devotedly,

MOTHER.

AUGUSTA, October 23.

MY DEAR WALKER, — This is a summer day with us, no wrappings needed, a haze like that of Indian summer hanging over all the out door world. Your Father sits here at the table toiling away over his committees. Hard, hard work! As fast as he gets them arranged, just so fast some after consideration comes up which disarranges not one but many, and over tumbles the whole row of bricks. It is a matter in which no one can help him.

[1] Constantin de Catacazy, Russian Minister, recalled at request of the U. S. for "his personal abuse of government officials" and "persistent interferences . . . with the relations between the U. S. and other powers." (President Grant's Third Annual Message.)

All the family is as usual this morning. What your Father and I are doing you know. Susan is, I judge from the odor, cake making. M. has gone off hanging on the arm of Maudie, precisely as she did "before the fall"; J'aime is out with Eliza shuffling through the autumn leaves; Alice at school; and the girls, where all New England sisters of toil — to use Mrs. Dalton's term — are to-day, at the washtub. The doorbell has been ringing the whole morning, your Father seeing not one in twenty who call. So now you can picture to yourself the ménage precisely as it stands.

Saturday was made memorable by the arrival of your first Paris letter. You cannot think how anxious we were to hear. As I told you in my last, your Father could not believe that I had not a letter for him when I met him Tuesday, still he would not permit me to express the least anxiety; but when he came Friday afternoon and still no letter, he could not quite conceal his own anxiety. Of course we calculated for the despatch bag, and I should have allowed for one day more before quite giving up, but when I came out of my room at the ringing of the breakfast bell Saturday morning, I was greeted by the joyful words — "a letter of the longest kind from Walker!" Down we sat at the table, and while I poured coffee and tea and otherwise waited on the

children, your Father read; then when he had read about half, I took the manuscript and read out while he ate his breakfast. With thankful hearts we read of your getting to Paris and among friends. Now I shall feel entirely differently than I have while you were in London entirely isolated. We like your arrangement about school very much. Of course it is an experiment, but I hope it will work satisfactorily; at any rate, you will not fail to master French.

Friday morning I had a telegram from your Father saying he would not be at home until afternoon. He had left Bangor the night before with the President and gone through to Portland, then after a wearisome procession, at one o'clock he took leave of His Excellency and set his face homewards, and here he now is and here he expects to stay for at least a week. I suppose there never was anything like the time they had in Bangor; the speeches were good as they could be, underlying the speeches the best of feeling. Hospitality flowed like a river, and not one untoward circumstance marred the perfect whole. Your Father stopped with Mr. Hamlin,[1] and was obliged to borrow his host's dress coat to wear to one dinner and reception. Don't you think he must have looked funny?

[1] Hannibal Hamlin of Maine; U. S. Senator, and Vice-President in President Lincoln's first term.

As Hannibal never wears coats of any other cut, of course he had one in reserve for himself.

We are still continually sympathizing with Chicago. The M's got back to the city Saturday evening. Sunday night they went to bed; were called up about an hour after midnight, and taking what clothing they could carry in their arms, fled for their lives. One hundred and twenty took refuge in the house where they found shelter. There they stayed for a few days, sleeping anywhere where they could improvise a bed and sharing with each other whatever they could obtain. Now they are three miles out of the city, will stay there for the present.

This afternoon Aunt Susan has been to the vestry to devise ways and means for sending clothes to Wisconsin and Michigan to the burned out people there. Nothing can exceed the misery and desolation of those regions.

Your Father is waiting to take my letter to the postoffice, so I must say good-night to my dear boy. I long to see you — no words can express how much. I have every confidence that you will not abuse your Father's indulgence. If you make any mistake, be sure to write me or him all about it. Do not be afraid under any circumstances of giving us your fullest confidence. When your Father was in Bangor

he saw a great deal of Rear Admiral Alden.[1] He sails very soon for Europe — takes out General Sherman. His ship is the Wabash, the flagship of the European squadron. He has invited you to go with him, but your Father felt obliged to decline because he wants you to improve your stay in Paris by the acquisition of French. Good-night, be a good boy, and Heaven bless and keep you, —

MOTHER.

AUGUSTA, November 12, 1871.

MY DEAR WALKER, — As you see by the date, this is Sunday morning, and a small portion of my large family is just filing out to church — Susan and Alice. Real genuine and deep snow covers the ground, and as the best carriage is essentially a summer bird, and the old admits all the mud and slush to their dresses, they walk. Meanwhile I sit at home in my own chamber at the east window and write to my dear boy in Paris. I think how the very last time I went to church he also went to the American

[1] James Alden, U. S. N., who led Farragut's fleet at the Battle of Mobile Bay. In 1871, at Admiral Alden's invitation, Gen. W. T. Sherman, then General of the Army, with the consent of the President and Secretary of War, accompanied him for a cruise in the Mediterranean on the U. S. Frigate Wabash. General Sherman arranged to be gone five months but made the condition that he should be in readiness to return within thirty days' notice by telegram. — The Sherman Letters; edited by Rachel Sherman Thorndike. 1894.

Chapel in Paris. The next Sunday morning long before the bells were ringing the little sister was here, and of course public devotions were and are suspended for a season. This morning she lies here on the bed, quite a girl I assure you. The only other room occupant is a dreadful trial to me. I call her everything I can think of — Goody, a Witch, a Crone, an Old Hag, a Circe, a Fateful Sister; in fact, she is only a nurse, but if you will transpose the *n* into a *c* you will hit her character much better. I have had seven children, but I never longed before with all my heart to be well enough to wait on myself. Her name is Burns, and she says one of my boys used to drive her cow home from pasture for her. Of course it was Emmons, I am morally certain you never did anything of the kind. Just here comes a rush. The door flies open as though a whirlwind had set its shoulder against it, and J'aime projects himself into the room, — almost as fat as Emmons, growing handsomer every day, and fascinating by every word he speaks.

I have little to chronicle beside the quiet annals of a convalescent's room. George's grandmother is dead. She died Friday afternoon. As she was very old and very crazy, so much so that the family often feared for their lives, there did not seem to be any good reason why they should send to me for flowers,

but there they were, my delicate chrysanthemums, blooming in my vestibule windows, and the eternal fitness of things, to their comprehension, required that they should fade and die on granny's coffin, and Susan cut them off untimely. Poor flowers, high-bred things, I really felt for them in their uncongenial end!

Father left for New York Wednesday. I could hardly let him go, I needed his reviving society so much, but he had wool and cotton manufacturers to meet in Boston; dinners, breakfasts and luncheons, all or some, to give and take in New York, and over and above all pressures to resist or permit of congressional committees. He had to go, but felt that my desire to keep him was all right and natural, so, with a man's appreciation of a woman's nature, he promised to buy silk dresses for M. and Alice, to say nothing of half a dozen for myself. When I look at the bed and the little heap of flannel on it, laces, silks, feathers and gew-gaws of every description resolve themselves into preposterousness; but your Father is strong of will and I am weak, and he is determined that I shall be in society this winter, and I know I shall. Very few women with a baby two weeks old would sit up and write a letter — I never expect to have a daughter-in-law to do it, — but there is something within which forces me up,

recuperativenesss, I suppose it is, for I remember an old country doctor telling me, when I was a year older than Flo Gibbs on her birthday, that I had more recuperative power than he had ever seen in any other person. Since your Father left I have heard from him several times. He spent Thursday evening at Aunt Eliza's, — everyone pleasant and pleased to see him, but he sighs after his own bright fireside, indescribably dear to him. You cannot think how interesting all your letter was to me. I enjoy descriptions of public objects, but infinitely more the least thing about yourself and your personal surroundings. Your birds elicited a great cry — "Two canaries, O mother!" I recollect the H—— girls very well, though I never was introduced to them. Their dress at Willard's was very nondescript. I well remember their red slippers, also I think they wore red satin jerkins, or something of that sort.

Your Father will be delighted to find that you are getting under headway in French. Let nothing keep you from earnest application. O how fond I was of study when I was your age! I never had any gift at writing, but other gifts I certainly had. In this deficiency I am sorry to say that Mons is my own child. He writes me little, short, unsatisfactory letters, usually mostly taken up with acknowledging a letter of my own, and ending always one way.

According to his own story he is a perfect Mussulman for prayers — the evening bell invariably calling him away from his letter. When you receive this letter he will probably be at home spending his Thanksgiving vacation. The Wyman children are getting ready for him. I see they give Alice two apples every day.

Greatly to your Father's discomfort, I cannot go on until after the holidays. On this I take my stand, and he has to submit. He will sleep in the house, have a servant or two, and take his meals at Wormley's,[1] and the ménage will open with the New Year.

Good-by now. If this does not hurt me, I will add to my letter to-morrow. Can see Eliza hustling J'aime into the house in slippers, his ruffles en déshabillé and a Paris sacque on his shoulders. He got out for a snow-ball. Think of that, November 12th.

Monday afternoon, 4–½.

Dear Walker, — I resume my letter of yesterday, though I have little more that is new to tell. Have just had the pleasure of reading two letters from your Father, one written yesterday afternoon and the other in the evening. This seems very quick

[1] "Wormley's," a hotel on the southwest corner of H and Fifteenth Streets.

time from New York. He does not expect to reach home before the very close of the week. The President's whole family, General and Senator Sherman,[1] are there to see the Wabash sail. They had been to see Lord Dundreary by the same actor you saw in London;[2] said it seemed to bring you very near. Was exceedingly anxious to get your letter. I sent it to him by the early mail of the morning.

The children have been out all this afternoon making a snow man. In everything of this kind Alice is really artistic and this afternoon she has surpassed herself. The baby is crying, so I have got to get off my letter at once, so goodby. As soon as your Father comes to instruct me in the mysteries of the despatch bag, I will send Bret Harte and periodicals. Now good-by,

Devotedly,

MOTHER.

November 26, 1871.
Sunday morning.

MY DEAR WALKER, — A half hour alone with the little sister while she takes her nap gives me an op-

[1] Senator John Sherman, of Ohio, General Sherman's brother.

[2] The elder Sothern enjoyed a tremendous vogue in those days in the part of Lord Dundreary in "Our American Cousin," by Tom Taylor, first produced in 1858 at Laura Keene's Theatre in New York. It was during a performance of "Our American Cousin" at Ford's Theatre, Washington, that President Lincoln was assassinated by Wilkes Booth, April 14, 1865.

portunity of at least commencing a letter to you. Down stairs Mr. Sherman is trying to put some final touches to the copying of the committees. Alas, if final touches are not soon put to them I am afraid your Father will give out entirely. For the first time in his life he says he feels a strain upon him which affects his brain. His head aches badly every day, and at night his circulation is feeble and he is very languid. Tomorrow he leaves for Washington, getting there Thursday or Friday. He made his usual preparation last night by having up a barber at the house. The door-bell was ringing continually and people calling on him all the time, so after the tonsorial professor had been introduced to my room and a large linen spread down for the protection of the carpet, Emmons sat down. His hair had been cut very lately in Boston, but it certainly needed clipping, and then Mons was not averse to saving one fee. When he was through we put J'aime into his high chair. The pretty little fellow would not permit himself to wink. When he was cropped, we had up father. It is a work of art now to cut your Father's hair and leave at the same time enough on the head. Happily however this desirable end was achieved, and at ten Monsieur took his leave with $5 out of my pocket book for himself and $3 for Dennis Berry, that poor handless man. Emmons got home, as you

know, Tuesday afternoon. When he was going to bed he came to the stairway and called down to Susan to know if she would mend his trousers. Of course she would, but when she took hold of them she was perfectly appalled to find one side of the seat almost gone, and not a scrap to mend with, and these were all he had — his new ones not having come from Boston. Your old clothes — all which have not gone to Wisconsin or Michigan — were overhauled, and, O good luck, one pair of Scotch grey trousers did turn up, which Emmons by never putting his hands into his pockets, has managed to wear. What would he have done without them? — for the Boston ones proved so small they had to be sent back. You will be amazed to see how large Emmons is; his appetite too is immense. He insists this time on trying the club. His Father is opposed to it, but he says he is bound to save on his board.

Mrs. Stowell is dead, — she died Wednesday. Emmons' report came by the morning's mail, and is, I believe, quite satisfactory. What did not come and what your Father, Alice, Emmons and I were all watching at the window for for a full half hour before Henry Breen came along, was a blue enveloped letter from you. Your Father would allow no one to go to the door for it but himself. But alas, though there was a very bright letter from Gail Hamilton,

a racy one from Horace White,[1] and a gossipy one from Joe Manley, who had ridden over a western railway with Colfax[2] and interviewed him, there was nothing from across the water. The detention by the despatch bag is sometimes very much longer than it should be.

I have had three dinners this last week got ready for Governor Coburn[3]—Tuesday, Thursday and Friday. Friday he came, and your Father and he had a very satisfactory business interview. Yesterday John Rice was here to dinner. I seem to have resumed all my cares. The baby is four weeks old to-day. My nurse has been gone a week. I go down to all my meals, cheer your Father if he is down-hearted, coax him out of medicines and into food, am all things to all moods. Then I do the marketing through George, overlook sewing, keep the children in abeyance as much as I can, and over all and through all care for the little baby, who is too young, I think, to be trusted to a nurse. I was never intended for anything but an old fashioned woman, all

[1] At that time editor and part proprietor of the Chicago Tribune; editorial writer on New York Evening Post from 1883 to 1903.

[2] Schuyler Colfax, Member of Congress from Indiana, Speaker of the House, and at this time Vice-President under Grant. Though exonerated in the Credit Mobilier investigation he retired from politics, and devoted himself to giving lectures, his most popular subjects being "Across the Continent" and "Abraham Lincoln."

[3] Abner Coburn, Governor of Maine 1862–64.

hands. The modern idea, and the better, is to be the head, and let others serve for hands.

November 29, 1871 Wednesday evening.

Dear Walker, — It has just occurred to me that to-morrow being Thanksgiving, I shall have no time for writing letters, so although it is already late, I will sit up long enough to write a few lines. Fortunately I am not in France, so I shall not have to go to bed to keep warm. It is a stinging cold night, however, the wind blowing a hurricane and carrying away apparently all the heat we should have within walls. Emmons has gone to a Thanksgiving ball at Granite Hall, so of course he will not be at home for a long while. I coaxed him into letting me get him a pair of pantaloons made by Bosworth. They turned out so much handsomer than Callows', that he preferred them for the ball; also, I got him suspenders, which helped his appearance very much; and at the last moment I produced an old pair of gloves of yours, which I had providentially put away when I was taking care of your leavings. He took a dollar for his own ticket and another for Jimmie Stinson's, and his own supper, so I presume he will turn up to-morrow morning with a good headache. His present purpose is to get up to an 8–½ break-

fast at Aunt Emily's to-morrow morning, but I shall let him sleep till noon if he wants to. He and Alice are also to go to Aunt Em's to dinner. I will send her a turkey and other things, and they and Aunt Augusta's family and Aunt Hannah's, with the Mason's come here to supper. Aunt Susan has been in the kitchen all day, so you can imagine the turkeys and oysters, the pies and salads, the cake and coffee, which long before you are reading this letter will have gone to join the innumerable company of Thanksgiving suppers.

This morning, to my great delight — for I had given up expecting anything from the Scotia — your two letters in reply to your Father's turned up. I at once telegraphed him to the Parker House, saying that his surmises were correct, both as to person, money and address, — calling no names, as a telegram always seems to be semi-public. His anxiety I knew was great, and he could not get your letter until he reached Washington, as he was to leave at 3 this afternoon for New York. He will be so pleased at his own shrewd guessing that he will not be very severe on you, but Mr. S. will not escape. I want to know nothing more about him. To borrow of a boy of 16 traveling for educational purposes under his father's instructions, and to borrow while he was inviting him to his house, — oh, the bad taste! I do

not think one hard thought of you, but what would I think of your Father doing as Mr. S. has done? Your letters were admirable. I never had a fear that you had done anything wrong. You made a great mistake in not writing about it, and a mistake in not declining to lend to Mr. S., but I never for one moment feared that you had been wicked. If the money is refunded, it will make no difference in my estimate of the man.

Tom got away yesterday afternoon, a happy man, as your father had told him he need not go to Washington until New Years. We have had quite a sudden death in our neighborhood. Callie Breen, née Williams, died at four o'clock this morning of typhoid fever. I only heard of her sickness yesterday. She was 22, so it is two years since she took care of Alice. I saw her to-day, and the color of her race stood out very markedly on her dead face.

I have just been reading of the execution of Rossel.[1]

[1] Louis Nathaniel Rossel, Chief of Legion of the 17th Arrondissement of Paris, formerly Captain of Engineers at Metz, whence he escaped after the surrender of that fortress and was made Colonel by Gambetta; being reduced to his former rank by Thiers, he deserted the government and joined the Commune. He was chief of the commission of barricades, and one of the few leaders of the Commune that had any military ability. He was unable to agree with the Comité Centrale and was subsequently imprisoned, but escaped. After the Commune he was executed at the age of twenty-eight, for bearing arms against France. Of the prisoners taken after the Commune

I know nothing about the politics of France, but how dreadful that people must still be condemned in that unhappy country.

Mrs. Warren Fisher has another daughter — a great disappointment to her, as they are anxious to have a son and this is the fourth daughter. I am sorry to say that Mr. Fisher seems to be fast losing in the esteem of all good men. Every new discovery your Father makes only seems to show a baseness still deeper. Will he ever reach the bottom of his treachery towards himself?

Emmons has been skating all day — fun for him, but hard fare for the horse as he rides to his pleasure grounds, blankets poor old Prince, and comes home only when he is hungry. I expect he takes girls, as he has the best carriage. He is so kind and pleasant and is so bright and gay I can refuse him nothing. I make a very poor mother. Your old grays gave out Monday. If they had gone west and fallen into the possession of a slim youth, doubtless they would have endured some time longer. Fortunately another pair of yours came to light, striped, rather loud in style for you. These are now pressed into the service.

some twelve hundred suffered various penalties, ninety-five being executed. Thomas March, *The History of the Paris Commune*, London, 1896.

Cousin Abby has written me since she got your letter. She writes me often the brightest and wittiest of letters. She was very much pleased with your writing her. She is going to Washington this winter. But paper, time and baby cry out to say good-night, and I say it, only first repeating how satisfied I am with your explanation. Be always a good boy and delight your affectionate,

MOTHER.

Thursday evening, December 28.

DEAR WALKER, — After getting off your letter Monday evening I turned my attention to your Father's toilet. I do not know whether or not I wrote you that we were invited to the golden wedding of Mr. and Mrs. Fuller, and that just at tea time, when I was rejoicing in the thought of wearing some of my finery in Augusta, it came out that your Father had no clothes at home except those in which he was then standing, a roughish suit a year old. What Chicago had not swallowed up, had gone to Washington. We were both full of regret, as you may believe. The Pater took a candle and made search in the trunk room, but nothing came of it but two gaiters, and even those were not alike. To match the gaiters, I myself went westward, and returned triumphant, bringing on my arm a pair of black

trousers not too much the worse for wear, a swallow tail coat — very much of a swallow, too — made in Paris when your Father was in Europe; lavendar gloves almost new turned up in the pantaloon pockets; — in short, every essential of a first class society dress was drummed up from one quarter or another, with the single exception of a white cravat; and at nine o'clock behold us in the narrow sleigh with George for postillion en route. Over my own dress I sported almost $300. worth of black lace, so I hope nothing more need be said about my own toilet. You never saw any one so pleased as was your Father with his dress. When I went down into the parlor on my way to the sleigh I found all the burners lighted, while he turned himself about and about admiring old clothes as good as new — *as* good! a thousand times better in his eyes! Of the wedding you will not care to hear much. There was a table laden with presents, a handsome supper, a poem by Mme. Dillingham read by Mrs. Beach and sung to the tune of Auld Lang Syne, the house trimmed with Christmas greens, the whole Williams clan, — and last a dance, the jig led off by Mrs. Fuller and Arthur Edwards' grandfather. I was taken out to supper by Dr. Harlow, and saw your father leading in Mrs. Lang. Emmons was invited, but preferred to spend his evening with the Wyman girls; he told George he might stay in the

kitchen and he would drive over with us. When he rang the bell Aunt Helen came to the door, so of course Mons had to go in. He did very well, but said coming home he wished his hands had been clean. When he was coming away Aunt Helen brought him a napkin and cake, also Anna Cutler's picture to look at. Emmons got off Tuesday noon. Had a lunch of cold Indian cake and apple pie, and was not otherwise burdened with luggage even to a collar. We have not heard from Emmons since he arrived in Andover, for Emmons, though a very good talker, holds a more cramped pen than even I do. Father wrote to Mr. Tilton and told him that he and he alone was to blame for the delay in Mons' return. Mr. Sherman came that night. Yesterday morning your Father went to Boston; hopes to return to-morrow. By the way, they are just taking off the Pullman car from this road and putting it on the other — doing it to appease Lewiston. As it has been well patronized by Augusta people, such treatment seems rather rough.

Mr. Hale went through town yesterday on his way to Ellsworth. He says he shall stick to Maine, means to buy the old Peters place in Ellsworth. Had I known they were going through I would have seen them, though it was out of the question for me to ask them to stop. I believe our first Washington dinner

is to be given to them. Your Father has to buy, while in Boston this time, cutlery, table linen, china, and ornamentation generally. I shrink perceptibly when I think of taking up all the ceremonies of Washington life. As we expect to leave Wednesday, I am in all the rush and pressure of preparation.

To Mr. Blaine, in Washington [1]

Monday evening, December 11.

My dear, — I am getting discouraged about the little sister and the receptions and dinners, etc. of the winter. Whom can I leave the baby with so that if she cries I shall not fly the table to your and my unutterable disgrace? It does not seem that I can do much for podsnappery this winter. Professor Barber has been down to see me this afternoon, really overflowing with congratulations on your most happy selections of committees; says he shall tell you to "cut off the tail of the dog." When Alcibiades did so many fine things that he was afraid of being forced

[1] This is one of the few existing letters to Mr. Blaine, and was probably preserved by being enclosed in a letter to Walker. On Mr. Blaine's return from any journey, it was Mrs. Blaine's invariable custom to destroy any of her letters she could lay her hands on.

into some great office, he cut off the tail of a dog to show that he could do a foolish deed.

The afternoon mail brought me your letter telling of Charlie Caldwell's prospective promotion, but I have not seen any of Sylvanus' family this evening. I am thinking of having our Society the week you are at home. I fancy it would be a most gratifying and popular thing to do. Shall you be at home the Friday before Christmas? Be sure to tell me. I am so tired I cannot spell. Do excuse the lifeless notes I write. I certainly must find time in the morning to do a cheerful line. You do not know how this matter of dressing and partying haunts me. I am getting to love the little sister so, and everything savoring of neglect to her is so foreign to my usual life.

To Walker, in France

December 31, 1871, Sunday evening.

My dear Walker, — I must commence a letter to you to-night, even though I write by a poorer fire than yours in Paris. The house is in the last stage of confusion preparatory to the breaking up here and my starting for Washington next Wednesday, and all my good andirons are doing duty down stairs, while here in my room are those tall cold solitaires which, as Charles Lamb once said of a man, would

cast a gloom over a funeral. Mr. Sherman and Uncle Jacob are both here. I had Miss Sanborn here yesterday sewing for the little sister, making her a traveling cloak. Went down town to make some necessary purchases, and when I came home found —— —— here. Judge of my feelings! M. sick in my bed, the little sister occupying a crib in the same room, Father using the west room, Mr. Sherman the irregular. Do you remember Miss Sanborn who has so often sewed for me with Mrs. Thoms? Of course you do. Well, she is to go on to Washington with me to help about the children. Martha, the colored girl I have had for two winters, is to be the regular nurse, but Miss Sanborn will be there as a sort of breakwater. I am very much delighted with the arrangement.

All day long your Father, I and Tom Sherman have been paying bills. A great family are we, so far as the circulation of money is concerned. To-night we are very nearly square with the world.

Devotedly,

MOTHER.

1872

Among Mr. Blaine's Washington neighbors at this time were Governor Buckingham, then Senator from Connecticut, Thomas Swan, a Representative from Maryland, Fernando Wood, a Representative from New York, Benjamin F. Butler, a Representative from Massachusetts, and Hamilton Fish, of New York, Secretary of State.

General W. T. Sherman, later to become a neighbor, lived at this time in the house on I Street, that had been a gift first to General Grant and then to General Sherman. Mrs. Sherman was a cousin of Mr. Blaine and a daughter of Thomas Ewing, who was Senator from Ohio, and Secretary of the Treasury in the cabinets of William Henry Harrison and Tyler, March to September, 1841, and who organized the Interior Department for President Taylor in 1849. It is curious that he was thrown out of both the Harrison and Taylor Cabinets by the death of the President. He had three sons, Hugh Ewing, Major-General in the Civil War, and United States Minister to Holland, 1866–70; Thomas Ewing, Major-General in the Civil War, and Member of Congress from Ohio, 1877–81; and Charles Ewing, Brigadier-General in the Civil War, and later a lawyer in Washington.

To Alice, in School, at Augusta

821 Fifteenth St. Washington, Sunday, January 8, '72.

My dear Alice, — I suppose you have thought of us as all settled to-day in Washington a great many times. We got here last night at five, very tired, very dirty, and very anxious to get rest, a bath and something to eat. It seemed good to see Robert at the carriage door, and have some one to carry our bundles even into the house. And here let me give you a little piece of advice, — to pack everything away before starting on a journey so as to go arm free. We were thoroughly loaded down with shawls, bags, muffs, overcoat, basket and baby. But we got through, and for all our mercies let us be thankful.

I go back to where I left you when I finished my letter Thursday evening. Father and Emmons came home from the theatre in good season, and after a little chat Emmons went off to his room, and we to bed. In the morning J'aime came in all dressed, Miss Sanborn having taken him his clothes when she went to bed. The next morning, Friday, we got over breakfast about in our usual season. Miss Sanborn and J'aime had theirs in our room. After breakfast just as I finished dressing the baby, cousin Abby came in, and almost immediately after, Jacob. Uncle Jacob

only stayed a few minutes, as Father had gone out. He said Louisa was coming in very shortly and would bring in some ginger bread and fruit. Afraid of getting detained, I took M. and went off at once to see about a bonnet. Ordered a black velvet hat, and then went over to Holbrooks', where I found Father and Cousin Abby awaiting me. Cousin Abby bought herself an elegant shawl which Mr. Holbrook had shown me the day before, and I bought myself a very pretty black one with a narrow border, suitable for spring and summer wear, for $75. I thought of Aunt Susan, and wished she could have the shawl cousin Abby bought. Your Father wanted me to take it for myself. I also bought myself a black lace cape for $35. Emmons came in and took M. to see Shreve's store. Father had left us some time before, and my next visit was about hair. Here I was detained a long time. My hair was all taken down, a long lock cut out, and at last I decided on what to have: two long braids, for which I have paid $72. To get such as I had in my mind would cost me $1,000. After my hair had been redone, I got myself out of the hands of the French and went back to the Parker House. Found Miss Sanborn and J'aime, with the little sister, quietly sleeping. As it was after two, I concluded to order our dinner up stairs and let the others look out for themselves. When

I got back to the Parker House it was after five, and I was so tired, I was cross. Everyone seemed to look upon my coming as a signal for relief. Burdens were laid down, and I at once commenced taking them up. First of all — the baby, who had endeared herself to every heart by her delightful behavior. Cousin Abby was obliged to go away at once, but Frank stayed a long time. Miss Sanborn, your Father and I went down to get a cup of tea and a bit of bread and butter, leaving M. asleep on the sofa, the little sister in the same condition on the bed, and J'aime awake, with Emmons. When we came back we found the little fellow asleep also in his brother's arms. All then had to be waked up, as it was time to go. For a few minutes it was pretty disheartening, but M. soon got back her good humor, and J'aime got to laughing. The little sister was hushed; and to my great surprise, we found ourselves, our children and our bundles, at the Worcester depot in ample season. For help, Emmons was a host in himself. His Father, good as he is, is not better. He wanted dreadfully to go to Washington, but at the sleeping car we separated, — he going back to the Parker House to return to Andover yesterday morning. The children were so wide awake and so amusing that I actually enjoyed myself the first hour of our night journey. Nor was any of it harder for me than many a

night at home has been this summer. Before 6 we were all up and ready for another start, and at 6.15 we were at the Hoffman House. Here we had a very good breakfast, fried oysters, omelette, tea, coffee and rolls. Another vigorous push, and we were on the ferry; another, and we were in the cars, fortunate enough to get a compartment to ourselves. Of course we had a very long and trying day yesterday, but the children all had naps, and though I felt tempted to say with the Bangor sister, "I will not submit," I kept on with the cars, and at five we reached Washington. We were quite fortunate in regard to company also, only a few gentlemen finding us out. In the afternoon Judge Kelly[1] brought himself into the midst of our squalor, a large and very greasy parcel in his hand, inquiring in his magnificent voice if we were Pennsylvanians enough to love doughnuts. We all, even to Mr. Blaine, politely took one; but I was relieved to have him out of the car, for I saw M.'s face in intense disgust. "O take it, take it," said she in her impatience, "it 's no more like Aunt Susan's than,—" but words quite failed her. He said he had so much lunch he had given a great deal to a beggar girl, but doughnuts he would not

[1] Judge William D. Kelly, member of Congress from Pennsylvania, familiarly known as "Pig Iron" Kelly.

give, he had too much respect for them. Good luck to the beggar girl!

We found the house in beautiful order, and at six precisely were called down to dinner. It was served, of course, in beautiful order, Robert taking his stand at the back of Mr. Blaine's chair in his old style. Soup, macaroni, then a splendid roast of beef, slaw, cranberry, celery, etc., apple sago pudding, oranges and apples, and as good a cup of tea as I ever tasted. It seemed to me I had never seen the house look so well. The curtains are all up; what a thing that is! The billiard room carpet is down, — very pretty. Martha, Mary Wilson, James and Robert are here. I expect another maid to-morrow.

Mr. Hale was in before we were dressed this morning. Went out to breakfast with us, and seemed in every respect just as he used to. He got into the city on the morning train.

Monday evening.

Try as I would, dear Alice, I could not get my letter off last night. My trunks came this morning. I unpacked enough to get out my black silk, my red shawl and brown hat; then left everything and went to Mrs. Creswell's [1] to lunch, — a most elegant affair.

[1] Wife of John A. J. Creswell, Senator from Maryland, Postmaster-General under Grant, and later counsel of Court of Alabama claims, of which Walker Blaine became assistant counsel.

Mr. Blaine in his "Twenty Years of Congress" (1884) says that of

The ladies of the Cabinet there. Would you like to know what we had? In the first place, — oysters on the shell, or rather, on shell china plates; then clear soup, then sweet-breads and French peas, then Roman punch, then chicken cutlets, then birds, then chicken salad, ices, jelly, charlottes, candied preserves, cake, fruit, candy, tea, coffee, and four kinds of wines. Too

all cabinets theretofore, Franklin Pierce's was the only one that endured through the administration unchanged, the changes in President Grant's cabinet being more numerous than in any preceding it. Its members, twenty-five in all, many of whom, or whose wives, are mentioned in these Letters, included: Secretaries of State: Elihu B. Washburne, Hamilton Fish; Treasury: George S. Boutwell, William A. Richardson, Benjamin H. Bristow, and Lot M. Morrill; War: John A. Rawlins, William W. Belknap, Alphonso Taft, James Donald Cameron; Navy: Adolph E. Borie and George M. Robeson; Postmasters-General: John A. J. Creswell, James W. Marshall, Marshall Jewell, James N. Tyner; Attorneys-General: E. Rockwood Hoar, Amos T. Akerman, George H. Williams, Edwardes Pierrepont, Alphonso Taft; Interior: Jacob D. Cox, Columbus Delano, Zachariah Chandler.

Besides these there were A. T. Stewart, the "merchant-prince" of New York, who was nominated for Secretary of the Treasury, but never served; General Sherman, who was Secretary of War and Interior, and Eugene Hale, who was appointed Postmaster-General, but did not enter upon his service. President Grant was very desirous of having Mr. Stewart serve but found after nominating him that there were legal disabilities in the way, the act establishing the Treasury Department, passed by the First Congress at its first session, having provided that no person was eligible for the office who was "directly or indirectly concerned in the business of trade or commerce." The penalty for making such an appointment included a fine of $3000 and removal from office, and President Grant frankly informed the Senate that he was unaware of the restrictions at the time of making Mr. Stewart's appointment.

Wednesday morning.

I finish this poor letter, dear Walker, by the crib of Que J'aime. Dear little fellow, precious as the apple of my eye, he is very, very sick. Last night we found he was rapidly growing worse. His disease, which is remittent fever, has gone to the brain, and although by no means hopelessly sick, he is in great danger. It is four nights since I have been to bed. Up to last night I have taken care of him alone. Last night no one person could have had the care of him. From twelve to four he was the sickest person I ever saw. At four the extreme symptoms seemed to change, and since then he has been steadily improving. Dr. Pope has had the case, but now Dr. Verdi comes with him, and will continue to do so until the case is decided one way or the other. I think he will get well, but the chances are very close.

We got your letter this morning, also Aunt Caddy's and Almet's. Shall send them east this morning. Cousin Abby came last night.

Good by, with a heart full of love,

MOTHER.

821 FIFTEENTH ST., WASHINGTON, January 26,
Friday morning.

MY DEAR WALKER, — I can hardly believe in my good fortune. I have just written a long letter to

Emmons, uninterrupted by sick or well, and now I commence one to you. Upstairs cousin Abby sits reading "Old and New," and Miss Sanborn plays the piano. J'aime lies asleep on my bed, the little sister in her crib. We have depended mostly on milk for J'aime's nourishment, and most of it has come from Mrs. Fernando Wood. So much for having neighbors in this Vanity Fair of a city. During the worst of his sickness, two were obliged to sit up with J'aime, but just as late and just as soon as possible I stayed up alone with him. I did this partly to save the strength of others, but mostly because I could not stay away from him. My very life seemed bound up in that of the child. He is now really getting better, but oh, the care he is! Of course I have as yet had neither part nor lot in the gaieties of Washington. Last night I persuaded your Father to go into Mrs. Wood's, as this was our second invitation. Accordingly he and Cousin Abby went. They were at home soon after twelve, but had had an agreeable time. To-night we were to have a reception, but I did not dare have the noise in the house. Next week I am engaged for two dinners, one Senator Chandler's.[1]

We shall probably ourselves give a dinner Friday. I have a party dress ready — blue silk trimmed very

[1] Zachariah Chandler, Senator from Michigan from 1857 to 1875.

freely with duchesse lace, low neck and short sleeves. This afternoon I have been to leave directions about another — pearl color to be trimmed with pink silk and black lace. I shall ring the changes on these two during the season. I feel remarkably well dressed, but most of my dresses are old ones, revamped. We have a new waiter this winter, called Solomon Douglas. We call him by the last name, though if I could only joke, I should certainly say something about Solemn Douglas, for his manners are truly sepulchral. He has deep thoughts on the dignity of his office — always speaks of me as "The Madam," and while very fond of her, will permit no unsanctioned indulgence to M. She beats herself out against the rock of his dignity in vain.

Mrs. Hale comes in to see me quite often. She wants to be received just as her husband is. I like her very much indeed, think her a noble girl.

Monday morning.

J'aime still improving. We are through with breakfast, and he is dressed, though he does not sit alone. M. is playing about the room with Alice Wood, too happy for anything because she has a play-fellow. Cousin Abby is reading the newspapers. I went out last night to the Congregationalist temperance meeting. Heard a nice little story told of

Speaker Blaine. His strong point seems to be his deadly opposition to tobacco. I was immensely amused, as it was only Saturday afternoon when Dr. Rankin was in at our house, and this nice little talk was detailed the very next evening.

I have three dinners in view to give, — one to Mr. Hale next Thursday, to the President, Monday, to the Ewing family Thursday. A number of the Ohio Ewings are spending the winter with Mrs. Sherman, all in black — so they do not visit in public.

Good-by,

Devotedly,

MOTHER.

821 FIFTEENTH ST. Sunday evening,
February 11, 1872.

I got no farther, dear Walker, last night. Your Father came upstairs and got to worrying about J'aime, who was very hot, and so of course I felt no more like writing. The little fellow has been very feverish all night, but is up and dressed now, feeling as well as he has done. He has a lingering, more properly, a halting convalescence. He is very deaf indeed; does not hear one word unless it is addressed directly and with effort to him, but we expect that this is only temporary.

As I was saying last night, Mr and Mrs Hale were here to tea. She looked very pretty indeed. To-day we have many gentlemen to dinner. I am not to be present — a vast relief to me. A new man whom Frank Leslie [1] has imported from England to outdo Nast, Mr. Summer,[2] and others. Friday we have the President and Mrs. Grant. Round table at both dinners. Lent will, you know, begin Wednesday, so of course everything for the week past has gone with a double and treble rush. Every available day-time moment I have been out making calls. Tuesday even-

[1] Frank Leslie, editor and proprietor of "Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper," a species of journal in the founding of which P. T. Barnum was the pioneer. Mr. Leslie was the original importer of Tom Nast, the famous caricaturist, a native of Bohemia, who resigned to go abroad and make war sketches with Garibaldi's army in Italy, and on his return to America began his cartoons in Harper's Weekly.

[2] Senator Charles Sumner of Massachusetts, then fifty-nine years of age. In the year previous Mr. Sumner had been removed from his position as chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee of the Senate on account of political difficulties with President Grant's administration, growing out of his opposition to the treaty to annex San Domingo. The removal was characterized by Mr. Blaine in his "Twenty Years in Congress" as comparable only with the earlier and physical assault made on Mr. Sumner in 1856 in the Senate Chamber by Representative Preston S. Banks, a nephew of Senator Butler. On the day following the dinner mentioned in the Letters, Mr. Sumner introduced resolutions in the Senate to investigate the suspected sale of government ordnance and arms during the Franco-Prussian War, an investigation which, commonly known as the French Arms Affair, excited the widest public interest at the time. Mr. Sumner died in 1874 at Washington, where his body lay in state at the Capitol before being buried in Mt. Auburn Cemetery at Cambridge, Mass.

ing I dined at Secretary Delano's;[1] wore blue silk; — twenty-two at dinner. Went out to table with Senator Windom,[2] but was then separated from him and was left to the tender mercies of Governor Cooke.[3] Had a pleasant time; Cousin Abby, who sat at table with General Bristow,[4] a brilliant one; so also did your Father. Got home at 11. The next day I had a reception, largely attended; Gen. Sickles [5] and wife, and Gen. Sheridan, here, among others. Thursday just after dinner my other new silk came home, so your Father insisted upon my going out with him. Accordingly, at 10 behold me starting for Lady Thornton's. Here we had a very delightful time; the people all very elegantly dressed, and a chosen company. About 12 we went to Mrs. Rathbone's.[6] This party was as brilliant as a party could be, house, people, supper, lights, everything of the best. At Lady Thornton's I was taken out to supper by Gen-

[1] Columbus Delano of Ohio, Secretary of the Interior under President Grant.

[2] William Windom, Senator from Minnesota, Secretary of the Treasury under President Garfield, and again under Harrison.

[3] Henry D. Cooke, brother of Jay Cooke, and Governor of the District of Columbia, 1873.

[4] Benjamin H. Bristow, Secretary of the Treasury under President Grant.

[5] Gen. Daniel E. Sickles, New York; then Minister to Spain.

[6] Wife of Major Henry Rathbone, U. S. A., who was with President Lincoln at the time of his assassination.

eral Banks,[1] home by Gen. Burke,[2] and got to bed at two. Found the children all very comfortable on my return, as they had been during my absence. These were my first parties for the winter.

821 Fifteenth St., Sunday afternoon, Feb. 18, 1872.

My dear Walker, — Lunch is just over, and after in vain trying to get J'aime, who is having a fractious day, into good humor, I have abandoned him to his fate, meaning the tender mercies of his Father, Miss Sanborn, Cousin Abby, M., Annie and Martha. Here the door bell rings. Douglas answers it. Some one to see the Speaker. Douglas distantly answers that indeed he does not know whether Mr. Blaine is home or not. If the gentleman will walk into the parlor he will see. Enter gentleman, and upstairs Douglas. Returning, he announces that Mr. Blaine has gone up to see Mr. Sherman, a fib with a circumstance; and Douglas coming through the library where Mr. Sherman and I are writing, says he shall never get to heaven in this world, and

[1] Gen. N. P. Banks, of Massachusetts, Member of Congress and ex-Speaker of the House of Representatives.

[2] Dennis Francis Burke, who enlisted for the Civil War with the 69th Regiment of New York. He was a native of Ireland and on a visit to Dublin in 1866 was arrested for a Fenian and confined for seven months in Mountjoy prison. On his return to the United States he became assistant appraiser of the New York Custom House and held the position till his death in 1893.

vanishes looking exceedingly pleased, for him, at the prospect. Whereupon Mr. Sherman says to me in an aside that he does not see what his idea of heaven in this world can be.

Friday we had our Presidential dinner. Oh, how glad I am to have it over! Father wanted to defer it until Emmons came, but I could not let it overhang so long. The President is so heavy in everything but feeding, — there he is very light. He talked incessantly about himself. I have a certain sympathy with him, for I think him an honest man, and indeed he feels dreadfully assailed. Sir Edward [1] sat on my other hand. After dinner was over and the guests had departed, Father, Miss Dodge, and myself went to the Wellington to attend the reception of the Japanese Minister. I went out to supper with the Minister himself, a lively little Japanese, rather taller than the average of his countrymen, speaking English perfectly well. The Japs seemed to be perfectly delighted at seeing so many ladies. Mrs. Schurz [2] said when she left, Monsieur Mori [3] was standing motionless, his arm tight around a young

[1] Sir Edward Thornton, British Minister to the United States.

[2] Wife of Senator Carl Schurz of Missouri.

[3] An embassy from Japan under Mr. Iwakuri came to the United States at this time to study with the Japanese Minister, Arinori Mori, the republican institutions of America. The members were extensively entertained in Washington.

lady's waist. Imagine it! In the morning I was at the Capitol; heard Mr. Beck [1] reply to Mr. Brownlow,— a personal explanation, mostly in bad, bad taste; interesting to me because of the perfectly impartial ruling of your Father, though to do it he had to decide against Mr. Stephenson,[2] Mr. Hale, and Mr. Garfield. Thursday, Gen. Thomas Ewing and several other gentlemen were here to dinner, — a pleasant time. Wednesday I had no reception. It was Ash Wednesday, also Valentine's Day.

Tuesday we were invited to a great many places, but did not go out at all. The day was very bad, and we were in the evening too tired for anything. The day before — Monday — which carries me back to my last letter, we had had a large dinner party — a most successful dinner. Charles Sumner was here, Mr. Hendricks,[3] a good many newspaper men —

[1] James Burnie Beck, Senator from Kentucky, 1877–90; at this time Member of the House of Representatives. William G. Brownlow, Governor of Tennessee during the reconstruction period, and later United States Senator. Mr. Brownlow's loyalty to the national cause during the ante-bellum years cost him separation from his family, loss of property, imprisonment and finally banishment from the Confederacy. In earlier years he was a Methodist preacher and long bore the nickname of Parson Brownlow. His editorship of the Knoxville Whig, printed in the mountains of Tennessee, anti-Jackson and pro-Clay, was vigorous enough to give it wide influence.

[2] Representative Isaac Stephenson, of Wisconsin, Mr. Hale of Maine, and General (afterwards President) James A. Garfield.

[3] Afterwards Vice-President Hendricks, but then out of office, and visiting in Washington, his term in the Senate having expired in 1869.

Frank Leslie people, and so on. Miss Dodge dined last night at the Chandlers', and was taken out to dinner by Gen. Sheridan. She had a most delightful time. To-morrow we have all the Ewings to dinner, and Tuesday we have tickets for Sothern. I shall think of you as I listen to Dundreary.

We get down to breakfast soon after nine. Father sits down in his seat, and at once proceeds to bury himself in the newspapers. Douglas the slow gradually works around among the mutton chops, the grits, the butter, the apples, the ham and the drinkables, and by the time everything is as cold as a stone, eating begins. Father does not even offer the steak. As we take the morning papers, and the mail is always large, you can imagine how social we are. I dare not abandon the children; so while Cousin Abby and the Pater satisfy the hungry minds, I look out for the hungry little folks, and when I and they are through the readers wake up and are ready to be waited on. Just as we were getting through this morning, somebody or other remembered our dinner party of to-day, and then it was discovered that no orders had been given for the dinner — the bill of fare not even made out! Such an explosion as then followed! However, everything is all straightened out now. But Father wants this letter to send. I have no time to see what I have said — it is full of

love, be sure of that. Only one thing — I have written and written to Emmons letters which were to go to you, but he fails to send them. This is why you are sometimes so long without hearing.

Good-by, — lovingly,

MOTHER.

(Fragment)

We have seen by the papers that Mr. Washburne is coming home, but the latest intelligence seems to be that he is not. We should have tried to have him make this his home.

To go on with my narration, Friday evening we had ourselves an elegant reception. I shall exhaust the vocabulary of adjectives. For a wonder, I really enjoyed myself. This is only our second reception, yet it is the last. The first winter I had seven. Saturday afternoon we were all to go to Mrs. Swayne's matinée. She is to be married next Thursday, starting for Europe Saturday. Your Father and Cousin Abby went at five, he coming back to dine at Welcker's at six. At seven I dressed and went, and about nine Cousin Abby and I came home — a very pleasant time.

Yesterday all of us out at church. And now you have a very bald, but a faithful account of the festivities of this week. I have written this much under

all sorts of difficulties: baby not dressed, M. hugging, J'aime crying for me, Father giving all sorts of orders about flowers and getting very wroth at the stupidity of others; Mr. Sherman doing fifty things at once. A call from Mr Hale, who has come to ask Cousin Abby to fill a vacancy at their table.

My dear, dear boy, good-by. I intended writing a longer and better letter, but I could never write one with more love.

Devotedly,

MOTHER.

821 FIFTEENTH ST., WASHINGTON, March 3, 1872.
Saturday afternoon.

MY DEAR WALKER, — It is curious to watch a Lent evolve itself in Washington. Everything in the season is hurried, piled up three deep — Lent comes so early this year, and with Lent everything ceases. Observe now my arrangements already entered into for the coming week, and from one week, learn all. This is Sunday. To-night there comes for tea Mrs Shepherd Pike, very likely others. Previously I go with Father to Capitol Hill to make a few visits. To-morrow at twelve I go to the White House to assist in the formal reception to the Japanese. Mrs. Fish has been in twice about it to-day already, Mr. Fish [1]

[1] Hamilton Fish, Secretary of State under Grant.

once. The most punctilious arrangements are made for the ceremony. As this is the first ambassador this country has ever received, it behooves us to be particular. Your Father puts some one in the chair, and then hastens down himself to assist in the ceremonies. All the ladies are in full dress, morning costume, no bonnets. In the evening I go to the opera to hear Parepa in Figaro. Tuesday evening I go to the Masonic Temple to assist in another reception to the Japs. Mrs. Fish, wife of the Secretary of State; Mrs. Colfax, wife of the President of the Senate; Mrs. Blaine, wife of the Speaker of the House, and Mrs. Banks, wife of the Chairman of the Committee on Foreign Affairs, — are the ladies to receive. Wednesday I have a reception, and in the evening go to the opera again to hear Parepa. Thursday we are engaged at the Bristows, and Saturday afternoon Father takes M. and Miss Sanborn to the matinée. I am so sorry for Emmons that his vacation does not commence this week.

Thursday afternoon.

I am just up from down town, where I have been buying a little frippery for to-night. I went to the White House yesterday as I anticipated. All the ladies save myself were in high necks and long sleeves; I just the reverse, but I covered my neck with a

handsome cape, and was very much complimented on my appearance. The ceremonies were all gone through with according to programme. The President and Cabinet and a few officers received the chief of the Japanese dignitaries, and then they were brought into the Blue Room and presented to Mrs. Grant and her ladies. Mrs. Grant had Mrs. Colfax on her right, myself on the left. I was quite unprepared for the womanliness cordiality and thoroughly unaffected kindliness of Mrs. Grant's reception of these semi-heathen. I could not have done half so well. Fortunately I knew Mr. Mori, so that I could break the dread spell a little. Another thing also helped me personally very much. The chief interpreter turned out to be a young Mr. Rice, son of Elisha, and nephew of Judge Rice. He went from Augusta to Japan at the age of ten. Of course he got introduced to me and we had a great deal to talk about, to the evident admiration of our Asiatic friends, who looked on with longing eyes. In the evening Cousin Abby, Miss Sanborn and myself took a carriage and went to Parepa's opera. The singing and acting were superb. I am sorry to say the house was poorly filled, — not over twenty in the audience that I knew, and by this time I know pretty much everybody of note. The night was horribly cold, and we were glad enough that I had had the ex-

travagance of a carriage. Father opened the door to us at our first summons. The poor man had lost Parepa and had nothing to compensate. Over one hundred and twenty-five guests sat down to Mr. Brooks' dinner in a room built over a stable — Mr. Robeson seated between two Japanese dignitaries, neither of whom, of course, could speak one English word. The dinner, Father said, seemed to be served by the acre, and after standing it as long as he could, he concluded to slip out. As soon as they saw your Father start, Mr. Voorhees [1] and Mr. Beck also arose, and I should not be surprised to hear that quite a stampede then commenced, but afraid of the consequences, our Father beat a hasty retreat home.

I ought to tell you a great deal about last week, because I did not write you after Monday, but it all seems to have faded out of my recollection. Friday evening I had a large dinner party; but as it was mainly odds and ends, I mean looking up people to whom I owed a dinner, I was, with a few exceptions, indifferent to the people. I went out to dinner with Judge Swayne,[2] and had myself a very nice time, Judge Swayne being always agreeable to me. The

[1] Representative, later Senator, Daniel W. Voorhees of Indiana.

[2] Noah Swayne, of Ohio, appointed Associate Justice of the United States Supreme Court by President Lincoln; father of General Wager Swayne of New York.

dinner itself was perfectly delicious, but the flowers were not so pretty as usual.

Wednesday, 10 o'clock.

I am sorry, dear Walker, to have, after all, to conclude my letter in a hurry. I assisted in the reception last night — Mrs. Colfax, I, Mrs. Fish and Mrs. Banks. When supper was announced Iwakuri went first, having on his right arm Mrs. Colfax, the Vice-President on his left; then came Mr. Mori, Mrs. Fish, and your father on the other arm. Then the second Ambassador, I on his right arm, Secretary Fish on his left. Who came after I know not, every faculty of mine being absorbed in analyzing my feelings. So curious! Not one word could my poor Asiatic understand of my language, and Mr. Fish having the whole Diplomatic Corps to keep straight, was continually looking around and calling out to some greater or less dignitary to fall into line. When we had marched back from the supper room into the hall all our formal duties were over. We got home about twelve. This morning have been up to the House to see them received by your Father. Immense crowd there.

821 Fifteenth St. Washington, March 12th, '72

My dear Walker, — Please date your letters more accurately. Your Pater blows a blast which might

reach across the Atlantic when he sees one of your missives commencing with a Friday morning or a Tuesday or a Monday, and so on. We heard from you Sunday morning, and I yesterday sent the letter to Augusta. Emmons was coming away from Andover, so I did not detain it for him. It will be happiness enough for him to be with us. I have the good dinner he writes for all ordered, but about an hour ago came a telegram from New York saying that he had lost the connection and could not be here till ten.

This week is jogging along very quietly, a great contrast to last. I am trying to get calls paid up, though the dreadful weather sadly interferes. Such a spring! It snows all the latter part of the day, melts in the forenoon, thaws in the afternoon.

Friday evening, being already as tired as I could be, I went with your father to a Maine sociable. Ever since we have been in Washington there has been a hearsay about our going to a Maine sociable, so Friday evening with the inevitable snow storm for our accompaniment, behold us starting forth.

Tuesday evening.

I had just got so far, dear Walker, when Mrs. Hale came in to make a little friendly call. As Eugene is in New Hampshire stumping, she is very lonely, so I had her come in and succeeded so well

in entertaining her that she did not go till it was time for Cousin Abby to go to Miss Ripley's;[1] with whom we were to take lunch. We had a very nice little table all to ourselves, and at three came away. Sent Robert to the Arlington for a carriage, and at once went out calling with Cousin A. Took Miss Sanborn and the darling J'aime along for a ride. As M. was making a call on Alice Wood, we had no trouble with her. Called every moment till dinner time, came home, ate dinner, and here I am. I dismiss the Maine sociable as I see that was the topic I was on when interrupted, — with one word. Your Father and I stood around a few moments warming us at the stove, school fashion, not seeing one person we knew. Finally about half a dozen left their places in the dance and came up to see us, and all the others being strangers, we soon felt at liberty to come away. So much for a Maine sociable. Thursday evening we were at Mrs. Bristed's[2] at a ten o'clock supper. Only twelve at table, including Mr. and Mrs. Robeson.[3] Mrs. R. is a woman of undoubted talent. She

[1] Elizabeth Ripley, niece of Senator Buckingham of Connecticut and Mrs. Blaine's next door neighbor in Washington.

[2] Wife of Charles Astor Bristed, the author, grandson of John Jacob Astor.

[3] George Maxwell Robeson of New Jersey, Secretary of the Navy from 1869 to 1877. He was married in January, 1872, to Mary Isabella (Ogston) Aulich, a widow. Mr. Robeson was also Acting Secretary of War for a time on the resignation of William W. Belknap.

is extremely entertaining. At twelve and a half we came away. I went out to supper with Mr. Robeson. Father took out Mrs. Bristed; Senator Bayard,[1] Cousin Abby. Two of the others were foreigners. I felt very dull, but believe the others had a good time. Wednesday afternoon I had a reception, and that same evening heard Parepa[2] in "Bohemian Girl." Got along very well till the third part, when I could have fallen headlong, I was so sleepy. Saturday, Father, Cousin A. and your sister M. went to a matinée. Your Pater came home as slangy as Winthrop Fish, saying and re-saying, "It 's a fraud." Every part was shorn and clipped, and the voice of the prompter was audible enough to mar all the effect. At six he, Father, dined with the territorial delegates, and at eight I, thoroughly worn out, betook myself to bed. Sunday I was not out for the day, the walking I thought too bad.

His conduct of the Navy Department was "investigated" by Congress but the House Judiciary Committee failed to sustain any charges against him.

[1] Thomas F. Bayard of Delaware, then United States Senator, later Secretary of State in President Cleveland's first term and first Ambassador to Great Britain.

[2] This was Parepa Rosa's third and last visit to America, her death occurring in London in 1874. During her second visit she married Carl Rosa, her second husband, in 1867 and remained in this country four years, attaining great popularity. She was born in Edinburgh in 1826 of a Scotch mother and a Wallachian father. Parepa's full name was Euphrosyne Parepa de Boyesku Rosa.

Yesterday I made calls, the inevitable snow accompanying me in all my visits. In the evening we all went to the billiard room for amusement. Cousin A. and Father played, and such wild strokes never were seen before. I waited until each had pushed along six counters, when I descended to the library to read Oliver Twist. I believe I wrote you that the billiard room has been carpeted, so we have done nothing else in the way of furnishing.

Wednesday morning.

Emmons got here at ten and a half last evening. He missed the train yesterday morning simply because he had not been particular about the time table. Rather green in him, your Father thinks. I need not say that we have all been alive this morning. Your big brother first went all over the house in his night gown; next he put on his coat and trousers over his night shirt and again perambulated, and lastly he dressed himself en règle and came down to breakfast. All we wanted was to have you here. Mary Wilson got every dish for Emmons she could think of, and to one and all he did full justice. I was in hopes I should have an Augusta letter to send along with this, but there has been a large mail burned at Springfield and I have no doubt my letter has gone that way. I am going to have a reception to-day. One and all send love. Oceans from mother.

I cannot bear to send this paper blank, so I will at the risk of repetition say that your Father dines with the Japs at the White House this evening and that I go at nine to receive with Mrs. Grant. I have offered to take Emmons, but he will have none of it. Also we have Saturday evening a large party of gentlemen, over one hundred, mostly members of the House. As I shall only receive, I do not dread it much. After Mons had had his supper, he and your Father went up for a game of billiards. Of course Mons distanced his partner a long ways. There is a great excitement over the ousting of the Erie ring,[1] but all this I trust to the papers to inform you of. Your Father seems very much opposed to your leaving Paris. He is anxious for you to be sure of French, at the same time he likes to have you do everything you want to. If you would like to, he would prefer your staying another year in Europe, but I do not think I could give my consent. At any rate, I should come over with Emmons and travel for the summer.

Good-bye, devotedly,

MOTHER.

[1] See Mr. Charles F. Adams' and Mr. Henry Adams' very interesting account of the struggle between Jay Gould, Commodore Vanderbilt, and other interested parties for control of the Erie Railroad. (Chapters of Erie and Other Essays.)

821 Fifteenth St. Washington, March 18th,
Monday morning.

My dear Walker, — Another letter from you, and no date beyond the unsatisfactory one of Friday. Just think how your Father must have talked. Anything but greenness in my children, might almost be his motto; and here comes Emmons from Andover without consulting the New York time tables, consequently he loses his connection and in consequence thereof his dinner at home, and his bag which he had left in the rack, and before we have recovered our breath, comes another letter from you which is to be kept for a journal, and yet no date.

Emmons is having a very quiet but satisfactory vacation. He manages just to get up at nine, comes down in his Father's slippers, eats a breakfast composed of his favorite dishes, stands up at the last. Is always to be found, when the others go up stairs, in the billiard room. About eleven he comes down, puts a few finishing touches to his dress, and goes off to the Capitol. Lunches there, and is at home any time in the latter part of the day. Some evenings he goes to the theatre, often he is at home. Last night (Sunday) we all went in to see the Hales. Coming home we called at Governor Buckingham's,

where we had an old fashioned Yankee visit. To-night Miss Ripley dined here, also Mr and Mrs Merrill, Mrs Arms, George F. Townsend and wife and George Stinson, a family dinner, but very enjoyable I have no doubt. Saturday evening Father had his press company, — over a hundred here. Everything to eat and drink that money could buy, fine music from the band and a good time altogether. No ladies at all. Friday night Emmons went to the theatre with George Stinson. I went, for a wonder, to the Capitol. Heard little beyond the roll call.

Thursday your Father got up sick, or rather he was sick and did not get up. Some dreadful dish at the President's dinner had disagreed with him. I had a carriage and went up with him to the Capitol. He staid just long enough to call the house to order and instal Mr. Dawes [1] in the chair, and then came directly home. But the fresh air did him good and we at home had a most enjoyable day. At dinner we had several very agreeable gentlemen. Friday morning we had more gentlemen to breakfast. From these minutiæ you can see that we are again leading a Washington winter. It is company all the time. Everything goes very smoothly in the kitchen.

[1] Henry L. Dawes of Massachusetts, fourteen years in the House and six in the Senate; then chairman of the Ways and Means Committee.

Washington, April 2nd, Tuesday morning.

My dear Walker, — Breakfast is over; marketing for the day decided on. J'aime and M. rigged for out-door play; the baby just flitting out for her promenade; Father off for the day. Mr. Sherman reckoning up the month's expenses for me; and, as I am chief referee in this last clause, I will improve the odd minute by commencing my to-morrow's letter to you. Unfortunately I recapitulated every item of the last days to Emmons, and now to relate them again is *renovem dolorem* and not to be done with any piquancy. Thank God, there are no *griefs*, properly speaking. We are all well, and unusually prosperous. J'aime's little cheeks are rounded out to almost normal health. Nothing fairer or sweeter than the little sister can be seen. This afternoon we all, or we three, dine at Mrs. Sherman's. I am also invited to Lady Thornton's, but the Sherman invitation coming first, I was pre-engaged. To-night the great Calico Ball comes off. My first interest was to go to it, but on sober second thought I concluded not. I did not care to go into the calico costume, and for sweet charity the ten dollars which my ticket would cost will go as far as though it went through the circumlocution office of a ball. To-morrow I have a reception, and as Lent is over, it begins at once to be quite a formal affair, including lunch. Thursday

I give a lunch to ladies, all Maine ladies; intend to have what Emmons would call a swell table. No wines, of course, but round table, flowers, and all manner of goodies to eat.

Yesterday your Father dined with the Japanese ambassadors; dinner very long and tedious, and long before the ices made their appearance he was up, had slipped out of a convenient door, and was at home.

Easter Sunday we all went, true to our persuasion, to hear Dr. Rankin; were repaid by hearing "Praise God Barebones" sort of hymns, a very gloomy sermon, and not one flower to relieve the chilliness of the services. For the children's sake I wish our service had more magnetism. M., however, did not worship with us. She did her praying with Alice Wood at St. Matthews, where her poor little back was tortured by having nothing to lean against and her poor knees scraped raw by constant kneeling. But the music, to use her own words, was just lovely.

Sunday afternoon we had Miss Cary[1] to lunch, would have had Nilsson,[2] but she had told people who

[1] Annie Louise Cary, the famous singer. Her father was Dr. Nelson Howard of Maine, and her mother's name Maria Stockbridge Cary. She married Charles Morison Raymond of New York in 1882.

[2] Christine Nilsson, the famous soprano, a native of Sweden, made

wished to call on her that she would be at home that afternoon, so we could not have her. Besides Cary, there were here her friend Mr. Fitch, George W. Curtis,[1] Cadwallader [2] and Fanny Washburne. The lunch was nice as could be, beautiful flowers, and the company very agreeable. I liked Mr. Curtis much better than I thought I did, and Cary is full of knowledge connected with her profession, — always interesting to outsiders. She is from Wayne in Maine. Of course the great event of last week was the opera. I heard Nilsson twice, Thursday and Saturday in Faust and Lucia. Cousin A. heard her twice in Mignon and Lucia; Emmons twice in Faust and Mignon; Father all three times. Her acting is perfectly superb. It makes me feel that there is a remnant of the grande passion left in the world. Of her singing I do not feel competent to

her first visit to America from 1870 to 1872 under the management of M. Strakosch and returned in the winter of 1873–74. She sang Elsa in "Lohengrin" at Covent Garden, London, but had created the part before this in America, the opera being sung in this country before it was heard in England.

[1] George William Curtis, the well-known author and publicist, was in Washington from 1871 to 1874 as one of a civil service commission of seven members appointed by President Grant. President Hayes later offered Mr. Curtis his choice of foreign missions, but he declined in favor of the presidency of the New York Civil Service Reform Association.

[2] John L. Cadwallader of New York, Assistant Secretary of State, 1874–77.

speak, but when I hear and see acting, I can tell whether it is good or bad. I was very sorry Emmons could not hear her in Lucia, but he had to start for Andover Saturday morning. When you are collecting things to bring home, if you can pack sizable articles, I should like a glove and handkerchief box, and a jewelry box to match. Of course I do not care more for them than for any other thing, only I happen to think of them. You had better bring the children, Alice and M., Roman sashes, I have so many silk dresses to make over for them. The time for your return will very soon be here, as your Father fully expects to send for you in June. Stick to your French, as I want you to be able to speak it. Good-bye for the present.

Wednesday morning.

We had a very pleasant dinner yesterday at Mrs. Sherman's. No one there beside the family but Mr. and Mrs. Casserly,[1] Mr. and Mrs. Doyle,[2] and Gen. Charles and Mrs. Ewing. We stayed so long our driver came away, so Mrs. Sherman had to send us home. All the letters I send came from Augusta last night. As I send them a faithful transcript of every-

[1] Eugene Casserly, Senator from California.

[2] Mr. and Mrs. John T. Doyle of Menlo Park, California.

thing that takes place in the family, I do not see why they find fault with my letters.

Cousin Abby carries on all her work here. She has a business and attends to it precisely as though she were a man. W pays her for the editing of his magazine; then she writes for the Harpers and the Independent. Mary Caroline Pike is now to be connected with the magazine. Good-bye my dear boy,

Most devotedly,

MOTHER.

821 FIFTEENTH ST. WASHINGTON, April 9th, Tuesday evening.

MY DEAR WALKER, — While the heavens empty themselves of the sweet rain we all are panting for, and Mr Sherman, my only company, studies out his phonographic page, I will anticipate to-morrow and commence a letter to you.

Notwithstanding the great heat, the three babies upstairs are one and all afflicted with colds. Miss Sanborn and Annie have been running all evening with lumps of sugar, moistened with paregoric, and at last the camp is still and I in petticoat and Father's slippers and dressing sack, have found my way down stairs to the library table. I find Miss Dodge just gone upstairs for the night, and Tom Sherman the sole occupant of the room. Father is out dining at

Welcker's[1] with Whitelaw Reid of the Tribune. The day has been hot and sultry beyond comparison, and I who have been out both morning and afternoon, am overcome with heat. This morning I was out on errands intent; this afternoon Miss Ripley, Cousin Abby and I went over to Georgetown to call on Mrs Cook, and coming back stopped at Mrs Grant's reception, a moderately handsome reception, — the President too sick to be down stairs. Nelly Grant has sailed for Europe. She is with Mrs. Borie;[2] is to go wherever her friends go this summer, travelling in Switzerland and other places, and in the fall will be in Paris, where she will purchase her trousseau and then come home for the winter. This I have from her mother.

Almost everything of the gay kind has come to a pause. Yesterday I was out driving a little while with Mrs. Hale. Sunday while we were at lunch, Mr H came in. He was delighted to see some baked beans; sat down, and did to them ample justice; then stayed a good two hours. He did enjoy it.

Last Thursday I had my Maine lunch. Everything went off splendidly, seventeen ladies at the table. As no one declined, I had my company as originally

[1] "Welcker's," a well-known restaurant at that time, situated on Fifteenth Street below H.

[2] See page 80, note.

planned. Mrs. Morrill came in her bonnet, the only one, and was suavity itself. As she went to Mrs. Bowen's [1] lunch and was the only lady without a bonnet, and came to mine the only lady with, I am afraid she will think Washington lawless. My table was very handsome and the courses many and good. And as many of my guests were from boarding houses, ample justice was done Mary's good cooking. Here are the courses: for I am too stupid to write anything sensible tonight: Oysters on shell, mock turtle soup, broiled chicken and fried potatoes, sweetbreads and peas, asparagus, Roman punch, partridge and salad, ices, charlottes, jellies, sweetmeats, fruits, coffee and tea.

821 Fifteenth St., Washington, April 11th,
Thursday evening.

My dear Walker, — According to promise, I begin my journal letter. Emmons's letter came down from the Capitol yesterday, just as I was getting off my mail to you, so I put it into the package, though I had no time for explanation. As soon as your package was off I dressed and went to the Capitol with Miss Ripley who had invited Cousin A. and myself to drive with her. We heard a not uninteresting powwow on the Appropriation Bill. Had a very pleasant time, and finally came home with Mr. and

[1] Mrs. Thomas M. Bowen, wife of the Senator from Colorado.

Mrs. Hale and Father in Mrs. Chandler's carriage, Cousin A. coming with Miss Ripley. In the evening we had callers all the time, while I was reduced by sleepiness and fatigue to the verge of insanity. So much for Wednesday. To-day, Thursday, Miss S. concluded to go to Mt Vernon, so directly after breakfast she was off, a little basket on her arm, *not* so snowy white and bare. I took possession of the nursery, and with Annie for lieutenant, had a most delightful, satisfactory morning. Mr. Chew, having just sent down from the State Department your most welcome package of letters there, March 26th, I have the enjoyment of reading the contents aloud to Cousin Abby. We sit in her room, the red, and M. hangs out of the window and talks to J'aime playing in the yard below. The day is like a midsummer one. Letters read, I talk over the situation, and almost decide I will go with Emmons to Europe, but leave this final decision, as I do every other, to Father's ultimatum. After dressing we go out for calls, among others, Mrs. Butler's and Mrs. Ames' [1] — the latter looking transcendently beautiful. The General insists upon our going up to look at his boy, but we do not. I also called at Gen. Humphrey's [2]

[1] Wife of General Benjamin F. Butler of Massachusetts. General Butler's daughter.

[2] Brevet-Major Andrew Atkinson Humphreys, a graduate of

to attend the reception of his son. At six am on the doorstep, and find your Father already in the house; dinner. Miss Sanborn gets home from Mt Vernon, having had an interesting but a lonely day. When I come in, your Father sits in the sitting-room reading your letters. I open up on the going abroad question. Evidently he will none of it, though originally the plan was his. If I go abroad he wants to go with me. It is cholera year, and he does not believe in being on the Continent this summer. He has made up his mind to have Walker come home, and wants to see him himself. Besides, his education will be better to return now and go again, and he wants Walker to go into a French family, stay awhile, and then travel a little, returning in June. So you see, my dear boy, that you are D.V. — (which Cousin A. says now means Dolly Varden) to bring your blessed self home very soon. I am so delighted at the prospect, and there seems so much to tear myself away from, that I am perfectly satisfied. May you be so too. Goodnight.

Yesterday got up at eight, dressed myself and washed and dressed the baby, who came out from my hands like one of those shining ones whose angels do always behold the face of my Father. After breakfast

West Point, at that time chief of the Engineers, U. S. A. He died in Washington in 1883.

Miss Ripley came in to ask Cousin A. and myself to go driving with her. Were only too happy to accept. Drove on the Avenue and the paved streets generally. Did a little shopping and came home in season for lunch. Found an elegant bouquet from Mrs. Grant awaiting me. Father came home soon after three, and electrified me with the information that five gentlemen were coming to dinner. As we had designed for ourselves only a supper-dinner, you may suppose there was no time to be lost. Mary Wilson, however, proved equal to the occasion, and at the appointed hour all the stated and stately courses showed themselves on the board. We had Secretary Boutwell,[1] Mr. Dawes, Roberts,[2] Maynard [3] and Kelly. What a thing it is to have good and efficient servants. After dinner there was business talk, and Cousin A and I were released from attendance.

Friday we had Governor Perham,[4] Mr Frye and Mr Bingham [5] to dinner. Very pleasant time.

[1] George S. Boutwell of Massachusetts, Secretary of the Treasury under President Grant.

[2] Marshall O. Roberts, the well-known merchant and philanthropist of New York.

[3] Horace Maynard, Member of Congress from Tennessee.

[4] Sidney Perham, Governor of Maine and Republican Member of Congress. William P. Frye, Representative from Maine.

[5] John A. Bingham, Representative from Pennsylvania; special Judge Advocate when the Lincoln conspirators were tried, one of the

Monday.

The day is very rainy. At home till twelve, then went down town in waterproof and with umbrella to buy a few little things for Miss Sanborn. Made safe purchases — a pretty fan, two neckties, and two pocket handkerchiefs. Got home too late for ordinary lunch, and had just sat down for a cup of tea to recuperate with, when Mr. Mitchell came in, an old friend of your Father's. I myself knew him a little eighteen years ago. He was polite enough to say that he would have known me anywhere, could not believe my hair was at all gray, etc., etc. He stayed about an hour, and then it was time for me, as soon as I had snatched a hasty cup of tea on my own account, to attend to the putting up of Miss Sanborn's lunch. As she expected to live out of her lunch basket till she reached California, you may suppose that I had to have my thoughts about me, or to have, to use a favorite phrase of Shepherd Pike's,[1] my eyes for my charges. However, I filled basket and box; thought of paregoric, cologne, wine, pickles, lemons and

movers for the impeachment of Andrew Johnson, and Minister to Japan, 1873–85.

[1] James Shepherd Pike, diplomatist and author, of Calais, Maine, associate editor of New York Tribune, 1850–60, and United States Minister to the Netherlands in 1861–66. He bequeathed $15,000 to the Calais Public Library on condition that the money should be used to purchase no book that had not been out at least ten years.

sugar, and everything else which might be required, and after a hearty dinner, with Tom Sherman for escort to the depot, in the rain and darkness, Miss Sanborn did really get away. She has been with me fifteen weeks, and I had only one sentiment as the door closed upon her, that of unbounded relief. She is a good creature too.

Tuesday.

This has been a most satisfactory day to your Father in the House. Not only has he succeeded in getting Mr. Dawes to report from the Ways and Means, but after reviewing Mr. Beatty's[1] course, the House sustained his ruling with only six dissenting votes. You will get the whole from the Globe, which Tom Sherman sends you by this mail. I don't see how I could, but I did forget to chronicle in yesterday's journal, that I had just after breakfast a long and most dreary call from N——. He had as usual nothing to talk about but Alabama state claims. Heaven knows they are nothing to me. N—— never had any judgment as man or boy, in California, Maine or Alabama; and while the blood in our veins is just the same, in taste, association, reminiscence, expectation, opinion and manner of life, we are altogether opposed. Nothing in common but blood;

[1] Gen. John Beatty, member of Congress from Ohio.

and yet he walks into my house as though he had a right; takes me from my family, and gives me absolutely nothing. Your Father says he seems to stand in quite wholesome awe of him, which is really an encouraging symptom. In the evening he came again, and again yesterday, but this morning has gone to Maine on a thirty days' furlough. Poor E—— (his wife!) I pity her. Mrs. Hale called this afternoon and took Miss Dodge and myself to call on Mrs. Grant. Had the usual pleasant White House reception. This evening we have been to the Capitol to attend the Morse [1] memorial services, really very interesting, and your Father presided in a truly handsome manner. For particulars vide Chronicle sent by Thomas Sherman.

821 Fifteenth St., Washington, April 21st,
Sunday morning.

My dear Walker, — I seem to be up and down stairs by myself; no breakfast; no family. So I improve the shining moment by thinking of the Blaine family in France. The difference in the longitude of the two continents will not permit me to imagine you waiting breakfast or church, but all the same, whatever you are doing or proposing to do, my heart as you wander turns fondly to thee.

[1] Samuel Finley Breese Morse, the inventor of the telegraph, born 1791, died April 2, 1872.

darling of upstairs, down stairs and my lady's chamber, M. and J'aime with spade and shovel to the yard, and the Mama to her best and dearest of boys.

Monday evening we three went to hear Aimée in Grande Duchesse. She was really fascinating. Her dresses are just as pretty as they can be. Altogether, with the music and the applause and the pretty dresses, I felt myself completely en rapport with her. Monday also I went out calling. If I am half so persevering in a better cause as I am in returning my thousand and one calls, I shall win heaven at last.

We expect now to adjourn about the 1st of June. Do you want me to come to New York or Boston or wherever you may come in on your return, to meet you? Oh, the joyful day!

Everything political, English and American, seems to be in a sort of a snarl.[1] But things I believe will all come out right. Your Father was so impressed with the fatal influence which any concession on the part of Mr Fish would have on our political situation, that he went in to talk over matters with him Sunday

[1] The arbitration of the Alabama Claims, as arranged by the Treaty of Washington, was in progress at this time in Geneva, with grave danger of failure of arbitration. On May 13th Earl Russell said in the House of Lords, — "The case seems to be now between the honor of the Crown of this country and the (re-)election of General Grant as President." Quoted by J. F. Rhodes — "History of the United States from the Compromise of 1850 to the Restoration of Home Rule in the South in 1877."

evening. Was there till a very late hour. Commercial interests bring heavily to bear on the question.

821 Fifteenth St. Washington, May 7th, 1872.
Tuesday, in the evening.

My dear Walker, — To-morrow will be your seventeenth birthday and I ought to write you something very good, good in itself, doing you good, and good for me to write. But, alas, my surroundings are not favorable, for though at home alone, I have been lying down with Que J'aime to get him to sleep, till all the juice of the poppies is in my eyes. The night is very warm too, and light enough to write by adds to the heat. Your Father has not been home since morning. He dined with Mr. Roosevelt [1] at the Congressional, sending word to me by Tom Sherman at dinner time to come up to the Capitol and go to the circus with him. But as I could not bear the idea of leaving the children at their most lonely hour, as the circus repelled rather than attracted, I got Cousin Abby to consent to make all things straight, and myself stayed in this dear home. A third reason for staying, and stronger than the two others, was that I wanted to write you.

I shall not attempt any advice to the good boy,

[1] Robert Barnwell Roosevelt, Democrat, from New York, uncle of President Roosevelt, and author of the bill originating the U. S. Fish Commission.

who I do not believe needs it, for how can one have a better guide than conscience? But I do from the bottom of my heart thank you, Walker, for all the anxiety you have spared me. I have always trusted you, so has your Father, and never have you abused the trust. Continue ye in this love.

821 Fifteenth St. Washington, May 15th,
Wednesday morning.

My dear Walker, — I do not think you will get home to be in this city with us, as we all hope Congress will adjourn in June. They are so busy now in the House that I do not see your Father at all. Yesterday, it is true, was almost entirely lost with bad management in Committee of the Whole. I had such a sense of loss during the day come over me, remembering how I had scarcely exchanged one word with your Father, that I dressed and went up to the Capitol, Cousin Abby with me. But to no good. Not only did I not see your Father, but we did not even hit the same car, he getting home before me. Dinner was hurried, and he left the table for the Capitol long before the meal was through. I sat up for him till eleven, knowing that he would be quite used up with fatigue. He was, and got to bed just as soon as he could. I feel that so much strain as he labors under cannot be good for him, and while I do

not dare, from his peculiar temperament, hint at such a thing, I try in every way I can to break the confinement. And just now people are constantly coming to him to talk on the presidential question. What can be done with the situation, occupies all heads, and some few good people put their hearts over the bars. But no politics in home letters. We are all getting along more comfortably. The weather is cooler; the children play both morning and afternoon in the square, and are well and happy. I am greatly anxious to get to Augusta, but the house will not be ready for us for several weeks. Do you think you could bring me one large choice engraving for the mantel of the library at home? Something historical or classic or fancy even; of course I would have it framed in Boston. How glad we shall be to see you at home. Only think how short a time since we went out on the Tripoli to Boston Lights.

I have an invitation to dinner at Secretary Fish's next Tuesday. Everything of a society kind seems about over, and I am truly sorry to have to look out an evening dress again. To-night Gen. Banks and a few other gentlemen dine here, entirely informally. Monday evening Gen. Garfield, Mr. Freihlenberg, and Sargent [1] of California dined here. Your Father is much attached to General Garfield.

[1] Aaron A. Sargent, born in Massachusetts; Representative in

Have just been interrupted by a call from Miss Ripley. She is expecting Mr. and Mrs. Goff [1] there to-night and is anxious for Cousin A and myself to call. Promised to do so. Saturday evening we had several gentlemen to dinner, some from Iowa, Mr Wheeler from New York, and others. Nice dinner and very agreeable people. Friday your Father dined with Senator Cameron [2] at Wormley's. Thursday Mr. and Mrs. Charlton Lewis [3] of New York, Judge Black,[4] Pay Director Cunningham, and Mr. Bridgeman of the Boston Advertiser, dine here. Mary Wilson goes to Newport the last of the month, and then during the few days we may be here, Hannah cooks for us. No company then. I take home this summer four colored maids.

Your Father thinks I shall write you about twice

Congress from California, 1861–73; Senator, 1873–79, and afterwards successively Minister to Germany and Russia. He died in 1887.

[1] Nathan Goff of West Virginia. Appointed U. S. District Attorney of that State by President Johnson and later Secretary of the Navy under President Hayes; appointed in 1892 by President Harrison judge of the 4th U. S. Circuit.

[2] Simon Cameron of Pennsylvnia, Secretary of War and Minister to Russia under President Lincoln.

[3] Charlton Thomas Lewis, U. S. Deputy Commissioner of Internal Revenue, 1863–64, managing editor of New York Evening Post, 1870–71, an authority on prison associations and life insurance.

[4] Jeremiah Sullivan Black of Pennsylvania. See also note, page 236, Vol. I.

more. He expects to be in Boston at the Jubilee June 20th, also wants to go to Saratoga. Would like to have you and Emmons at the Quarterly Centennial of his class. Hopes to be in New York to meet Walker when he comes. Good-bye, my dearest.

Lovingly,

MOTHER.

821 FIFTEENTH ST. WASHINGTON, May 29th,
Wednesday morning.

MY DEAREST BOY, — This is about the last letter I shall attempt to write. Your Father says he shall write once more to you at Liverpool. We are all looking forward eagerly to your coming home. Congress is to adjourn Monday. I am rather expecting to get away Wednesday. If it were not for Alice, I should stay till the next week, as the house at home, is I fear in the direst confusion still. We are all very comfortable here; the weather still so cool that we feel no impatience for the relief of a more northern latitude. Your friend Mr. Gonya has turned up. He called to see your Father at the Capitol last Thursday. Of course we were very glad to see him, first on your account, and afterwards on his own, as he proved himself a very nice gentleman. He was invited to dinner on Friday, and then because of even-

ing session it was postponed until Saturday. Saturday we had a round table dinner. Mr. and Mrs. Bates, whom you saw in Paris, — they brought letters of introduction from Gen. Schenck, — Mr. Shellabarger [1] of Ohio, and four ladies from the same state, Mr. Packer [2] of Pennsylvania, and Mr. and Mrs. Hale and Mr. and Mrs. Ingersoll.[3] I went out with Mr. Gonya. He felt very badly, as he had come from New York with only a business suit on, but of course no one but himself cared for that. He said a great deal about you, and I was particularly pleased to hear him say that you were of great advantage to him because you spoke French so well. He called again Monday evening, but would not come in as we had company for dinner. Was very sorry not to see him again.

Emmons is going with your Father to Washington, Penna. the last of June. Am writing him today to be sure to have plenty of nice clothes. Think he finds it almost as hard as you did to get along on the allowance. The Hales get away from Wash-

[1] Samuel Shellabarger, member of Congress from Ohio.

[2] Asa Packer, founder of Lehigh University.

[3] Robert G. Ingersoll of Illinois, the famous orator. In Mr. Ingersoll's speech nominating Mr. Blaine at the Republican National Convention in Cincinnati in 1876 occurred the now historic phrase "plumed knight," which became so popular as applied to Mr. Blaine. It is interesting to note that Mr. Blaine himself never liked this appellation, thinking that it suggested "white feather" as much as "Helmet of Navarre."

ington Saturday. Mr. H. was here to dinner again Monday.

As I said in my last letter, do not be particular to buy the things I have specified. Anything else will do just as well as lace or sash or picture. You will find the old house all renovated and everybody I hope in the best of health and spirits to meet you.[1]

To Miss Dodge, in Hamilton

Augusta, July 16th, 1872.

Mr. Blaine and the boys, the elder ones, have just driven off to church — three fans, a cotton umbrella and a horse and buggy amongst them. The Papa took the umbrella, Emmons drove, and Walker fanned, and I only hope they may step far enough heavenward to pay for the earthly trouble — for Mons in harnessing broke out into a heat which nothing could allay — his Father in the supreme moment of departure turned round to tell us how large his head felt, while Walker with the prospect of three or four favorite girls to flirt with, was eminently content. J'aime and M. were in the yard to see them off, J'aime all currants and raspberries from his throat to the hem of his frock, but clean as to the face, and sweeter than honey in the honeycomb; his last word

[1] Walker landed in Boston early in June, 1872.

to the martyrologists being "Hulloa!" a greeting which they seemed to think a pitiful satire.

To Mrs. Homan

Autumn, 1872 (?)

Dear Neighbor, — The storm prevents my venturing in, so I take this more formal method of inviting yourself, Mr Homan and Mrs Manley to tea tomorrow evening at 6–½. Doors open at any hour after dinner, company extremely informal; excuses not in order. Do you think it would be more christianlike to invite Miss Town? I cannot bear to hurt her feelings. If you say so, I shall. Good-bye, affectionately yours, with a cough.

H. S. B.

Friday afternoon.

1876

"The session in the House preceding the presidential contest of 1876 was a period of stormy and vehement contention. . . . Mr. Blaine became the subject of a violent personal assault. Charges were circulated that he had received $64,000 from the Union Pacific Railroad Company for some undefined services. On the 24th of April, 1876, he rose to a personal explanation in the House and made his answer. He produced letters from the officers of the Company and from the bankers who were said to have negotiated the draft, in which they declared there had never been any such transaction, and that Mr. Blaine had never received a dollar from the Company. Mr. Blaine proceeded to add that the charges had reappeared in the form of an assertion that he had received bonds of the Little Rock and Fort Smith Railroad as a gratuity, and that these bonds had been sold through the Union Pacific Company for his benefit. To this he responded that he never had any such bonds except at the market price, and that, instead of deriving any profit from them, he had incurred a large pecuniary loss. On May 2nd a resolution was adopted in the House to investigate an alleged purchase by the Union Pacific Railroad Company, at an excessive price, of certain bonds of the Little Rock and Fort Smith Railroad. It soon became evident that the investigation was aimed at Mr. Blaine. An extended business correspondence on his part with Warren Fisher, of Boston, running through years and relating to various transactions, had fallen into the hands of a clerk named Mulligan, and it was alleged that the production of this correspondence would confirm the imputations against Mr. Blaine. When Mulligan was summoned to Washington, Mr. Blaine possessed himself of the letters, together with a memorandum that contained a full index and abstract. On June 5th he rose to a personal explanation, and, after denying the power of the House to compel the production of his private papers, and his willingness to go to any extremity in defence of his rights, he declared his purpose to reserve nothing. Holding up the letters, he exclaimed: "Thank God, I am not ashamed to show them. There is the very original package, and with some

sense of humiliation, with a mortification I do not attempt to conceal, with a sense of outrage which I think any man in my position would feel, I invite the confidence of forty-four millions of my countrymen, while I read these letters from this desk."

The demonstration closed with a dramatic scene. Josiah Caldwell, one of the originators of the Little Rock and Fort Smith Railroad, who had full knowledge of the whole transaction, was travelling in Europe, and both sides were seeking to communicate with him. After finishing the reading of the letters, Mr. Blaine turned to the chairman of the committee and demanded to know whether he received any despatches from Mr. Caldwell. Receiving an evasive reply, Mr. Blaine asserted, as within his own knowledge, that the chairman had received such despatches "completely and absolutely exonerating me from this charge and you have suppressed it." A profound sensation was created and General Garfield said: "I have been a long time in Congress and never saw such a scene in the House."

The Republican National Convention was now at hand and Mr. Blaine was the most prominent candidate for the presidential nomination. . . . On June 11th, the Sunday preceding the Convention, just as he was entering Church at Washington, he was prostrated with the extreme heat, and his illness for a time created wide apprehension. The advocates of his nomination, however, remained unshaken in their support. On the first ballot he received 285 votes out of a total of 754, the remainder being divided among Senator Morton, Secretary Bristow, Senator Conkling, Governor Hayes, and several others. On the seventh ballot his vote rose to 351, lacking only 28 of a majority, but the union of the supporters of all the other candidates gave Governor Hayes 384, and secured his nomination. Immediately after the Convention, on the resignation of Senator Morrill to accept the Secretaryship of the Treasury, Mr. Blaine was appointed Senator to fill the unexpired term, and in the following winter he was chosen by the Legislature for the full ensuing term."

Appleton's Encyclopædia of American Biography.

To Emmons at Harvard

Washington, June 4, 1876.

I have been very anxious to hear from you to know how you were enduring, like a good son, the fiery ordeal through which your father is passing.

Its fierceness no one but himself can know, but walking it, he feels peculiarly for you and Walker.

The defeat in the convention is as the small dust of the balance to him, though no one better knows than himself the prize for which he was contending. But the thought which takes the manhood out of him is that you and Walker, who are just entering life, may, perhaps, be forced to see, not only all your proud and happy anticipations disappointed, but yourselves put on the defensive.

He has been upstairs looking up the order of a speech for the House to-morrow, but it is very likely it will never be made, as every new-comer has different advice to give.

I find it difficult to command my thoughts, but there is one thing I must say, though I presume and hope you will laugh at my fears. I have been afraid you might go into Boston and do something to Mulligan; but you have sense enough to know that nothing could be worse for your Father than noto-

riety of that kind. Keep yourself as patient and hopeful as you can. . . . All of us are well, and your father has a great reserve of pluck and resource.

To Mr. Joseph H. Manley

Sunday afternoon.
June 4, 1876.
Washington.

My dear Friend, — The only tears I have shed in all this bitter time have been over your letter. I could not read unmoved what you say of him, for you confirm what I have always said, that those who know him most, love him best. I dare to say that he is the best man I have ever known. Do not misunderstand me, I do not say that he is the best man that ever lived, but that of all the men whom I have thoroughly known, he is the best.

You must not think, dear Joe, from the tone in which I write that we are cast down, or if cast down, discouraged, but can one tread the wine press so long alone and not some time give out?

We are full of courage, though perfectly aware that now is the crisis. Is n't the suspense hard to bear and does it not require almost more than mortal wisdom, to decide whether to do, or to leave alone? I think Mr. Blaine will decide to do, though before

tomorrow, something or somebody may turn him from what is now his fixed purpose. But if there ever was a time when there were reasons for his being nominated, those reasons are doubled and intensified by all this precaution. Why should the great Republican party play into the hands of Confederates whether they hail from the farther South or from Kentucky?

I have never been enthusiastic for the nomination. The intensest feeling I had was that it should not go to Bristow. But now I want Mr. Blaine to have it and to go to it, as it were, on men's shoulders. I hate to hate but I am in danger of that feeling now. I have written with great abandon and perhaps imprudently but you will confine all I have said to yourself.

If you are staying with Abby, please give her my dear love and believe me most sincerely yours,

HARRIET S. BLAINE.

To M. IN AUGUSTA

NEWHALL HOUSE, MILWAUKEE,[1]
October 26th, 1876.
Thursday, 3 P. M.

MY DEAR M., — Yesterday I spent at Peoria, quite a memorable day to me. We left Grand Rapids about

[1] Mr. Blaine was at this time campaigning for Hayes in the Northwest.

eleven o'clock Thursday morning, reached Chicago about eight, had two hours there for supper and a little rest. We were met at the depot by some gentlemen with a carriage and were driven to the Grand Pacific. There I found a beautiful room awaiting us and a supper already ordered. The supper was as delightful as the room, and I had quite a nap in my bonnet before we were obliged to move. We reached Peoria about six in the morning, and before I had an idea we were there, and while still struggling with my buttons, I heard Mrs. Ingersoll's well remembered voice asking for me. There she was at six in the morning, about a dozen gentlemen in attendance, three carriages, herself dressed beautifully in a brown silk costume, all ready to take us to the very middle of her heart and home. I took my overskirt over my arm, put a veil over my hair, pinned my crimps, went through the introduction with as much dignity as I could muster, and was soon at the Ingersoll mansion. Eva came running down to the gate to meet us and Maude stood at the door. Then there was Mrs. Parker, Mrs. Ingersoll's mother, a delightful lady looking not much older than myself, Mrs. Farrar, Mrs. I.'s sister, a young lady of twenty, Mr. F. and a little girl, a varied and agreeable family. The house is large and handsome and handsomely furnished, but it was as the small dust in the balance com-

pared to the hospitality which was lavished upon us. Perhaps I never felt so welcome anywhere in my life.

At ten o'clock Mr. Ingersoll, who had been away speaking arrived, and nothing could exceed the warmth of his welcome. At nine we had breakfast. Mrs. I. had ordered it for seven, but for some unexplained cause, which no one seemed to trouble themselves about, it was two hours late. No matter, it was a loaded table when we got it. Three kinds of meat, not to mention fried oysters, potatoes in different styles, cakes, etc. Here arose a difficulty. Mr. Farrar was very nervous, and as soon as he found what was expected of him, had disappeared. His wife sent for him to wait on the table, but he never came back. Mr. Blaine did not want to carve, pleading that he never did it at home, and was moreover so hungry, he should hold out only for three or four plates. So Susan Sharkey was called in from the kitchen, was introduced to us as Miss Sharkey, stood up and served us all impartially to the three principal dishes, not troubling us to give a preference. She was a most wholesome, respectable looking woman, as indeed were all Mrs. Ingersoll's maids — five — and after she had performed the work required of her, she withdrew without a word. I took a great liking to her. She has lived with Mrs. I. thirteen years.

The house was thronged with people all day, and

every man who came in wanted to be introduced to me. One woman who came, by the name of Stanley, said she saw I did not remember her, but that I used to go to school to her in Hamilton.[1] Of course I was able to convince her that my name was not Hannah Augusta or Mary Abby.

In the evening there was a great crowd came up to serenade your Father. They gave three cheers for Mrs. Blaine also and Mr. Ingersoll did his best to make me go onto the steps and acknowledge the compliment, but I need not say that for this I was too modest, so he did it for me. At eleven we came down to the sleeping car and went to bed, though we did not leave P until one o'clock, reaching Chicago at seven. Two nights that I have been in the sleeping car.

We breakfasted at the Grand Pacific, and at once left for this city, arriving between twelve and one o'clock. Have just had dinner, and Father has now gone off to make his speech. I was not prepared for the enthusiasm which everywhere greets your Father. Every attention which can be thought of is showered upon him. At breakfast this morning I saw Horace Williams, who spoke to me of Uncle Sylvanus's death, but I had heard it just before through a telegram from Charles Caldwell asking us to come to Alton. I have been very much tempted to leave your Father

[1] Two cousins of Mrs. Blaine's went to school in Hamilton.

and spend Sunday with them, but have now given it up, as your Father did not quite like the thought of separating. I am very sorry not to have been at home at this time. I must not forget to mention that at St. Joseph, quite a large town in Michigan, where a great crowd had gathered at the depot, I was very much taken aback to hear proposed "and three cheers for his honored lady, who is also present." Almost as good as "His Lady fanned her wounded knight." I think the compliment was very likely suggested by Dr. Stratton, an old friend of the family from Winslow, who lives in St. Jo. He is a man of position I imagine in the community, though St. Jo is not a very aristocratic looking place. I saw Mr. and Mrs. Frye at the depot here a moment this morning. They had come from Green Bay today and were starting for home. Emma is at Stamford at school with Alice, and Mr. and Mrs. F go to Washington in about four weeks. It seemed quite homelike to see them. I must dress now, as some ladies are coming to call on me. With love to all, most affectionately,

MOTHER.

1877-1879

The family spent the winter of 1877–78 in Augusta, Mr. Blaine being in Washington when his official duties made it necessary.

To Miss Dodge, in Hamilton

Augusta, January 10th, 1877.

My dear Abby, — I have but a moment. Supper is just ready. Mary is waiting for me to decide whether it is worth while to open a can of peaches for that meal. Jamie is fighting the dogs in the kitchen, and Mr B is directing a letter to Miss Mary A Dodge, Augusta Maine, in anticipation of your winter residence.

I have a room for you as good as the Chamber of Peace, — the windows open to the rising sun, and two of them hold the sun while he runs his race. I shall give you up the library while the master of the house is away. It is never used, and you can take possession. In short, I hope to establish you in comfort if not in luxury. So much for what I can do for you. What you can do for me goes without saying. I shall float instead of sinking, shall enjoy instead of sulking, shall eat and sleep, shall have a motive and a stimulus, and shall now and then do you the honor to ask your opinion. I ought not to write another word, for every thought in my head and all the strength of my hands is given to my party of Friday evening. What do you think of providing standing room and supper for over five hundred

people? Five hundred will not come, but so many are asked, and all the preparations have gone through my head. The ices and salads are made out, but our kitchen furnishes the rest. Do you know that one quart of ice cream will suffice for ten persons, and that one quart of oysters will satisfy only five? Then we are making thirty-two charlottes. If this seems small and irrelevant talk to you, remember that you troubled Whittier with a new old gown. I hear he refers to it as new, but undoubtedly it is the lavender. And by the way, you will need that dress here. Augusta is not gayless, and I want you to do honor to the family. Since I have been writing there has been a fierce storm between the Jameses. It ended in a graceful capitulation on the part of the elder, followed by a perfect abandon of affection on that of the less, and H. kept time to the march of events by crying her eyes out because "Papa was not going to let Jamie go to the Exhibition." Do not feel concerned, we are all going, a happy family together. Did Mr B. remember to tell you about M. sending Jamie down town with five cents to buy her some stick cinnamon? He returned with a package of slippery elm. M. could think of nothing but Elizabeth's poultices.

Most affectionately,

H. S. B.

at them, but I suppose no son of mine would be guilty of such vulgarity. I was pleased enough to find that it was not the doldrums on your part, but carelessness on his, which had sent him kiting to Hallowell, and oh, was it not lucky that Providence sent his fingers into his pocket to feel the trunk cheque, to impell him to swing himself onto that rear car, before it was too late to get it into your keeping! Who after this will say that Providence does not interest itself in small things? Well, good-bye. All things are as they were. I am writing at the old desk of blessed Congressional memory, and through the open window come from the library the dulcet tones of Joseph Manley, the undertow of Bigelow, the careful intonations of Mr. Hale, your Father's powerful thread, Tom's interrogations, as he keeps the thread of the letters he is answering, and the smoke of Emmons' cigarette. I have been into the dining room and have selected a tablecloth for dinner, my one effort at good form in housekeeping, and now comes H. dressed for the picnic in one of her beloved calicoes, to see if she can wade. (Do say yes, Mama, — it will break my heart to have to stand on the shore and see Tuly going in.) Most affectionately,

H S B

Augusta August 3rd 1879,
Sunday noon

My dear M., — We are just home from doing the honors of the Arsenal and the Hospital to Mr. Henry Field,[1] who came on the eight o'clock train, coming down from Montreal yesterday, leaving that place at 7–½ in the morning. For five weeks he has been salmon fishing on the river of Mr Stephens, President of the Montreal Bank. He is as brown as a nut, and came on with all the fishing rods that the fashion of the time demands. I need not say that he is exactly our old Washington friend, in the new setting of Augusta. Tomorrow, he and Emmons leave for Mt Desert, via Portland. He looked all around the church in search of a face pretty enough for Emmons, with a mental reservation for himself, I dare say, but saw none worthy of his heart. And in fact, our congregation did present rather an unusually unattractive exterior. The Free Will Baptists had emptied themselves into the pews, but that did not improve matters, and after Mr F. had allowed his eyes to wander from Mrs C——'s and Mrs F——'s mourning, there was only Deacon Hallett's pew within the range of his vision. The music

[1] Mr. Henry Field of Chicago.

was good, as it was rendered by Pinkham, but the preacher! He was unbearable. It was humiliating to find yourself sitting under his voice. He was aggravatingly handsome, and posed before us, in a thousand attitudes to show off his physique. May I never hear of or see him again!

Your Father got home at two this morning, very tired and perhaps a little cross. He had a fine meeting at Saco, his prominent auditor being Orville Baker,[1] who turned up from Old Orchard, in attendance on Mabel Boardman, Mr. Phelps's [2] niece, you know, and Alice's school friend. And this morning's mail brought Emmons a very nice letter from Mr. Ellis, which proves a grateful supplement to your postal, and I think of you to-day, resting and cooling in Detroit, and embarking on the Lake, with a satisfaction I could not call up yesterday, as I imagined you flying over the torrid belt of central New York.

[1] Orville Dewey Baker of Augusta, Attorney-General of Maine, 1885–88; died 1908.

[2] (Sometimes referred to in the Letters as William Walter, or W. W. P.) William Walter Phelps of New Jersey represented the Englewood District in Congress in 1873–75 and 1883–89; was United States Minister to Austria in 1881–82, to Germany 1889–93; lay judge of the Court of Errors and Appeals of New Jersey, and represented America at the Samoan Conference in Berlin in 1889. He died at Teaneck, N. J., 1894.

6:30. Emmons, your Father, Mr. Reed,[1] and Mr. Field, — you see I do not pay much attention to precedence — have just started on a drive, your Father holding the reins. As Mr. Reed is on the back seat, imagine the way in which his eyes will wander from those horses. And H. has just come driving into the yard with Fred, who has been up to Aunt Emily's for cake, and who now has gone to take his little Emily to drive. And I have got through the afternoon by taking a nap on my sofa, by a pitcher of lemonade under the trees, by a chapter or two in Our Mutual Friend, and best and last of all, by a telegram which that dearest and best of youths, Philip Ely, has sent me from Detroit. It seems as though I had been in your visible presence, and it has done me a world of good. Excepting the telegram, the afternoon has been rather flat.

H S B

Augusta, August 5th 1879
Tuesday 10:30 A. M.

My dear M., — I am just through with a great scare, it is this, it is this! Your Father had a note from Mrs. L this morning, to the intent that she and Mrs F would pass through town on their way from Mt Desert and would be glad to see him at

[1] Thomas B. Reed of Maine, afterwards Speaker of the House.

the station. Of course he went down all prepared to bring them back with him, but luckily for me, Mr. C, Mrs. L.'s father, is due this morning, so I had the satisfaction inexpressible, as I was watching stealthily from the sitting room window, to see your Father driven up in state by Frederick, but no lovely bonnets or feminine hats brightening the void at his side. For the heat is intense, and to sit through all the hours of this scorching day, in one of my many black dresses, not thoroughly interested for one moment, but wearisomely polite in every one, seems, now that I know it will not have to be, more than I could bear. Old Caroline too has a reprieve. The family consists of your parents, Alice, Jamie and H——, and Mr Sherman. Life has lost all its flavor. I cannot eat. I have dyspepsia, and as a consequence everything is stale, flat and unprofitable. My state of mind is perfectly senseless as you will discover, but it is due to the stomach, not the heart, so I will not apologize for it. And I have had another letter from Mr. Bishop,[1] and the Bishops will not stop on their way to Moosehead, but on their return. I am so glad for Emmons, who went away, feeling that he was hardly doing the fair thing by me to run away just as they were coming.

[1] William Darius Bishop, Member of Congress from Connecticut, and president of the New York, New Haven and Hartford R. R.

The same mail which brought Mrs. L's note, brought me a letter from Mr. Ely at Rochester, — thank him for it, and ask him to send me word what of his wardrobe was left behind, and I will have it looked up, if it still lingers in the land of the leal, of which I have doubts, as Emmons was obliged to start for Bar Harbor yesterday with one of his own handkerchiefs, one of his Father's and one of Jamie's. Their united wardrobes could only furnish the three.

Saturday August 9th. I have no idea, my sweetest daughter, what is already written on this paper as it has been laid aside for days, but no good thing is to be lightly flung aside, so I resume on its unoccupied space, and proceed at once to tell you that it is Saturday afternoon, and warm though not too warm, and that I am alone in the parlor, and that Aunt Emily in solitary state is in the library, and Aunt Caddy in Alice's room, and Aunt Susan is driving Alice up to Mr. Farwell's. Mr. Frye[1] was here to breakfast — he came yesterday afternoon and spoke in the evening. I went to hear him and was quite captivated. He and your Father have now gone to Mt. Vernon, driving over. They are to reach home about nine, and Mr Frye drives over to Lewis-

[1] William Pierce Frye, at this time Member of Congress from Maine; later he succeeded Mr. Blaine in the Senate.

into it like butter, to use his own words — for I have myself bought a whetstone and instructed Millie in its use, and I only wish Philip Ely of blessed memory were here to use the carver, — playing billiards every minute in which your Father found a minute to whistle "For he might have been a Prussian" and to hold a cue, and finally getting your Father to the station with his three coats and his bag — though I packed the bag, and Maggie Nurse collected the coats, and Millie and Maggie and Tom and Emmons and I all joined in the search for the hat, which finally, retaining its crown and rim, when any respectable hat would have given up the ghost, was found under all the newspapers and all the books, having evidently been used all day for a cushion by every sitter down in the library. I hovered on the outskirts to bid him good-bye, afraid to come recklessly to the front lest he should want some money, and I have only three silver quarters in my dear little purse, that cunning little leather pouch which Jamie gave me, and, M., I have drawn so much money this month, how can anyone who never listens to or enters into a detail, understand it? But M. is off on her travels, and Jamie on his, and Emmons has been, and Alice and H to-day, and from the grain that feeds the horses to the butter that spreads the bread, I pay for everything. I often think I am the heart, I feed the arteries, I fill the

veins, if I stop pulsating it is death, for debt is death. But Father is gone, and I have my siller, and all day it has rained in showers, and though Emmons is marking out his tennis, an immense cloud is lowering exactly over the lawn.

Sunday afternoon August 17th, 1879.

My dear M., — I have but a moment in which to write. Mr. and Mrs. Hale and Clarence are here, and Mr. Smalley[1] of the New York Tribune, and Dr Updegraff[2] of Iowa have been here to dinner, which is just over, and now Emmons has gone to sleep in his chair, with one of his dreadful headaches. It is very rainy and cold — two furnace and two open fires attesting to the truth of my statement.

Mrs H, Clarence, Emmons, H and I went to church and heard Mr Ecob preach an admirable sermon, and I have stolen into the annex while the doctor prescribes for Clarence, simply to tell you that your Father is unalterably opposed to Walker's going to Marquette. I presume arrangements can and will be made for you to return by the way of St Paul, and tomorrow, I intend to set myself vigorously to work, to find out about passes, routes, etc., and shall then

[1] E. V. Smalley, correspondent of the New York Tribune.
[2] Thomas Updegraff, Republican member of Congress from Iowa.

send the result of my investigations to you. The Hales leave to-morrow afternoon and the Camerons come next Friday. I shall be really delighted to see Philip Ely again in Augusta, and will write him to say so myself. Emmons starts off speechmaking in about a week.

H S B

To Walker, in St. Paul

Augusta, Aug. 18 1879, Monday.

My dear Walker, -- M. objects to her letters going through St Paul. She imagines it gives them a stale flavor, and probably they are not as appetizing to you as a dish prepared for your own palate. Be this as it may, I write now to you as collectedly as may be, with Mr. Davis[1] (Governor) and Mr. Bartlett in the room. The conversation too is on Maine politics, that most interesting and discouraging of topics, for here are the Democrats coming into the conventions and capturing the Greenbackers in various counties, and your Father so occupied that after he emerges from his chamber in the morning, I do not require nor receive so much civility as a word from him, and sometimes I am so deeply disgusted

[1] Daniel F. Davis, Governor of Maine 1879–80, died in 1897.

with American politics, our whole system of popular government, with its fever, its passion, excitement, disappointment, and bitter reaction, that any sphere, however humble, which gives a man to his family, seems to me better than the prize of high place. Mrs. Hale came Friday evening with your Father, who boarded the train on which she was, not at Etna, but at Newport, — he having — after being driven to Etna from East Corinth — procured a ride for himself on a handcar to Newport, that he might see Mr. Dexter about the old wagon. The night was dark, and first he lost his hat, for which they retraced their steps some half mile, and then his bag was found missing, and for this they went back two miles, but found it not; but the next morning at ten the express delivered it, much the worse for its travels, the Pullman having gone over it. The contents were found spilled along the side of the track. One shirt was cut all to pieces, the toilet apparatus was never found, and the bag was ruined. But it never seemed to enter his dear head that the escapade was a risky and foolish one and not to be expected from a man of his habits. And although he saw Mr. D., he forgot to ask the price at which the wagon was sold, so we are in as much uncertainty as ever. Clarence came from Portland and spent Saturday with us, stopping in Gardiner to hear Eugene speak that morning, and

Emmons drove down after tea in the darkness and rain, carrying along Mr. Updegraff. Do you know who he is? And at eleven or shortly after, they all arrived at this hospitable mansion, where a couple of bottles of champagne and a good supper helped out the welcome which was awaiting them.

While at breakfast yesterday, Mr. Smalley's card of the N. Y. Tribune was sent in. Your Father was not up, but Emmons saw him and told him where to go to church and invited him to dinner at two. The day was dreadfully rainy, but Mrs H, Clarence, Emily, H, and I, braved the discomfort of a wet ride for the sake of hearing Mr. Ecob, who gave us a delightful sermon. And then we came home to find your Father still in bed, where he stayed till dinner time, when he got up and came down to enact the host in his most delightful manner, carving, talking, making welcome in his own inimitable way, till Mr. Smalley only tore himself away to write his letter to the Tribune (which I hope will be good reading to you some morning in the St. Paul Gazette) coming back to tea, while Mr. Updegraff made no pretence of going, but stayed right on till eleven o'clock. Mrs. Milliken came to tea and sang hymns and Pinafore all evening.

Clarence went this morning, and your Father and Updegraff and Smalley and Gov. Davis to Winthrop

at one, first having a hearty dinner here, and then at four Mr. H. left for Waterville, and it has rained and rained and rained; and now, at eleven in the evening, Emmons has just gone for Mr Hale, and the Winthrop team has returned and they have all had supper here; and now with the heavens opening and the floods descending, Emmons returns, bringing Mr Hale and followed by Dow bringing up Mr. Dobson and Mr. Campbell, who are to go back on the Pullman and who will spend the intervening hours in the library. The Camerons are coming next Friday. I am glad this dreadful rainfall will be over before they come.

To Miss Dodge

New York, November 9th, 1879.

Here I am, having a most delightful second visit. Mr. Blaine is with me. We are just from church, all but Mr. Blaine, who spent the precious hours in which I was learning how to bring up a family, in writing an article, as many pages of closely covered manuscript lying on the table testify; and as the children are too old to be now set in other grooves, perhaps he is the happier for not being made to see how much we have left to nature and to Providence,

which we ought as parents to have pursued and trained. Mr. Blaine, as you know, is in the best of health and spirits, while Grant is booming along, and welcome, if I were the only one to be consulted.

To Emmons

Augusta, November 21st, 1879.

This is one of my tavern weeks — the board being spread for all who come. The Republican crowd melted away by Wednesday, Mr. Reed going that day at noon. The last news, or report of the situation, is the convening of the Superior Court at Augusta, Monday, the Chief Justice in the chair — though that is not the name of his seat.

Your Father is in the best of spirits, though what is to be the end of this audacity [1] no one knows. He expects now to leave town Sunday, though I do not believe he can. George Weeks and Mr Sprague are now in consultation with him in the library. Have you an overcoat for Mr. Brown? If you have not, I shall be under the painful necessity of giving him

[1] Referring to the famous "State Steal," an effort made by the Democrats to count in fraudulently their candidate, Alonzo H. Garcelon, as governor, instead of Daniel F. Davis, the rightfully elected candidate.

a new one, as I cannot see him drive in your Father's old blue flannel. Is the heavy overcoat hanging here yours, and shall I give it? It looks too handsome. Caroline has cooked 250 chickens since July, and is now beginning on turkeys. She is more to be dreaded than the foxes, which have killed off all the Caldwell turkeys, on which I always depend for Christmas. My pen will not permit of further writing, but my love knows no limitations.

1880

"As the presidential convention of 1880 approached, it was apparent that Mr. Blaine retained the same support that had adhered to him so tenaciously four years before. The contest developed into an earnest and prolonged struggle between his friends and those who advocated a third term for General Grant. The convention, one of the most memorable of American history, lasted through six days and there were thirty-six ballots. On the first the vote stood: Grant 304, Blaine 284, Sherman 93, Edmunds 34, Washburne 30, Windom 10, Garfield 1. On the final ballot the friends of Blaine and Sherman united for General Garfield, who received 399 votes to 306 for Grant, and was nominated. On his election, Mr. Blaine was tendered and accepted the office of Secretary of State."

Appleton's Encyclopadia of American Biography.

Mr. Blaine remained in Washington, though he was urged to be present at the convention in person, and his telegram turning over his two hundred and fifty delegates to Garfield gave the latter his nomination. Before election President Garfield appointed Mr. Blaine Secretary of State. In his letter of acceptance, December 10th, 1880, Mr. Blaine wrote: "I wish you would say to Mrs. Garfield that the knowledge that she desires me in your Cabinet is more valuable to me than even the desire of the President-elect himself. Indeed, I would not think of going into the Cabinet at all if Mrs. Garfield was not friendly and favorable. Please read this letter to her and her alone."

To M., at Farmington

Fifth Avenue Hotel
New York, May 15th, 1880
Saturday evening

Dear M., — Your Father is dining out with Mr. Reid,[1] who has a dinner party, and I, after taking mine with Mr. Hale, who has since left for Boston, find myself alone in the most untidy room in New York. I have picked up and picked up, till, hopeless of improvement, I now sit surrounded by bundles, cards, newspapers, letters, wardrobe, and everything else pertaining to hotel life of a week's duration. The mantel is decorated with a long line of bouquets, some of them faded and some of them fresh, and all depending in more or less drunken attitudes from various tumblers. Bandboxes adorn the sofa, my shawl and your Father's overcoat occupy two chairs, his brown gaiters are on the what-not, a long rock of granite, which has been bored out from under this hotel, adorns one corner, three parasols, one mine, one Alice's, and one a broken down thing belonging to one of Muscovite's & Russell's women, the three others. A likeness of the candidate, for which I have had to pay a V, looks down darkly from among the

[1] Whitelaw Reid of New York, editor of New York Tribune; Minister to France and present Ambassador to Great Britain.

flowers, and string and wrapping paper and the press of New York meet the tired eye, turn it where it will. This afternoon I have been to the matinée to see Neilsen in "As You Like It."

Sunday: The Chandler party put an end to my writing last night, and now just home from Dr Collier's church, I will add a line to say good-bye. I have had a good time in New York, but now am anxious to go back. Probably, however, we shall stay till Wednesday. I do not know what to say to you about the week of the Convention and coming home. I wish you would conclude yourself to stay. I am almost sure a combination will be made against your Father, and then I would rather you were in Farmington. You must write to your Father personally and let him decide. I have thought lately he would get it, but now I am very doubtful. His rivals are desperate.

With love,

H S B

(Fragment)

Mr. Sherman was waked by messenger from the telegraph office, who told, from the sidewalk below, that there was great excitement in Chicago, and they

ward. The Hancock[1] nomination makes Garfield's prospects problematical in the extreme. It has been very hot to-day. I enclose a letter from your Father, though I have somewhat anticipated its contents. I shall be delighted to see you. With love,

H. S. B.

To M., at Farmington

Augusta, October 19th 1880.

Dear M., — Yesterday in anticipation of your Father's return, I washed up all the pens, cleaned out all the inkstands, and laid out such supplies of paper, envelopes, stamps, etc., as our limited supply of stationery would permit. All this I did on the hope and supposition, based on a letter written almost a week ago, that he would be home Monday afternoon. And sure enough, while we were at dinner, came the telegram, bearing the welcome date of Portsmouth, so at 3:35, the schedule time now of the arriving afternoon train, Emmons and I had the satisfaction of seeing him emerge, bag in hand, from the car, smiling and well, and full of enthusiasm for Garfield and the Republican triumph. Need I say, that we brought him home with banners flying, and that the Queen of hearts flew around and got him some sup-

[1] Major-General Winfield Scott Hancock, U. S. A., was the Democratic candidate for President in 1880.

per, or dinner, whichever you choose to call it, for he had spent Sunday at Hamilton and had been sent away on eggs! But there! Tread lightly on poor Cousin Abby's ashes, for she has reason to sit in them herself, having made the mistake of criticising, in public letters, the course of the Boston Advertiser towards the Woman's Deposit Company, and here it is, all broken up — and the President and Cashier arrested, the money lost, and the principal shown to be one of the most abandoned wretched adventurers on the face of the earth; so that C. A.'s name seems to be associated in the minds of the public, and a losing public, which is never goodnatured, with that of a woman viler than V. W., and it is one of those unfortunate cases which no one can help. To sympathize with her, is to pain her so much, that Father all the time he was there, never ventured to speak of it.

Emmons is to go to Chicago and into the railroad business. Will enter Mr. Hughitt's office. Mr. Hughitt is the General Manager of the N.W.R.R. and Emmons will take his chance in showing what is in him — if good, then promotion, if no aptitude, then the acceptance of that humiliating fact. He was to go the first of November, according to your Father's plans, but as he has accepted an invitation from Lila Cameron to be usher at her wedding on

the 18th of that month, he will not enter upon his new field quite so soon. If he could only make up his mind to stoop and bend to his work, I should have no fears, but he cannot work playfully and bring anything to pass, which reminds me of yourself. In doing, there is great reward. I cannot imagine your not loving to study. And if you will study, you will learn. If you learn, you will be learnèd. If I could only have known, when your age, the high plane on which I should deploy, I might have been the equal in attainment of any woman in Washington, and oh, that it had been given me to know in that my day!

H S B

Augusta October 24th, 1880.

Dear M., — How are you and how have you spent your Sunday? This is how it has spent itself with the old folks at home. First, a good breakfast, at which everyone came strolling in as suited him or her best. Then church, which, beginning with me, who always go, rounded up with Philip and Emmons and Jamie, Alice, H. and your Father. Mr. E. gave us an old sermon, which, never good, is now poor, and then we picked up Aunt Susan and made an unsatisfactory call on Green Street, and then came

down to all the brightness and warmth and good fellowship of home. Orville Baker had come down with Emmons and dined with us. Need I say that the dinner was good? And your Father was bright and full of talk, as was everybody else, and after a while Emmons and Philip started in the buggy, with two robes it was so cold, for Gardiner, nor are they yet returned, having stayed there for supper. And these familiar exercises have been varied by calls from Bigelow, Mr. Manley and all the Manley children.

But after all, we are not exactly gay. Emmons is sober over his proposed experiment in Chicago, and Philip is going away Friday, which coming departure seems to cast its shadow before, and your Father cannot help, at odd moments, falling back into reveries over the past and what he fancies its mistakes, so that although not blue, we are serious, which is better than being frivolous. I have not a word of anything like news to tell you, and I know I ought to fill up the remainder of this sheet with advice, but will you not consider it all said? You know that it hurts me to part with you, and why I do it, and that the habit of reading and study and fixing the attention is more valuable than the knowledge you will acquire at school, though that is something worth, and I lay on you the burden.

AUGUSTA October 25th

DEAR M., — The day which I had intended giving to Emmons' night-shirts, has gone to his friends. "That poor boy," Maggie Nurse says, "has nothing to be sick in if he should be taken," so I made up my mind early this morning to devote my last yard of Willimantic to him. But up speaks the telephone and Gardiner calls for Emmons, and he listens, and then I hear him say, "All right, I will meet you at the station. We shall be delighted." And it needs not my prophetic heart to tell me that we shall have company to dine. Yes, Mrs. Richards and Miss Thornton will come up in the dummy to dine and to drive, and I must hie me to the kitchen and to Caroline, for ducks and a steak are not enough for hungry visitors. Here is my bill of fare — Soup, roast beef et cetera, ducks, celery and jelly, apple pudding, mince and apple pies, grapes and pears, coffee, claret and champagne. Everything well cooked, Emmons carving beautifully, then the drive, Philip of course making the fourth. And listen to the sequel, they all came back to supper! And now at nine they have just left, and as it is not quite bed-time, and yet I am not in the mood for reading, I thought I would tell you all about it.

Wednesday evening, October 27th 1880

Dear M., — My object in writing, is to send you a nice letter, which I received from Walker this afternoon. His first letter was written in such a homesick mood, I could not bear to read it, and just as I was making up my mind to write him, counselling him not to stay in St. Paul unless he had his own entire consent to it for a residence, he tells me he is glad to be there, but I found Emmons has carried off the letter to Gardiner, whither he and Philip have gone on one of their frequent visits, carrying my Chinese lanterns, my tin holders, and relics of my candles, to contribute to Mrs. Richards'[1] illumination. The day after our illumination, Mr Piper came to me to see if I would let him have some of my lanterns to send to Burnham. He had received an order and had not enough in his store to fill it, wanting two dozen. So I sent that number to Burnham with my compliments, supposing of course that they were to light up a Republican celebration, but they contributed to a Fusion illumination, as the Argus informs me, and the Burnham managers have also sent acknowledgments to me. Is n't it funny?

[1] Mrs. Henry Richards of Gardiner, daughter of Julia Ward Howe, the "Laura E. Richards" who has delighted the hearts of so many children.

I have had a bad headache all day, but am now almost free from it. And strange to say, the library is unvisited. Your Father is walking up and down the parlor, while H. is picking out on the piano some of her old Zeverley pieces, for the benefit of both the Jamies. Capt. Boutelle spent last night with us, leaving this afternoon; is en route from New York, where he has been speaking. We are quite hopeful over the prospect next Tuesday, and I will try to send you the result.

H S B.

Dear M., — I am putting up your box, so you must be content with a line, as of course you will, now that Garfield and Arthur are elected.

Can you believe that the long vigil, not tongueless, is over, and that we are all saved for four years, and I hope forty times four? For now there is no danger that any of the tomfoolery of the Hayes policy will be tried, and I hope there are no sunken rocks to make shipwreck of the new administration. Your Father and I have picked out Garfield's Cabinet for him, and have devoted to him for two mornings our waking, but not risen, hours. Do you take in that the House is Republican, and the Senate a tie, which gives the casting vote to the Republican

V.P? Oh, how good it is to win and to be on the strong side! Your Father leaves to-morrow for New York, then goes Emmons next, and Alice to Boston and then to Washington. I am glad we are going early.

H S B.

Thursday afternoon.

AUGUSTA, November 11th, 1880
Thursday evening

DEAR M., — When this you see, think of me, all alone with Jamie and H. and six servants to wait on us. Emmons and Alice are to leave to-night on the Pullman, and it adds inconceivably to the dreariness of the situation, that it is raining in torrents, and Emmons, bluer than ever, has just gone down in the rain and his rubber overcoat, to bid goodbye to the Aunts, who are already perfectly disconsolate. There is a gleam of comfort in that, for being perfectly disconsolate, nothing can add to their weight of woe. And Alice, having put off her farewell calls and her blanket for the Bradbury baby till the last moment, is trying with impatient fingers to stitch pink satin ribbon to the ends of one and her rubbers to her own extremities. Excuse this hor-

rible sentence. It is not in the least what I meant to say.

I have had a day, and my poor little namesake, too sleepy to sit up, is afraid to go to bed lest no one will wake her, so I can hear her discoursing to the kitchen crowd, with whom she is always in high favor. Your Father is still away, though certain to return Saturday, and with him, I expect Mr. and Mrs. Chandler, and the Hales are to come Saturday morning, so I shall certainly have numbers on Sunday. But I am heart-broken at losing Emmons. He ought to go, but the iron enters my soul.

Walker writes that he is just entering on his law career, has his office and a partner. I do not know that I am glad that he has the latter, though he himself seems much pleased, but I cannot allow myself to be anxious, lest I break down under my varied anxieties. I wish somebody would order tomorrow's dinner for me! Such a dreadful time as we had illuminating. The cannon knocked down all the candles, and there were my pretty carpets and floors all splashed with wax. Such a scene of devastation as the next morning showed! Smoke and cracked glass, candle grease over everything, nails and slats everywhere, children with colds and cross servants, and a billiard room full of unreturnable lanterns, and Garfield and his wife off buying tables and chairs!

Your Father has heard Bernhardt and pronounces her splendid. I am delighted that you enjoyed your Hartford trip and that your dresses suited. Your watch is safe in my bureau drawer. I did not send your hat because your goodies did not leave room in the trunk. With love,

H S B

Augusta November 16th 1880
Tuesday afternoon

Dear M., — Or Emmons, or Walker, or Alice — say, which shall it be, for all are dear, and all are away. When did I write any of you? The day that Emmons left, last Thursday, was n't it? Well, he left on that most melancholy evening, and most melancholy train, the evening Pullman at eleven o'clock, and at that positive and still not culminating hour of the night, I found myself alone with my memories and anticipations, and Jamie, H. and the servants.

I stayed up until one o'clock, unable to resolve to seek a sleepless pillow. Emmons had never been more tender and affectionate, and I had a wellspring of grief.

Later: I shall not resume the thread of my above discourse, but I shall try another. Mr. and Mrs. Hale and Mr. and Mrs. Chandler have been here spending Sunday. The Hales left yesterday after-

noon, the Chandlers still here. Have not had a wholly satisfactory visit. The Chicago convention talked over, with not sufficient frankness to heal the hurt. Sunday night all the Richards came up to tea, bringing with them Mr. P——, a cousin. Emmons stayed in Boston a day or so, both Mr Chandler [1] and your Father seeing him there. Sunday night he went to New York, but before he left Boston he sent me a telegram, asking for his lavender trousers, which nearly drove me wild, as I could find nothing of the description among his leavings. Imagine his feelings when he opened the box containing three pairs of unmentionables, varying in color from gray to claret brown! I suppose he is in Harrisburg to-night. H.'s arithmetic is on the tapis, so I must say good-bye.

H S B.

Augusta November 28th 1880
Sunday afternoon

My dear M., — When I tell you that I am alone in the house, with the servants, Jamie having gone out and H—— over the river, to pass the night with Tuly, you will not expect much variety to this letter.

Indeed, this large house, with its few tenants, is absolutely oppressive, more especially on Sunday,

[1] William E. Chandler, later U. S. Senator from New Hampshire.

when I am driven to books uninterruptedly. I cannot remember when I wrote you — I know that I have written since Thanksgiving to Walker, Alice and Emmons, and to your Father twice a day. He left for Washington Wednesday, stayed that night at Hamilton, coming up to Boston Thanksgiving morning, went on to New York and dined with Mr Elkins,[1] then to Washington by night train, Lewis letting him into the house a little before seven. Found everything there all right, and after a breakfast from Wormley's, was to go to see Garfield. I spent my Thanksgiving very quietly.

Emmons is, I judge, quite pleased with his advent into business. He writes me nice long letters, giving me details which I dearly love — which letters I should herewith transmit, but they have gone to your Father. Jack too tells me, that he feels within him latent ambition, and means to fan it into a flame, so that men shall take notice of him as a not degenerate son of a noble father. Your Father, going away, left me as his parting legacy an injunction to entertain at tea Mrs. B. and her daughter. So to-morrow I have them and the neighbors. How are you getting along? Write often to your affectionate,

MOTHER.

[1] Stephen B. Elkins, delegate in Congress from New Mexico, and later U. S. Senator from West Virginia.

To Miss Dodge

Augusta, December 3rd, 1880.

I am left absolutely alone with my servants, every want anticipated, not a room in the house not at summer heat, sunshine and open fires vieing with each other, four horses and pony in the stable, sleighs and robes in abundance and the beautiful snow; every longing satisfied, with full salvation blessed — what can I need? My sins — that is, my sinners. First of all, I miss Mr Blaine. I cannot bear the orderly array of my life. I miss the envelopes in the gravy, the bespattered table linen, the uncertainty of the meals, for you know he always starts out on his constitutional when he hears them taking in dinner. I miss his unvarying attention, and as constant neglect. When alone with him I am not my own — when others are in, go as you please is the rule, and the alternation suits me exactly. Then the boys — oh, how I miss them. They know all I ever knew — and I have forgotten much — they are fresh and untiring as the sun which never sets — they are loving and want sympathy — old enough to be companions, too young to assert their rights, taking everything as of grace, and of their fulness I am a partaker. Blessed relationship — the man child to his mother.

To M., at Farmington

Augusta December 5th 1880
Sunday evening

Dear M., — I am getting off a huge mail to-night, to your Father, to Alice, to Jacky, to Briggs of Boston and to Clarke of Boston, bookseller. The purport of the last two you can imagine, each envelope containing a violet colored check. Then my spirits are not good, and it is snowing and raining and I like decision in the elements and in the councils, and we are lonely, the two H's, who sit here by the sitting room fire, both writing, one a story, the other a love-letter. But loneliness is nothing, provided you are right minded. Possession of yourself — to say to yourself, do this and she doeth it, and go away from that, and she goeth, — is to have your life adjusted to the will of God and moving to the eternal harmonies.

H S B

To Walker, in St. Paul

821 Fifteenth St. Washington, Jany 16th 1881

My dear Walker, — I am so anxious to put myself once more into communication with my family that I have braced myself up with a half bottle of champagne so as to get off that miserable sofa, and write at least a short letter. There I have been lying since Tuesday, when I went to a delightful little party at Mrs. Bancroft's,[1] but during the night I was attacked with illness, and since then when not actually suffering, I have been so dyspeptic and restless, that life has been a burden to me. I am getting better all the time, but the wrestle with returning health is almost worse than losing it.

Meanwhile, M. has gone, leaving as she always does, a great void, though her and your little sister has kept me company all the morning, a truly sweet restorative, reading to me selections of her own from Tennyson, Shelley, Swinburne and Emerson, with comments and criticisms truly suggestive, and having at last read Godiva, I have looked up for her Esau's (pronounced by her " Essau's ") rough hands, an allusion she had no conception of the meaning of, which veracious history she is now mastering, with

[1] Wife of George Bancroft, the historian.

the single comment that if a person could believe it, he must certainly become religious.

It is a very interesting time to be sick. Last night we had a grand dinner party. The Chief Justice,[1] the General,[2] the Secretaries of State and Interior,[3] the German,[4] French[5] and English Ministers,[6] Mr. Dougherty,[7] and Mr. Schlesinger,[8] Mr. Bancroft and Mr. Morton,[9] and Mrs. Robeson and Mrs. Lawrence.[10] An elegant dinner, beautiful table, and distinguished and brilliant company, all of which of course I lost. Alice and Jamie went to the theatre, G. H. to the table, and the two Harriets to bed. And to-night we have another smaller dinner, which I must also lose.

Do you remember how much you seemed to have to give up when your shoulder was dislocated? Now that I am absolutely mending, your Father is in gay spirits. My attack completely broke him up. Had it not been so pathetic, it would have been amusing. He would not go to the Senate, thought himself sick,

[1] Morrison R. Waite of Ohio, Chief Justice, 1874–88.
[2] Gen. William T. Sherman.
[3] William M. Evarts of New York and Carl Schurz of Missouri.
[4] Karl von Schlozer, German Minister.
[5] Maxime Outrey, French Minister from 1877–82.
[6] Sir Edward Thornton.
[7] Daniel Dougherty, the well-known lawyer and orator of Philadelphia, called the "Silver tongued."
[8] Sebastian Schlesinger, a foreign banker.
[9] Levi P. Morton, then Member of Congress from New York.
[10] Mrs. Bigelow Lawrence of Washington.

broke all his engagements, and excused himself to everybody on the ground that he could not leave me. In my room he sat on my bed or creaked across the floor from corner to corner by the hour, making me feel a guilty wretch to cause him so much misery. He is a dear, dear old fellow.

I think he will go to Mentor very soon. Garfield has written for him, and though he does not want to go, he will not refuse. All the world is paying court to the coming or expected Secretary of State. Socially you know it is about the best position. John Hay[1] will, I think, stay in a little while.

We have not taken any further steps about the new house, but are fully determined upon it. *This* will go into the market at once unless a private sale can be effected. We intend to put up a very nice and expensive house. I can write no more. Excuse the writing, which the champagne makes worse than usual. With love,

H. S. B.

[1] John Hay of Ohio, President Lincoln's private secretary; Secretary of State under Presidents McKinley and Roosevelt; at that time (1879–81) First Assistant Secretary of State.

To M., at Farmington

Washington, January 17th, 1881.

My dear M., — Here I still am, in the same old room, on the same old sofa, under the same old afghan, hardly knowing whether I am better or worse, and dreadfully bored with the trouble of getting well. I was at breakfast and lunch, but the sight of so much food making me loathe the little I had hoped to eat, I concluded to dine in my own room, and here I am still, delightfully quiet and rested, and not in the least lonesome, though alone.

I must get well however in good earnest now, as people are beginning to send me in goodies, and this you know, I cannot bear. To be petted is not my forte. The Saturday and Sunday dinners passed off beautifully, flowers, table, dinner and guests unexceptionable. Your Father was highly gratified at everything, and so with the second dinner, which much smaller, passed off equally well. I have accepted three dinners for this week, so you see I am expecting to be well.

H. S. B.

821 Fifteenth Street,
Washington, January 23rd, 1881.

Dear M., — I suppose you will like a letter, even from a headachy mother, who has nothing in her head but the ache, is not conscious of an idea, and worst of all, is innocent of gossip.

Nevertheless, that mail to-morrow afternoon must keep faith to the letter, however it fails to the spirit. I am down stairs alone, where I have just been writing a note to Senator Pendleton,[1] accepting an invitation to your Father to dine with him on Saturday, and finding the pen run smoothly over the paper, I am determined here to scrawl my scrawl to you rather than upstairs, where Alice, C A and H are in full possession of my room, with its triple blessing of windows.

Did you know that I have staying with me Mr. Cowles, the brother of your Miss Cowles, and his sister Susie? Well I have, and am enjoying the visit very much, as they are bright, sympathetic and loving and lovable. Your Father got away to New York on the Limited of yesterday — will return on Wednesday. Every day after I was able, till he went away, we drove out to look at the lot. You know I was not carried away with it, which proved almost too much for your dearest dad. However, after a dozen

[1] George F. Pendleton of Ohio.

voyages by land and water, to that snow covered eminence, I am ready to avouch that the sun will visit the dining room every morning at breakfast, that though the house will stand east and west, yet that can make no difference to the center of the circumference, that the drainage is good, that it is a commanding site, and with Don Cameron's [1] assistance, can combine all the advantages of space, air and light and greensward. To-night, Stanley Pullen, Mr. and Mrs. Putnam of Portland, Lizzie and Virginia Cameron are coming to tea. I have cucumbers, lettuce and tomatoes from Harrisburg. Last night I dined at the English Legation. The table was perfectly imposing, with its candles, its silver, glass and flowers, and the dinner was admirable, — but oh, how stupid it was! Even Mr. A——'s, where I was the night before, was brighter.

WASHINGTON, March 14th, 1881.
Monday afternoon

DEAR M., — What are you doing in peaceful Farmington, while Czars are dying and Czarowitches mounting the throne? Imagine what a family matter that assassination [1] must have seemed, when Alice

[1] James Donald Cameron of Pennsylvania, Secretary of War under President Grant, and later U. S. Senator.

[2] Emperor Alexander II of Russia, assassinated March 13, 1881. M. Bartolomei was then the Russian Minister to the United States.

came running to the door yesterday as I came from church to tell me of it, and when I saw Bartolomei himself, sitting in my own parlor, and crossing and recrossing himself, while he prayed devoutly before reading the despatches, for all the news there was for hours, was contained in the telegrams to the Secretary of State. Poor Emperor, dogged to his death at last! I think he must be enrolled among the martyrs.

To come to the augustae res domi, Saturday afternoon I stood up with Mrs. Garfield, while all the American people, who wanted to, came to pay their respects to her and the President. It is not any of it so bad as I expected, and much of it is really amusing.

Friday evening March 18th 1881

Dear M., — I have spent the entire day in my room, where your Father, I am sorry to say, is in bed, having taken last night a frightful cold at the White House, where the President and Mrs. Garfield received the Senate and their friends. Your parents and the private secretary, with Alice and Mr. Mahone,[1] who had dined with us, and C. A. made our party. Then Walker and Philip went to the British Legation to Lady Thornton's last

[1] William Mahone, U. S. Senator from Virginia.

Thursday. The Secretaryship grows more and more agreeable. Tuesday your father and I assisted at the Requiem Mass for the Czar. I had never anticipated going into black for any of the European sovereigns, but with Mrs. Hale's assistance, I did. She was here when I was dressing, and pinned my old black lace cape on to my old black chip, so that I went *en règle*. Wednesday, I dined at the English Legation, and sat between the host and Lord George Campbell, who is a brother of the Marquis of Lorne. Jacky gets along beautifully. Letters are already coming addressed to the *Honorable* Walker Blaine, and at the Elliott Shepherd [1] dinner the other night, he made a speech. The house is filled with flowers all the time, an immense horse shoe, surmounted by a ship of state, fills our parlor table. Dinner is just over, and I am writing in your old room, not liking to turn up the light in the other, where your Father is asleep. Goodnight, with love,

H. S. B.

WASHINGTON, March 24th, 1881
Thursday morning

DEAR M., — To insure the successful completion of my proposed task now, I must begin it early in the morning. So having guided your Father

[1] Col. Elliott F. Shepherd of New York at that time owner of the Mail and Express.

through the intricacies of his toilet and presided over his eggs and tea, during which I have also worked off a towel initial, I commence the duties and pleasures of the day by writing this to-be letter, first apologizing for its brothers and sisters which never reached Farmington. Truth to tell, the new position gives me a mighty wrench. I thought my hands full before — I find they were empty. Your Father has just gone to the Department. Did you notice the nominations sent in yesterday?[1] They mean business and strength.

To-night we, Miss Dodge, your Father and I, dine at the Outreys, and Alice and Walker tea at Mrs. Berry's. All the afternoon I shall be paying visits, and the letters, notes, accounts I have to notice before then, make my heart sink into my shoes. Mr. Hitt[2] is to be the Assistant Secretary, Jacky remaining as he is. We have the plans for the house, and they are so huge and so expensive that we are now engaged in striking out every pretty thing to

[1] Referring, among others, to the nomination of Wm. H. Robertson as Collector of the Port of New York in place of Edwin Atkins Merritt.

[2] Robert Roberts Hitt of Illinois, Secretary of Legation in Paris; Assistant Secretary of State; a most distinguished member of Congress and chairman of the Committee of Foreign Affairs for many years. In early life Mr. Hitt became an accomplished stenographer and was the means of preserving to history the Lincoln-Douglas debates of 1858. It is said that Lincoln would never speak during those momentous years without assuring himself that Mr. Hitt was at his post.

reduce the expenditure to the limits of your Father's purse. Yesterday, I had my second reception, a great crowd. Am now about to issue cards for Saturdays in April. Jamie's Montana trip has come to nothing. Mrs. Pike and her niece were over from Baltimore Tuesday for lunch, and of course I took them to the White House, where we saw the Garfields, and the Hayes' china. Since writing this letter I have written to Aunt Caddy, in answer to a cheerful letter from herself, but I never dragged more over a letter.

H S B

March 28th.

I am writing in my room; present, your Father, Alice, Walker, Tom Sherman and a messenger from the State Department; subject, Shall we send message, recognizing Charles as King of Roumania?[1] There are lots of things which hitch in our new position, which make the new situation interesting. Flowers have just come from Mrs. Garfield, and yesterday she and the President were both here. They

[1] The kingdom of Roumania, as at present constituted, dates only from 1881, having been formed by union of the principalities of Moldavia and Wallachia in southeastern Europe. In 1881 Roumania declared itself a Kingdom, and was in turn recognized by the powers, its first minister from the United States being Eugene Schuyler of New York.

should engage passage for you with them on the Amérique. You ought to have heard H——'s howl. "It has just spoiled my Sunday, and I have been looking forward to it all the week." This brought your Father to terms, and he was very soon able to remember that Gen. Hurlbut[1] was going over later and could take charge of your inconvenient self.

The political horizon looms up, if horizons ever loom, in its old fashion. Everybody, as you will suppose, is leaving Washington, and daily I interview possible cooks, waitresses and laundresses. When this rôle is filled, we shall be able to leave, though I have many misgivings as to the boy I leave behind me, or as Garfield would say, the dear one. I do not mean Walker, but your Father, though he anticipates real pleasure in visiting Deer Park and the Elkinses.

You cannot think how much praise has been showered on Walker for his urbanity and efficiency these last days.[2] Mr. Lamar[3] says no such young man has been in Washington.

H S B

[1] Gen. Stephen A. Hurlburt, U. S. Minister to Peru.

[2] Walker Blaine's appointment, on July 1st following, as third Assistant Secretary of State, was the last appointment signed by President Garfield before his assassination.

[3] Lucius Quintius Cincinnatus Lamar, U. S. Senator from Mississippi.

WASHINGTON May 31st 1881, Tuesday A. M.

Your Father has not been up since Saturday. He came home from a drive that afternoon, had a chill, was in a raging fever all that night, but thanks to Dr Lincoln's heroic remedies, he has had no recurrence of chills and is intending to be present at the Cabinet meeting to-day. The day is of the hottest, and I have to go down town with H and shoe and hat her, both ends need my attention.

Sitting here with me, while I write, are a variety of people — Dr. Lincoln, waiting to make his professional call, Mr. Frazier the architect; and thereby hangs this tale. We are not to build on 16th Street. Mr. Pendleton takes our rejected lot, which has just been graded, and he and Mr. Robeson divide the residuum. Now we go to Massachusetts Avenue and 20th and P Streets, beyond the Stewart House.[1] That dear Mr. Phelps had bought this land, though he did n't know it, and he has cablegraphed us that we may have as much of the land as we want, if we will make the dining room larger. Is n't that just like him?

Joseph Manley also sits here, and the faithful Bartlett, while in the dim distance in the dining room,

[1] The mansion built by Senator W. M. Stewart of Nevada, later occupied for some years by the Chinese Minister.

Thomas and a State Department messenger may be descried.

This new locale gives us a frontage to the east on 20th Street, drawing rooms and dining on P Street, and library and hall and reception room on Massachusetts Avenue. A wonderful situation. With love,

H S B

WASHINGTON, Monday evening. June 7th 1881

DEAR M., — Your Father is down stairs and has been out driving — need I say, in the direction of the lots old and new? First we go to 16th street, to look it over and say how little we like it, then to 20th Street, to admire. On the latter site, they are grading to-day, and on the former, hollowing out the Pendleton cellar.

The family is so small, I have little to tell. Many meals Alice and I have taken together of late, your Father being confined to his room, and Walker having engagements. With your Father, he is now discussing the Fortune Bay [1] award, which he has watched very carefully and been much interested in. I judge that he makes a great impression and your Father is exceedingly pleased with him.

[1] Damages of $73,000 were paid by Great Britain for injuries done by Canadians to Gloucester fishermen taking fish in Fortune Bay, Newfoundland, by right of the Treaty of Washington, ratified in 1871.

You cannot imagine how uncomfortable I am with the close rooms. Your Father has a fire, all the windows closed, and of course I nearly suffocate. Mrs Garfield is getting well. This is all, as I am dull. Good-night, with love,

H S B

WASHINGTON, June 10th 1881
Wednesday morning

MY DEAR M., — As I write the familiar date of this letter, I am reminded that it is the day and hour when I expected to be in Boston, at this precise moment buying a Chuddah shawl, and here I am notifying my various children that my address, for the present, bids fair to be Washington. For your Father has taken it into his head to be well, and when an idea gets lodgment in that capacious brain, you know it becomes a power, and drives the weak body. So now, we are on the high road to health, and all clumsy vehicles of notions, like going home to get rest, malaria in Washington, Bright's Disease, etc., etc., must clear the tracks or be ridden down. If it were not for H and Jamie, I should be content to stay on and on, but I deeply sympathize with those waifs, to whom I am separately writing, to be of good cheer and to be good children. Walker says, "Poor little children. I would give twenty dollars to console H. this minute." Mr. Sherman leaves with his family

to-morrow morning, and I cannot but envy him, he looks so happy. He is tearing around now with a roll of bills, greenbacks I mean, saying he has not time for anything. I have collected and had colored black, all the stray feathers in the house; and you ought to see my hat which they adorn. Mrs B——'s was meek looking compared to it. It is as big as the moon after the eclipse had passed off the other night, and all around the edge of this great orb, these plumes arise, solemnly rustling in the west wind which has now been blowing for lo, these many days. True, this mournful circumference is lighted, or lit up as much as may be, by two red flowers. Nothing could be prettier than it looks on Alice — of it on myself, modesty forbids me to speak. And Alice has your white failure all made over. Forrest did very well with it. Also, she has a black hat with feathers, and your chip is all beautifully ready for you. So much for millinery. Our house is started, but your Father is again tinkering with the plans. With love,

H. S. B.

WASHINGTON, June 22nd, 1881, Wednesday

DEAR M., — I am almost sorry to be again writing from Washington, to which we seem tied for an indefinite time. Your Father is perfectly well, but is unwilling to have us leave him or to leave

with us. The President is away, and the new house is starting. He likes to watch every spadeful of earth which he can snatch time to see thrown out. Meanwhile Emmons, who is with us, makes the delay bearable. Poor fellow! He came Saturday evening, expecting to transact business for his R.R. and get away Monday, and have the next day for Cambridge with its Class Day and its graduations, and he finds himself on Wednesday, held back at arms' length by the red tape of the circumlocution office, with no immediate prospect of any capitulation. He has a great deal of pride, I think, in carrying to a successful conclusion, this first business entrusted to him, and there is every prospect of his failing, so of course he feels a little blue.

Our day for starting is now fixed for Tuesday, but as the weather is perfectly comfortable and decidedly charming, I have my doubts. Jacky and others gave a farewell dinner to Sir Edward last night, and I think he goes to Harrisburg to spend Sunday, your Father going to Deer Park. I have been out this morning inspecting houses, have looked at the Windom, the Ashton and the Noble houses.

HOME, June 28th, 1881, Tuesday morning

DEAR M., — I have just had the pleasure of reading your last brief note, and while I wait for

your Father to finish his mail and begin his toilette, if that word is thus spelled, I seize State paper, a poor pen and thick ink, to tell you that your family is still in Washington, though positively expecting to leave this week. And Emmons is with us still, his R.R. business unaccomplished, though he has hopes of a decision to-day. He is quite heartened up about it, almost hoping for what he confidently expected when he came on, so soon do we in the school of experience learn to regard that as a favor, which earlier we looked upon as ours by inheritance. I think that Walker, Emmons, and your Father will leave with the caravan on Thursday.

Concerning Washington, I have nothing to write. The house is still in the damps, the cellar damps I mean, and Tom is staying with us, occupying Jamie's bed, and Mr. Hale is in town, having arrived Saturday, and the Thorntons leave this morning, and a dinner or breakfast or lunch is a thing of the past. And Alice and I have about completed our summer preparations, and after this letter and breakfast, I shall pack. H. S. B.

WASHINGTON, July 3rd, 1881 [1]

DEAR M., — Your Father got up quite early yesterday morning, in order to drive the President

[1] President Garfield was shot in the waiting-room of the old Pennsylvania Station in Washington while on his way to a reunion of his class at Williams College.

to the Station, and at 9:30 Tom, the boys, Alice and I had breakfast. In the midst of it, the doorbell rang, and Tom was called out. Then he called Walker; but as the house is besieged all the time, we, who were so fortunate as to remain unsent for, paid no attention to the prolonged absence of the absentees; but shall I ever forget the moment when Maggie Nurse came running into the room crying, "They have telephoned over to you, Mrs. Blaine, that the President is assassinated." Emmons flew, for we all remembered, with one accord, that his Father was with him. By the time I reached the door, I saw that it must be true[1]— everybody on the street, and wild. Mrs. Sherman got a carriage and we drove over to the White House. Found the streets in front jammed and the doors closed, but they let us through and in. The President still at the station, so drove thitherward. Met the mounted police clearing the avenue, then the ambulance; turned and followed into that very gateway where, on the fourth of March, we had watched him enter. I stood with Mrs. MacVeagh in the hall, when a dozen men bore him above their heads, stretched on a mattress, and as he saw us and held us with his eye, he kissed his hand to us — I thought I should die; and when they brought

[1] Mrs. Sherman lived at this time at 817 Fifteenth Street, next door but one to Mr. Blaine.

him into his chamber and had laid him on the bed, he turned his eyes to me, beckoned, and when I went to him, pulled me down, kissed me again and again, and said, "Whatever happens I want you to promise to look out for Crete"[1] the name he always gives his wife. "Don't leave me until Crete comes." I took my old bonnet off and just stayed. I never left him a moment. Whatever happened in the room, I never blenched, and the day will never pass from my memory. At six or thereabouts, Mrs. Garfield came, frail, fatigued, desperate, but firm and quiet and full of purpose to save, and I think now there is a possibility of succeeding.

Of course I don't know when we shall go home. There seems a purpose in our delay. I came from the White House at two this morning, and had been there all day, but not in the room. Emmons is here. I am writing in greatest haste, and may have to sit up to-night. With love,

H. S. B.

[1] A contraction of Mrs. Garfield's Christian name Lucretia.

821 15TH STREET, July 6th 1881

DEAR M., — I must send you a line, if only to let you know that in these times which are history, you are remembered and sympathized with. It has been a quiet but exceedingly hot day with us. After breakfast, I went with your Father to the White House, and finding that their arrangements for nursing were all made for the day, I came immediately away and have not been there since. It is not in me to sit around in those public rooms unless I can be of service. It looks as though Gaffy would live. He is now, six o'clock, still comfortable, and has asked for beefsteak. They will not, of course, let him have it, but if they would, it ought not to come from the White House kitchens. Such tough leather as they had there for breakfast the other morning, is a disgrace to the cattle on a thousand hills. All the Cabinet ladies were there, and Mrs. Sherman and Tom,[1] who came to let the President and Mrs. Garfield know, that yesterday, the young men of his Order made their Communion an offering for the President's recovery. And Dr. Bliss came in to explain to your Father, the changes they were making in the President's bed, and the instructions which he hoped he would give to Private Secretary

[1] The Rev. Father Thomas Sherman, General Sherman's son, a priest of the Jesuit order.

Brown anent the admission of visitors. And since our return, I have written some letters and sat around in a light and breezy costume, and your Father has stayed in and read and signed despatches and received callers, and in general taken things easy, and now Walker and your Father have gone to the White House to make inquiries, and thence to make their daily visit to Vice President Arthur, who is on Capitol Hill. I cannot tell you anything of the White House. I am afraid to trust things to pen and ink. Character comes out so surprisingly at such times, and many of the ladies who are around, manage to have such a good time. And I have learned to recognize the kitchen cabinet. Nothing can exceed the satisfaction of the President when I am around, but I do not think I shall be able to do much for him, but if they will only put the President's room into the hands of professionals, I shall live content and have greater hope that he will not die.

I have nothing to tell about our plans, as they all hinge on that fateful bedroom. We did not go Friday, because we could not get a car, Saturday we did not wish to go, and Sunday, I would not, so Monday we had decided upon. I want Alice to take Maggie Nurse and another girl and go home and open the house, but she is not willing. Of course it will be impossible for your Father, save in a fatal event, to

go for a long time. Emmons is still here, cannot get his business transacted. I had a telegram from Jamie yesterday, asking if he could use the buggy.

When I was with the President yesterday, as I was all the forenoon, he looked up at me and said, "When I am ready to eat, I am going to break into Mrs. Blaine's larder." I will try to write again tomorrow.

H. S. B.

WASHINGTON July 8th 1881,
Friday noon

DEAR M., — Everything seems to be going as well with the President as the most loving heart can wish. All peoples and tongues vieing with each other to do him honor, a purse made up for Mrs. Garfield, no danger now for the President, no anxiety about paralysis or bullet in the liver, and every prospect of a speedy recovery in all his parts. Arthur can go back to New York and we soon to Augusta, and all the pain and woe and anticipated peril will not be lost on the country. I have been to the White House this morning, but saw none but officials. Left your Father there, in consultation with the doctors and drove up to Mrs. MacVeagh's,[1] for I am restless and broken up as you may suppose. Emmons opened

[1] Wayne MacVeagh of Pennsylvania was Attorney-General under President Garfield.

the door to me when I finally came home. He was in his shirt sleeves, and looked every inch a gentleman. His case is still undecided, and I think his hopes are low. Your Father holds up wonderfully, but the weather tries us all much. As for me, I am rapidly getting unpacked and fast getting all my washable dresses ready for the laundry. Jacky[1] keeps on the even tenor of his way, all days at the State Department, all evenings at the White House, his only resource an infinite number of cigarettes, the smoke of whose consumption ascends from his mouth forever and ever. Mr. Sherman is with us, and I am, among other experiences, putting to the test my newly engaged servants. The laundress is condemned and I think perhaps the waitress.

I suppose you have noticed that the President came here Friday afternoon. He sat with me an hour, waiting for your Father, gave me his Inaugural, nicely bound, with his autograph in it, wanted to go to Augusta, but hated the long tail to his kite on this trip. Finally your Father came and they walked away together. Now it seems this Guiteau followed him to the house, waited to shoot him on his return, but not wanting to hurt Secretary Blaine, had to give it up that time.

[1] Nickname for Walker.

I hope I may go home Monday. Good-bye, with love.

H S B

WASHINGTON, July 10th, 1881.

MY DEAR M., — I have been talking and talking over the family situation, and strange to say, have secured your Father's attention for fifteen minutes. It is difficult for me to satisfy him and myself. My own plan is this, to send Maggie Nurse and two other girls home on Wednesday with Walker, you to join them on Thursday. You can go on with Miss Cowles, staying with C. A. that night, if you are willing, home on the first train, leaving Boston at 8:30 A. M. If that train does not stop at Hamilton, you will have to hit it at Salem, Ipswich or wherever C. A. advises. This part of the plan you will have to perfect yourself. You will reach Augusta at 4 — must get Jamie and H. home, do as well as you can with the house, and be as happy as possible. There are the horses, carriages and Fred, and your little sister and brother, and Walker for two days.

The President is doing very nicely. There is no need, so far as he is concerned, of my staying here, but your Father must, and he cannot be left. Alice is going, with Mrs. Sherman and Lizzie, to-night to Oaklands in Maryland, and will probably stay till we leave. When, oh when, will this be? I think of the

cool air and the comforts of home, till my head swims. My trunks have been entirely packed for a long time, and I sometimes feel as though I should not get away this summer. You are to telegraph me if you would rather go to New London or home. Emmons still here. With love,

H. S. B.

To M., at Augusta

821 15th Street, July 15th 1881,
Friday morning

M dear M., — This date reminds me, that I have only once before stayed as late as this in Washington. In 1870, on this very day, I saw Congress adjourn in palm leaf fans and linen dusters, only your Father, the Speaker, had on an alpaca. He sits here this blessed moment in another, and with him Emmons, in shirt sleeves, lamenting the Solicitor's decision, which is against him. Tom is at the door, warding off one of your Father's country women, and down stairs the laundresses are busily wrestling with Jacky's and Emmons's linen, leaving the chamber work to Charles and me. That excellent young man has charge of the third floor, while I manage, or womanage, my own bed. It does not look handsome, but it sleeps well. George Stinson breakfasted with us, and afterwards bade us good-bye for

N. C. I only hope you may have had as good a breakfast as he had. Just at nine last night, we received Walker's telegram from Augusta. "Swing low, Sweet Chariot," and take me in next week, for all the doctors, male and female, cannot long keep Gaffy on his back, and when he is pronounced out of danger, we expect to leave.

I spent yesterday in reading Don John, but think the author should have kept the clue for identification, for the satisfaction of the reader. He has no right to assume the prerogative of Providence. You should hear your Father, to whom I have told the story, scold about it. I think Jean Ingelow must have got the hint for the story from the Thorntons.

I have not been at the White House for two days, but Emmons and your Father were over last night, found everything monotonously comfortable. And last evening, your Father, Tom and I slowly creaked out in the State coach to the Soldiers' Home. Found there fresh air in abundance, but we gave it all up, as we came back on to the concrete, and I ate my dinner like the fine ladies of Goldsmith. Mr Brown telephoned over Walker's Ipswich message. Kiss all the Blaines for me and make yourself as comfortable as possible.

H. S. B.

WASHINGTON July 19th 1881
Tuesday afternoon

DEAR M., — Emmons has now gone to the station to meet Jacky who has telegraphed that he is on the Limited, and Emmons is going to-morrow, so we are to have changes but no gain. For two days now, it has been really comfortable here, so that I can wear a dress and stay before my fellow creatures. Before lunch, I drove out to the house with your Father, thence to the State Department, getting some books, thence home. The house is steadily pushing itself above ground now, and is in its kitchen windows and pressed brick promising to the eye and suggestive to imagination, and my mind often transports me to that western porch, where I shall love to steal awhile away from every worldly care. To-night, I shall probably call at the White House, the least pleasing hour of the twenty-four, as I am obliged to content myself with a mere formality when I long to be of real service.

Walker has come and has told us all about you. I have pumped and pumped, and at last the stream refuses to flow. We have had a long drive, Emmons acting as Jehu. Have squeaked and groaned over about fourteen miles, and are now through with our eight o'clock dinner. I think we shall certainly be at home by the middle of next week. You cannot

think how much I want to be there. Love to J., H. and yourself. Emmons is very blue. He has to go to-morrow morning.

Always yours,

H S B

WASHINGTON
821 15TH STREET, July 22nd, 1881

MY DEAR M., — Do not get discouraged over the cook, though I think it much harder for you, than for anyone else. Let her wash and iron, and as soon as I am there, Tuesday, I will take her in hand.

We had the agreeable novelty of all eating breakfast together, and in consequence I am sustained by a passable meal, and your Father and Tom and Walker are this moment testing some muscle beaters, which have just come — ting, ting, ting is resounding through the room. We expect now to leave here Monday, though I hold myself ready for disappointment. I have been packed so long and have seen that journey made so many times, I have little confidence left. Your Father saw the President for six minutes yesterday morning, the first time since that fateful Saturday. They had put him (the Prex) off day after day, till he would be denied no longer. He looked better than your Father expected to see him, though his voice was weak. Mrs Garfield told me

yesterday, she considered him out of danger. Is n't it wonderfully good? Alice is still at Oaklands, proposing to return tomorrow. I have had a calm and restful two weeks. Every night, we drive out to the new house, which interests us immensely, but it changes now rather slowly, there being a paucity of pressed brick layers.

Emmons telegraphed yesterday that he was arrived all right. Since commencing this letter, I have been to the station with Tom, to arrange about a car for Tuesday. Expect us then Wednesday, but I shall telegraph our departure to you. We have telegraphed about the bells. Give my dearest love to those dearest children. Did H. get the "Little Earl" to read which I sent her? 'T was in one of the trunks, Seaside Library.

Most affectionately,

H. S. B.

WASHINGTON, Sunday, July 24th, 1881.

DEAR M., — I do not know when we can come home. Your Father does not feel justified in leaving, and he is not willing for me to leave him.

How sorry I am, and what a summer this is! But petty disappointments must not be remembered. I am just home from the White House, where I have been sitting for two hours. Saw Drs. Agnew and Hamil-

ton, the Cabinet, Mrs. Garfield and Molly, everyone looking very anxious and sober. Mrs. Garfield said the President did not mind much who was in the room with him to-day, and then he was in a drenching perspiration, which was not good for him, something I am afraid like a night sweat. This morning, Dr. Agnew made an incision, and opened, as he suspected he should, a pus sac. This was drained, to the sensible relief of the patient.

I cannot tell you what a state we are in. My head aches violently, the day is very sultry, and I am as disappointed as though a re-set bone had to be re-broken. People act like lost children. If I could go into that room, I should have an opinion.

Alice came home yesterday. It is very dull for her here, and I think she ought to go to Augusta. I should think you might ask Aunt Susan to advise the cook. I will make you a present of the tennis. Love to my darlings,

H. S. B.

WASHINGTON July 25th 1881

DEAR M., — We are doing nothing but wait, and despair and hope. Five minutes ago, we had talked ourselves into an abyss of misery, and three minutes since the telephone sounded, and Walker called over

the wire that Dr Agnew had put his finger into the wound more than an inch further than yesterday, that pieces of bone had come away, relieving the stoppage of the pus, and that the President's restlessness was abating.

Your Father and I came back a few minutes ago from our daily drive to the house, where our eyes were delighted by the sight of three workmen nooning under a tree, and from the White House, where we saw Dr Woodward, who seemed quite hopeful about its poor tenant.

Alice has got in a large supply of books, and is reading diligently and making notes. I cannot tell you how dull and stupid I am. I loathe the sight of the Department carriage. Our table is an offence to me. A novel takes on all at once, from the times, a sickly association. I almost wish your Father did not want me with him so constantly — in short, I am idle, yet not rested, of use to no one, yet tied down to others. Do make yourself as comfortable as you can. Let Aunt Susan advise the cook. I am sure she will. My love to the children and yourself.

H S B

Washington, July 28th, 1881.

Dear M., — You can tell Mr. Homan, unless the telegraph intervenes before this letter reaches you

with bad news, that we are more confident of the President's recovery this morning, than we have ever been. When we shall get away, I have no chance of knowing. Your Father's stay here gives confidence to every friend and while he stays, I must. I do not feel that this is necessary but he does, and I cannot unlearn the old habit of regarding his word as law. Walker, as you may suppose, is more than satisfied, and Alice will not listen to the proposition of going to Augusta. I really think she needs the change, but I have no fault to find with her. We are all bright again about the President, and I now feel a certain assurance as to his being carefully looked after, which I have not hitherto had. Doctors Agnew and Hamilton will keep a closer watch than before this fright.

If I could feel happy about the Augusta house and children, I should know how to cultivate patience, that homely but friendly herb, but with a house half put to rights, a half-way cook, and half a family, how can you be enjoying a perfect whole? No one sympathizes with my misgivings. In fact, your Father does not hesitate to call it selfishness on my part. The weather is deliciously cool this morning. Use the carriages all you can, and enjoy yourself in every way. Will you get Miss Potter to finish H.'s blue linen dress? The sleeves I did not try to make without trying. This is all there is to do

to it. If the pattern for the yellow gingham is there, she can finish that too, and her old last summer's ginghams can be given to Fred's children.

With love to all,

H. S. B.

1881. Sunday evening.

Dear You-uns, — I am ashamed that I, with nothing to do for myself, should not have written you to-day, but truth to tell, this is one of my, or rather our, blue days, and my mind refuses long to stray from that sick bed, with its impending issue and all that thereon hangs.

We are greatly disappointed at the gravity of the bulletins. Friday I felt an assurance full and free that he would recover. Dr. Hamilton so believed, and so believed Dr. Bliss. But the gland gives trouble, nausea has returned, and plainly I do not see how he is to recover. To-day I have seen the Attorney General, who is always depressed; Dr. Agnew, who spoke with great caution, but hope lies at the bottom of all he admits; Secretary Lincoln, whose darkness is unillumined by one ray of courage; the Hunts, who are rosy; Mrs. Garfield, who is, as ever, confident; Rockwell, whose feathers I imagined drooped;

and Swayne, who announced the President better than ever.[1]

I was at the White House at one o'clock and am now going over again. The day has been warm, and the night is warmer. The State people have been in, and the faithful Bigelow, and Gen. Noyes.[2] Your Father sits here writing to Arthur. I am nervous and can scarcely form a letter. Yesterday morning I thought we might leave to-morrow morning. It has gone away now into a remote future — my leaving, I mean. Mr. Barlow has sent again about the dog. Thanks for your and M.'s letters. Do not think about us, but get all the enjoyment you can out of home. I sent a box yesterday, containing Alice's dress and some soiled linen. She must excuse the combination.

With love,

H. S. B.

Washington, July 30th, Sunday noon

Dear M., — I am writing just as lunch is coming on to the table, nothing promising in that formal-

[1] Robert Todd Lincoln of Illinois, oldest son of Abraham Lincoln, was Secretary of War under Presidents Garfield and Arthur. William Henry Hunt of Louisiana, afterward minister to Russia, was Secretary of the Navy. Col. A. F. Rockwell, U. S. A., War Superintendent of Public Buildings from 1881 to 1885.

[2] Edward F. Noyes of Ohio, Minister to France in the administration of President Hayes.

ity, nor in the stray callers who are sitting around in the room — Mrs. Moore, Col. Forney,[1] Mr. Trescott, Dudley, the new Commissioner of Pensions, and one, already tête-à-tête with your Father, whom I do not know. Walker too is here, reading a letter from Mrs Cameron, which I have just answered, asking me to visit Harrisburg — and Tom, more homesick than myself, if that be possible, is sitting irresolutely around, uncertainly looking at newspapers. When he told me just now, that a certain letter was in a certain drawer, instead of looking for it, I knew that it was all up with him. Alice having on a morning gown, is obliged to flee this madding crowd, and is far in her own room.

I am not without hope that we shall see Augusta this week. I keep myself in marching order all the time, instructing the laundresses — I have two — to empty the clothes baskets every other morning, and as they are on probation, everything to the last handkerchief comes back to the minute.

Alice dressed, and with two dimes in her glove from Jack, started out for church, but in fifteen minutes disconsolately came back, not having been able to find any edifice open.

The President is doubtless doomed to recovery, not

[1] Col. John Wien Forney, journalist, author, and Member of Congress, at this time Collector of the Port of Philadelphia.

the Potomac flats, nor the doctors, falsely so called, nor the doctress, nor the fool friends of nurses, nor the poor diet, will cut the vital cord, attenuated as it is, and because he lives, we shall live also, and at the first possible moment you will see your mother, who longs to see you and Jamie and H. more than you can possibly conceive. I have your letter this morning.

H. S. B.

To Walker in Augusta

Col. Rockwell, whom I sat with at the White House for half an hour last night, presented his usual faultless appearance, boutonnière, silk-lined lapelled coat, cigar in hand, etc., etc. He is exceedingly indignant over the stampede, as he calls it. Says the President is strong and bright and the public are crazy, that the weakness of the patient is greatly exaggerated. I asked by whom, and he could give no answer. He thought the Secretary of State ought to give more reassuring cablegrams to Lowell,[1] — generally he seemed to be mad. To suggest anything for diet or remedy seems to act upon him like a red rag on a bull. But all the same, after a while it leaks out that you have been listened to.

Have received your daily letter, Walker. Thanks. Also M.'s. Thanks. With love,

H. S. B.

[1] James Russell Lowell was then Minister to Great Britain.

You can't imagine anything so vile as Washington. It seems like a weed by the wayside, covered with dust, too ugly for notice.

WASHINGTON D. C. August 19th 1881.[1]
Friday morning.

MY DEAR CHILDREN, — I am just through with breakfast, which we have taken at home. Bigelow sitting by for company. We have had cold roast beef, eggs, baked sweet potatoes, hashed potatoes, dry toast, French loaf, melon, tea and coffee. And when I this moment left this letter to go up stairs and hunt your Father's glasses, I found my bed beautifully made, so Caroline is a chambermaid, — an accomplishment I had not hitherto given her credit for.

There was not a leaf of tea, a lump of sugar, an ounce of flour, a raisin, spice of any kind, butter, in fact an eatable of any description, in the house when we returned. But I observed the Rev. Solomon's shirts hanging on our line, and Caroline herself was in the house, and I could draw warm water, though Caroline assured me the washing had been done away from the house, only the starching being indulged in here. A nice distinction, as was said of the Beauty.

I hardly know how I got through yesterday,

[1] Written after the return from a visit to Augusta.

though I think I did better with my time than your Father with his. I wrote some letters, visited the house twice, where your Father's activity causes me great anxiety as he now mounts the ladders and overlooks the second story floor. Was at the White House twice, and took quite a drive. Poor John, the clouds have returned after much rain, and neither the morning nor the evening is his day. One thing is in my favor, I have an appetite and with my bottle of currant, a loaf of fruit cake Mrs Hunter has made me, and a Dutch cheese, I bid fair soon to lose it.

As to the President? Your Father had a long talk with Dr. Hamilton last night, which depressed him and rather encouraged me. I was in the carriage, and Dr. Hamilton stood at its door, so I heard all. He is anxious over the swelling of the gland, and is apprehensive that the President may have to stay in bed months, but the chances are in his favor. This is bad enough, but it is better than death, though your Father says an administration with a sick bed for its centre is not a pleasant thought. The President took the whole of a raw onion chopped up in vinegar, and Col. Henry,[1] who told Mr Bigelow this, attributes the whole of his relapse to this cause. Dr Hamilton admitted to us that there was perhaps a cause in the pus which had not been reached. The

[1] Col. Guy V. Henry, U. S. A.

channel of the wound, they now find, not having been cleaned for two weeks. They thought the passage was healing, but now find their mistake.

To Walker, in Augusta

821 Fifteenth St. Washington, August 23rd, 1881.

My dear Walker, — I hope you will dispose of all the letters possible at Augusta, as the care of this ever-accumulating débris comes upon me, and you know yourself the dreadful impedimenta which one day's mail can load our limited writing conveniences with. True, Mr Trescott and Mr Brown wait assiduous for hours in the parlor, and their chief entertains them and himself often with bright talk, and William sits in the hall, rising like a jack-in-the-box whenever my august foot crosses the threshold, but all the attachés of the State Department fail to satisfy when I withhold my hand. So I consign all the envelopes to the waste basket, and put my elegant chirography on to the numerous letters from Victor Drummond,[1] et al. and breathe freely only when I have put a rubber strap, as good as a lock and key, around the file. For I know your Father is never

[1] Victor Arthur Wellington Drummond, British Chargé d'Affaires at Washington in 1877, in 1880, and again in 1881; knighted in 1903.

going to disturb anything so clerkly and tidy as a bundle of letters. I was at the White House last night, when I got another pound added to my already hopeless condition, Miss Edson [1] having, confidentially to Mrs. James,[1] abandoned hope. Why indeed should that angel tarry longer by that bed: when the poor sufferer has lost his own identity, — praying to have that other man taken from him away, and to be relieved from that other man's face which cleaves to and drags upon his? Mrs. Garfield had retired, and about ten or perhaps later, we came home, when your Father penned his bulletin to Lowell, which Sevellon Brown [2] at eleven took to the telegraph office for him. We were just in the seclusion of our own room when a carriage drove up. Of course we think everything unusual means the White House, but this was Ramsdell,[2] who had come, as it were, to hear his doom from our lips. Your Father went down and let him in, but alas could give him no comfort. I might as well stop writing, my interruptions are so discouraging. The S. of S. left his glasses at the White House last

[1] Susan A. Edson, a physician from Auburn, N. Y., in constant attendance on President Garfield. For this service Congress appropriated to her $3000. Mrs. James was the wife of Thomas L. James, then Postmaster-General.

[2] Sevellon A. Brown, for many years chief clerk of the State Department. Daniel Ramsdell was correspondent of the Philadelphia Press at Washington.

night. Mine of course, when he needed them, grazed his nose. So I sent William to the Executive Mansion to get his. They were not there, but he had borrowed Dr Bliss's, so I have had to go down town and purchase for myself, and then Mrs M—— has just been in, and now we have been to the house, though I could not see that one brick had been laid on another since we were there yesterday.

Caroline is making me an apple dumpling for dinner, but I have no interest in anything. I want to go home, and all the circumstances are monstrous. I spare you myself, which is a poor, mean, warmly-dressed, moist, dissatisfied body. Do be kind to my poor motherless children, and whenever you wake at night, think of me sleeplessly tossing and striking out at mosquitoes.

H. S. B.

We feel this morning a little bit better about the object of all our thoughts.

Washington August 25th 1881.

My dear Walker, — I suppose you can see as well as another that hope is over. This dreadful sickness will soon be over. Every night when I go to bed I try to brace for that telephone which I am sure before morning will send its shrill summons through

our room. The morning is a little reassuring, for light itself gives courage. Your Father is in the parlor at this moment, where he has been for an hour with Mr. Chaffee [1] and Gen. Logan [2] — quite a reprieve for me, who in the absence of better company, follow him upstairs and down like a dog. And yesterday Mr. Davis [3] of West Virginia was here, which also helped. Mr. Brown stays here too a great deal, and every night goes with us to the White House, waiting for your Father's despatches. We had no intimation yesterday of the proposed incision into the perotic gland. It was made, as I understand, because of the danger of suffocation.

To M., in Augusta

Washington Sept 1st 1881, 9 p. m.

My dear M., — Your Father and Mr. Allen have just left for the White House to get the data for the Lowell telegram. When you read those frank and discriminating telegrams in the morning Journal you may always see behind them your Father and the evening walk to the White House, and the interviews

[1] Ex U. S. Senator Jerome B. Chaffee of Colorado.

[2] Gen. John A. Logan, U. S. Senator from Illinois, and Republican vice-presidential candidate with Mr. Blaine in 1884.

[3] Henry Gassaway Davis, U. S. Senator from West Virginia and Democratic vice-presidential candidate with Judge Alton B. Parker in 1904.

with the doctors, when the truth is made to stand and deliver herself, for the benefit of England and America. As I was within those formerly awe-inspiring portals yesterday, twice, I have stayed at home, and hence this note.

We have agreed that this is the most discouraging day we have yet had, the heat is so great, and every particle of moisture seems to be dried out of earth, air and sky. I am not sleepy, but neither am I hungry. Yesterday, Mr. Robeson dined with us, and we had a soup and two other courses and wines. I cannot tell you how horrid it was. Nothing seemed right, and the door bell rang and Lewis was always out of the room, and your Father insisted on chicken when steak was the course, and altogether we agreed not to ask any brother again, not though he were starving.

I have not sent the passes to Walker, because we are hoping to use them ourselves. I tried to talk your Father into leaving at two o'clock to-day, but he could not quite do that. He will try to urge on Mrs. Garfield to-night the importance of a change for the President. Poor dear Gaffy, how wretched it is! Wounded and sore and hurt to the death, he now to save his life, must dare to lose it. I send into his unseen room sympathy enough to float his bed, but he never knows it.

I have nothing to tell. A great basket of delicious grapes has just come in, and I have had interesting letters from all sorts of people, and when everything else fails, there is the telephone. Mr. Phelps has written me a long letter, in which he inquires for M. filia. Old Judge Black[1] has been here all day, talking in an old fashioned delightful manner. I do hope I shall get home before Jamie leaves. Pity the sorrows of a poor old mother, and tell Walker "I want to go home." Allen thought judgment was spelled with an e after the g. Imagine your Father's satisfaction at worsting him.

All sorts of flying creatures are coming in, too much light. I leave the world to darkness and to thee. With love,

H. S. B.

We are dreadfully anxious about that dear Gaffy, and your Father much exercised on the question of

[1] Jeremiah Sullivan Black, Associate Justice, and later Chief Justice, of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, delivered the eulogy on President Andrew Jackson, and was a member of President Buchanan's Cabinet first as Attorney-General and next as Secretary of State, succeeding Lewis Cass of Michigan. At the close of the Buchanan administration, Judge Black resumed his law practice, serving in the Andrew Johnson impeachment trial, the Samuel J. Tilden and the Vanderbilt will cases. He was a "Campbellite" by religion, and wrote a book in reply to Robert G. Ingersoll.

disability. Should Arthur [1] be brought to the front, and how, and if this be done, how shall he be retired?

WASHINGTON, Sunday evening, Sept 4 1881

DEAR M., — Once more, everything is indecision with us, — shall the President be moved? Mrs. Garfield is anxious for it, but I fear that if the excitement of getting him down stairs or any other phase of the journey, should affect him, he might faint, and if he should, he would never recover consciousness. He is very weak, and there is little to build on. Should he go away, your Father will go with or immediately follow him, and I shall take the N. E. train the same day for home.

I have almost expected to get away tomorrow, but my last call at the White House, from which I am just returned, gives me no hope of that. I was there this morning and found Mrs. Garfield ready for tomorrow. Nothing can exceed the dryness of the air and disagreeability of the city. I lose heart and spirit — then they come back to me of their own accord. I do wish Jamie were not going to Exeter. Can't you talk him into waiting a year, and having a tutor?

[1] Chester A. Arthur of New York, twenty-first President of the U. S., at that time Vice-President. "The country's ordeal in con-

Mrs. Morton has written that you are to come over, and she will place you at a school. Excuse brevity. I am not low spirited, but I consider Gaffy's case very unpromising. I doubt if I ever meet the dear old fellow again, in these walks of common life. With much love,

H. S. B.

West End Hotel, Long Branch,
Thursday morning, Sept 8th, 1881

Dearest Children, — I was packed for home Tuesday morning, and your Father for this place,

nection with Garfield's death led to an important piece of legislation. Few were then or are now aware by what a slender thread the orderly government of our country hung between the shooting of Garfield in July, 1881, and the second special session of Congress the following October. The law of March, 1792, declares that in case the Vice-President dies, is removed, or is disqualified, 'the President of the Senate *pro tempore*, or, if there is none, then the Speaker of the House of Representatives for the time being, shall act as President till the disability is removed or a President elected.' But at the time of Garfield's assassination neither a President *pro tempore* of the Senate, nor a Speaker of the House existed." . . . A bill passed in 1886 provides "that if the Presidency and the Vice-Presidency are both vacant, the Presidency passes to the members of the Cabinet in the historical order of the establishment of their departments, beginning with the Secretary of State." — *E. Benjamin Andrews: The United States in Our Own Time.*

when Mrs. Garfield sent me an affecting little note, which determined me to heed your Father's advice and stick to him, so with the aid of Allen and Adee,[1] whose name ought to be spelled Aider, I got off at 10:30, and after as hot a day's journey as it was ever my privilege to suffer from, all sweat and dust, we reached this place at six that evening. All our journey through we were cheered by bulletins from the President's car, telling us of the comfortable progress he was making, and as we knew that some of the doctors had feared the worst from the excitement and risk, each mile that we travelled gave us a renewed assurance that the right step had at last been taken. But after getting here, after looking at the ocean with emotion, he is just the same. I do not believe he will recover.

This hotel is about a mile from the Franklyn cottage, where he is. Every evening, the whole Cabinet with its wife, drive over to see the doctors and Mrs. Garfield, but I cannot explain why everything is so unsatisfactory.

After breakfast: Henry has appeared, and is at this moment seated on the piazza with your Father, and Mr. Cohen and Mr. Seligman and others, and

[1] Alvey A. Adee, chief of the Diplomatic Bureau of the State Department.

Dana Horton [1] is here, not too wise, just wise enough, and the President is better, and at five we are going out to drive with Mr Montgomery. And this is about all there is of it. Our rooms are much the best I have ever seen in a seaside hotel, and the table is good. I cannot get away till next week, but hope to very soon.

(fragment)

1881

(written from Elberon in September) [1]

but I am tired out. I do not suppose I slept two hours last night; then the day has been full of ex-

[1] Samuel Dana Horton, political economist and author. Secretary of the International Monetary Conference held at Paris in 1878.

[2] President Garfield died at Elberon on September 19. By previous arrangement a post mortem examination of the body of the President was made in the presence, and with the assistance of Drs. Hamilton, Agnew, Bliss, Barnes, Woodward, Reyburn, Andrew H. Smith of Elberon, and Acting Assistant Surgeon D. S. Lamb of the Army Medical Museum of Washington. The operation was performed by Dr. Lamb. "It was found" (the report reads), "that the ball, after fracturing the right eleventh rib, had passed through the spinal column in front of the spinal cord, fracturing the body of the first lumbar vertebra, driving a number of small fragments of bone into the adjacent soft parts and lodging below the pancreas about two and one-half inches to the left of the spine and behind the peritoneum, where it had become completely encysted.

"The immediate cause of death was secondary hemorrage from one of the mesenteric arteries adjoining the track of the ball, the blood rupturing the peritoneum, and nearly a pint escaping into the abdominal cavity. This hemorrage is believed to have been the

citement of a most painful character, and I am going to see Mrs. Garfield again to-night. Then the jour-

cause of the severe pain in the lower part of the chest complained of just before death. An abscess cavity six inches by four was found in the vicinity of the gall bladder, between the liver and the transverse colon, which were strongly adherent. It did not involve the substance of the liver, no communication was found between it and the wound.

"A long suppurating channel extended from the external wound between the loin muscles and the right kidney, almost to the right groin. This channel, now known to be due to the burrowing of pus from the wound, was supposed during life to have been the track of the ball.

"On an examination of the organs of the chest evidences of severe bronchitis were found on both sides, with broncho-pneumonia of the lower portions of the right lung, and, though to a much less extent, of the left. The lungs contained no abscesses and the heart no clots. The liver was enlarged and fatty, but not from abscesses. Nor were any found in any other organ, except the left kidney, which contained near its surface a small abscess about one-third of an inch in diameter.

"In reviewing the history of the case in connection with the autopsy it is quite evident that the different suppurating surfaces, and especially the fractured, spongy tissue of the vertebræ, furnish a sufficient explanation of the septic condition which existed."

[*Signed*] D. W. Bliss,
J. K. Barnes,
J. J. Woodward,
Robert Reyburn,
Frank H. Hamilton,
D. Hayes Agnew,
Andrew H. Smith,
D. S. Lamb.

Official Bulletin of the Autopsy on the Body of President Garfield: *Medical Record*, New York, 1881, vol. xx, p. 364.

In this connection it is interesting to note that from the day of the assassination, Mr. Blaine insisted that the above-mentioned "long

ney to-morrow. Mr. Osgood expects to be home Thursday at eight, and he can tell you everything. Please send this letter to Abby. The ink is so pale I cannot see it. Do look out that Jamie has his things, and write him every day. Goodbye, with love to all,

H S B.

To Alice, in Augusta

October 23rd 1881
Washington 4 p. m. Sunday afternoon

Dear Alice, — If my letter leaves off in the middle without formal end, you will understand that I am hopelessly interrupted. Tom is lighting the lamp at the table, and your Father is reading a State paper at the other window, I being at the first, to Mr. Chandler. How he manages to keep his mind single for any subject I cannot imagine, as I have never in all my long and varied experience seen anything like the rush to the house. Yet to-day he has written directions for papers, has seen men on private

suppurating channel" could not have been the trail of the bullet. He was slightly deaf in the left ear, and by the distinct sound of the bullet, he was convinced that it had passed his right ear and had consequently entered the President's body at a different angle from the one assumed by the doctors' theories. The autopsy alas! proved that he had been correct.

and public business, has seen foreign Ministers, has had exhaustive talks on matters of vital importance, and all this with every room filled, — apparently without disturbance to himself. Miss Knox was so prompt and successful in her fits that we found we need not wait for the night train, so as I say we got over here late last night. Maj. and Mrs. and Lanier Dunn, and Lizzie Cameron, were in the same car, and Gen. Thomas and Mrs. Ewing on the train, and Virginia to Philadelphia, so that we managed not to feel too tired. At the station, which I am sorry to say, we reached an hour late, we found Walker in evening dress just roused from a nap which he had been taking, leaning against one of the uprights of the depot. He had with him a carriage, not of the State Department, and we were soon, a little before twelve, at home, where your Father met us, also in evening dress, — more glad, he said, to see us than ever before in his life. By the time we were well in, Walker had whisked him off to a German banquet,[1] while Tom, M. and I sat down to supper. The house looked beautifully, though I discover to-day that from top to bottom it needs cleaning. Not a pane of glass,

[1] Banquet given in honor of the German guests visiting this country to celebrate the anniversary of the surrender at Yorktown. The chief foreign guests were the Marquis de Rochambeau from France, and Baron von Steuben from Germany.

not a panel of a door can be spared. And then my window curtains that went to Missouri — how I want them!

H. S. B.

To M., in England

821 Fifteenth St. Washington, Nov 6, 1881,
Sunday morning

Dearest M., — It is my sacred duty as well as highest privilege, to inaugurate this morning, a daily correspondence, which I hope will have on its many pages, only the record of happy hours. After you had left us, not we you, yesterday morning, and we turned away from the pier only as the "Illinois" was vanishing, mindful of your Father's injunction not to watch the departing out of sight, we drove back to the Continental, where my first overt act was to go to the breakfast table and eat a quantity of buckwheat cakes. The other H. soon joined me and did likewise. We neither of us had the slightest previous intention of so doing, but the sight of the three Sherman sisters indulging in the sweets of honey and buckwheat and each other, proved irresistibly attractive, and you know by this time, it seemed about the eleventh hour of the day. I spent the rest of the forenoon attending to H's wardrobe, and looking at old furniture, getting back to the hotel

in time to lunch with your Father, preparatory to his leaving for New York on the Limited. I looked so good to him, that he determined to go back to Washington with us, but Jacky's entreaties prevailed, and the original plan was carried out. After their departure, I had time to shoe and stocking your little sister, and when I send you her picture, you may consider that from the crown of her head to the sole of her foot, she is a monument of the Philadelphia trip, and a perpetual reminder of you, a sort of Guy Fawkes to be forever associated with the 5th of November. Before your Father left Philadelphia, he sent telegrams saying that you had sailed, to Aunt Susan, to Cousin Abby, to Mr. Manley, to J. G. B. Jr. Of course he took to himself all the credit for the final perseverance of St. Margaret, but, dear soul! who finds fault with the weaknesses of the mighty? All the rest of your friends, including Lizzie and Rachel, left Philadelphia on the six o'clock train, reaching Washington at ten. Whatever else we have gained or lost in Philadelphia, we have certainly added to our belongings, for Emmons was encumbered with a hat-box and hand bag, an umbrella, and a bonnet box containing Alice's veil and H.'s new hats; then we had a box of shoes, and nobody knows what else beside; but in spite of all these minor burdens, and the great one of a daughter at sea, and the incon-

venience of no chairs in the Pullman, the hundred miles between Philadelphia and Baltimore slipped by like a watch in the night. I hope you noticed the beauty of the heavens, for I suppose there was no land for you to look on. Lewis met us at the station with a carriage, and Maggie Nurse was waiting to open the door upon all the light and color and warmth of the old house, as well as one of Caroline's best suppers.

Monday, 10 A. M.

An eight o'clock breakfast, and a rainy day give me the prospect of long uninterrupted hours, which I shall improve to the advantage of Alice's old black silk, which needs an extra ruffle, and H.'s old gold, which is in a similar predicament. Our early breakfast was for Emmons's benefit, who wants to get off for New York at 10:30 to attend the ball this evening, for which your Father has telegraphed him. He is now at the Post Office Department, trying to get his business started. Mrs. Hale spent a good part of the day with me yesterday, and Emmons breakfasted and dined at the B.'s; but while I have you in all my thoughts, I think they were mostly congratulatory at your really carrying out this long arranged plan. I have had a great shock this morning, occasioned by the sight of as innocent an object

as your clothes bag, which, with its double row of mourning strings, confronted me as I pulled out one of the secretary drawers this morning. I shall now dedicate it to Alice and Fort Leavenworth, but what becomes of all the sentiment I stitched into it? H. is very blue this morning, nor does her story of the "Buried Alive," which in regular order, she has now reached in her Arabian Nights, tend to elevate her spirits. To aid in this highly desirable elevation, I have proposed that she take Maggie Nurse out to see the new house, so they are now waiting for John, as it is too wet for walking. Unless I begin now to tell you what we have to eat, I do not see how I can entertain you the remainder of this sheetful, and in fact, Caroline has just appeared with a large yellow apple on a china dish to see if I consider it ripe enough for mince pies, and what H. calls "invisible moose." Alice has just been in to see Rachel's wrap, which she is anxious to sell, but finds her gone to market, and in general, the females of your family are left to themselves and the weather, and though not in one accord, are in one place, and the Harriets send you volumes of love and good wishes enough to last you all your stay away.

From your own,

MOTHER.

821 Fifteenth St Washington, Nov 9, 1881.
Wednesday afternoon.

Dearest M., — A very dark day is drawing to an end. I have not been out, but Emmons came while we were at breakfast, and Lizzie Cameron, with Rachel and Lizzie Sherman, has been here to lunch. I hope you escape this wretchedly lifeless weather, which we are suffering from all the time, a wet Indian summer. I have not been "at home" this afternoon, though two or three got in accidentally — the Danish Minister and Mme. de Billé[1] and Mr. Gallaudet.[2] The last came to consult me about a memorial service to Garfield as a man of letters. Caroline gave us a lovely lunch, and we all wished you here and thought and spoke of you constantly. Sanford's[3] oranges and mandarines graced the table, though I could wish he had left them to ripen on the tree a little more sweetly. Your Father and Jacky are still in New York, though I think it would be more sensible if Walker would come home, for Emmons says he is dead tired. They could not wake him up to go to the ball. Your Father stays now to oblige Arthur, who wants him to come over with him.

[1] The Danish representative in 1880–82 was Carl Stern Anderson de Billé, who was the Chargé d'Affaires from 1880–82, and then recognized as Minister Resident.

[2] Edward Miner Gallaudet, Ph.D., of Philadelphia.

[3] Henry D. Sanford, afterwards Minister to Belgium.

Nov. 13.

Your Father is delighted to be home again, and it seems good to me, I assure you. This morning we have been out to the house, in and over it. I have thought a good deal about it, this last dark, stormy, gloomy November week. Your Father has retired from the State Committee, after a chairmanship of twenty-one years. Gen. Corkhill[1] is in the parlor, talking of the Guiteau trial, which commences to-morrow. Do you know, there is quite a desire that he may be convicted of insanity? A more dangerous sentiment could hardly become fashionable. Mrs. Lambard has written me a letter of sympathy at losing you, and having you on the ocean, which reminds me that my anxiety on the latter account is almost over. Yes, you are now nearly through with your eighth day, and I hope soon to hear of your arrival in England. Maggie nurse has gone to visit her aunt's grave and to lay on it a wreath, to-wit, one of the calico baskets which the Public Gardens twice a week send to me. She has a new crêpe hat, made from the Garfield portrait mourning drapery.

[1] Gen. Corkhill conducted the prosecution of Guiteau.

Monday.

Mr. Sanford has returned, as a call from him at eleven o'clock last night only too surely testifies. Walker and I were nodding at each other over the parlor fire, and your Father and Mr. Chandler discussing the Canal paper in the dining room, when on our dullness and absorption in national affairs, entered this Florida orange merchant. He sails Wednesday on the White Star Line. Every steamer seems now to carry out some friend of yours. We expect Jamie and Emmons to-morrow, then, as in Philadelphia, I shall have five children with me.

Your Father is making ready to present Mr. West[1] to the President. He is as busy as can be, and you know what that means with him. Tom is making out comparisons between areas of countries. The bills for the foreign guests are being inspected. Mr Trescott is examining with him the statements for the President's message, and unknown men are waiting

[1] The Hon. Lionel Sackville-West, who succeeded Sir Edward Thornton as British Minister at Washington; later Baron Sackville, died in 1908. The late Baron Sackville was driven from his position at Washington by the newspaper publication in 1888 of a letter he had written to one Murchison, expressing his belief that England preferred Mr. Cleveland's election to that of Mr. Harrison, — an incident which not only discredited him, but ended his diplomatic career.

in the parlor, and alas! our dinner comes off Wednesday.

H. S. B.

821 Fifteenth St. Washington, Nov 16, 1881,
Wednesday a. m.

Dear M., — This is the day of the Sackville-West and President dinner, and as I have no cook but Caroline, and only one man, and only Maggie for a chambermaid, I shall be heartily glad when it is over. I have gone over the bill of fare till my head swims, and no doubt I am borrowing a great deal of trouble, besides weakening everybody's confidence in the dinner. Emmons and Walker will both be at the table. And now to more pleasing topics. Yesterday about noon, I was telephoned from the Department by Walker, this telegram from Philadelphia. "The Illinois passed Holyhead at eleven o'clock this morning, English time," and this morning here is the arrival of the Illinois in the regular shipping news, and so Tom Donaldson's assurance "that Miss M. is as safe as though landed at the pier in Liverpool," is made good. So to-day, we all fancy you taking your first impression of an English town, which your Father says is not very different from an American town.

H. S. B.

821 Fifteenth St. Washington Nov 20th 1881.

My dear M., — Your Father, after spending his entire morning on despatches, is off for the President's, and Walker, who has been with his little sister to St. John's, comes in and Lewis brings up fresh lunch, and all goes on to the tune of Auld Lang Syne. I do not know when I wrote my last letter to you, but I believe I have had two dinners and one luncheon party since then. The first was, as you know, the much dreaded dinner to the President, and I might add to Mr. West, only that you can never have two chiefest lions at the same dinner, and in this case, *the* lion was the American eagle. It went off beautifully. Five handsome and beautifully dressed women besides myself, whose reputation I leave to my dearest daughter: Cameron, Beale, Robeson, Schlesinger, Outrey. But while I am admiring women, let me not fail to do honor to Mrs. Solomon Hunter, to whom we are indebted for a most satisfactorily cooked dinner. No French gravy disgusted my appetite, all was sweet and clean, hot and wholesome, and everybody was so gay that not a moment dragged, till at nearly twelve, the party broke up. Mr. Sackville-West was very agreeable and cordial, and extremely ready to be entertained. I leave you to judge of my feelings, when, while I was still in

labor with this dinner, in fact having my hair dressed for it, your Father walked into that temple of merchandise, my bedroom, with the announcement that having entirely forgotten to invite Sir Leonard and Lady Tilley [1] to this dinner, I must make up another for the next day, and sure enough, Thursday, besides the nobility mentioned by my proud pen, I found the Prex, Secretary and Mrs. Hunt, Gen. Baird,[2] Col. Bliss,[3] Mr. and Mrs. John Davis, dining with the five Blaines. And yesterday, Miss Cary, who had sung in concert the night before in Washington, came to breakfast, and with her the Robesons and Lincolns. Poor Lewis looked absolutely white, he was so tired, and as for Caroline, I have been expecting every meal to hear that she was found wanting. Emmons got away last night. I hated to have him go, for he is a dear son as well as most agreeable gentleman; but having secured a three hours' talk with your Father on business matters, he went off very cheerful.

821 Fifteenth St. Washington Nov 30th, 1881

My dear M., — I drop you a line during the last hour before the closing of the French mail at the

[1] Sir Samuel Leonard Tilley, from 1873–78 Lieutenant-Governor of New Brunswick; died in 1896.

[2] Gen. Absalom Baird of Pennsylvania. In Sherman's march to the sea, he commanded the 14th Army Corps. He had been a classmate of Mr. Blaine at Washington College, Pennsylvania.

[3] Col. Alexander Bliss of Washington, Mr. Bancroft's son-in-law.

State Department. In about two weeks I shall have to forego the privilege of that despatch bag, hunt up thin paper, crowd my lines and reckon my words before they are written. I am alone, sweet and blessed privilege! Down stairs Alice is entertaining Jimmie Walker, a solemn cousin of yours, who believes in the Holy Roman Catholic Church, and your Father, Mr. Hitt, Trescott, Walker and Tom, at the dining room table, gas lighted, are diligently working on State papers, to which I have already listened and have affixed the sign of my approval. Walker [1] is to go Friday. What do you suppose I can do without him? But the embarrrassments of the change of administration he will be spared; also a society winter in Washington, which I consider

[1] "When Mr. Blaine entered the Department of State, war was waging between Chili and Peru, and he sought to exercise the good offices of our government, first, for the restoration of peace, and second, to mitigate the consequences of the crushing defeat sustained by Peru. Other efforts failing, he despatched William Henry Trescott on a special mission to offer the friendly services of the United States; but this attempt was interrupted and frustrated by his retirement from the department." — *Appleton's Encyclopædia of American Biography.*

On November 28, 1881, President Arthur appointed William Henry Trescott, of South Carolina, Special Envoy, etc., etc., to Chili, Peru, and Bolivia. Mr. Trescott was accompanied by Mr. Walker Blaine, then third assistant Secretary of State, and Mr. Trescott was empowered by the President to authorize Mr. Blaine to represent him at any point where necessity might require. — *State Department Report.*

no loss for him. Also the risk of the loss of some of his pleasantest intimacies. I hope to get through myself without breaks. Mrs. Phelps sails to-day, to join Mr. Phelps at Vienna. I hoped he might be back by this time, but this looks like a winter's detention. Your Father gains constantly. He is now regaining his flesh, which does not give him apparently the satisfaction it ought.

I was at the Spanish Minister's [1] night before last, a most pleasant party, though as he comes from a part of Spain where exaggeration is the positive degree, I suffered a little from their politeness, being taken out to supper first, placed behind a small table, loaded with supper, wine and tea, no one coming to keep me company, till I had had all the honor of my solitary state.

H. S. B.

821 Fifteenth St. Friday evening Nov 25th, 1881.

My dear M., — I am just in from the Guiteau trial, where I have been for the second time. I cannot tell you how interesting it is, though I was very much afraid to-day, I might be embarrassed by the pulling to pieces of the Oneida Community.[2] I went

[1] Felipe Mendez de Vigo y Osorio, Spanish Minister to the U. S. 1879–81, succeeding Senor Polo y Bernabe.

[2] One of the witnesses in the Guiteau trial had testified to the erratic character of Guiteau's father, who was at one time a member

with Walker and Orville Baker, but both my escorts left me at the recess, and then I had a chair by Mrs. Robeson, who was there with Mrs. Emory.[1] I found them on the most intimate terms with Mrs. Ricker, a lawyeress from New Hampshire, a tall woman with short hair, sitting like a man unhatted, a cheap ruff around her neck, good features, altogether a character. Knowing all the resources of the court room, she took Mrs. Emory to a dressing room, coming back with her hands full of apples, to which she treated her distinguished friends. To-morrow, Judge Davidge has warned his lady friends to stay at home.

Orville arrived yesterday morning and leaves to-morrow. He dined with us yesterday, and Walker took him to the matinée in the afternoon with E. B.

of the so-called Oneida Community which cherished unconventional views with respect to marriage. Guiteau (Charles Jules), had by turns tried law, lecturing, the ministry, and politics, and his motive in the assassination of President Garfield was supposed by many persons at the time to be due to his disappointment at not receiving some minor office under the Administration, so that the affair had something to do, though indirectly, with the death of the old "spoils system." He was found guilty in January, 1882, but his obstreperous and garrulous behavior during the trial was extraordinary, Judge Cox at one time threatening to have him gagged. The conduct of the trial was outspokenly criticised in the daily papers at the time, the New York Tribune remarking that it would "put the United States to shame in the eyes of the European countries if they did not know that in the prosecution of criminals Washington ceased to be the capital of the nation and became a Maryland village."

[1] Wife of General William Helmsley Emory, U. S. A.

and Lizzie Cameron. Lizzie also dined with us. Mr Cameron was sick and E. B., who is staying with Mrs Cameron dined at Mrs. Adams's, coming in here at nine with chattering teeth and a cold back, the house being as cold as that celebrated blood. She said she sent for her fur shoes and her cloak, and that when she went out to dinner she looked as though going for a sleigh-ride.

My family is again diminishing. Walker goes next week, or rather leaves for South America. Mr. Trescott is sent out by this government as Envoy to look into the Peru and Chilean matters, and Walker goes with him as assistant. They will be away the entire winter. Walker is both pleased and sorry. It looks good to him to stay here through the winter — at the same time, he will be glad to add to his travels and experience, and perhaps reputation, and if the changes which are coming involve personal relations, he may be spared some painful scenes — with a chance that time, the great mollifier, may before his return smooth away all acerbities. It is a little hard on me, to lose my three appreciative children. H. is now through with Vanity Fair. Now she begins with Mademoiselle Séron in Music, with the dentist, Henry Esmond with me, drawing with Adelaide Outrey's teacher, a doll's party at Ethel Robeson's to-morrow, and French at Madam Burr's

school. With all these divisions and subdivisions, I hope that time may not hang too heavy on her hands. The dinner at Mrs. Hunt's was Getchell's I think, and of course poor, — with a company exceptionally interesting. Arthur is so social and fond of being away from his lonely habitation on Capitol Hill,[1] and etiquette requiring everyone to stay until he leaves, it becomes an interesting problem how to end a dinner before twelve o'clock — but we did get home from the Hunts a little before that hour. What do you suppose the turkey Mr. Anthony[2] sent me weighed? Thirty-eight pounds, and Caroline roasted it fit for the gods.

H. S. B.

821 Fifteenth St. Washington Dec 7th 1881,
Wednesday morning.

My dear M., — Alice is just starting for the trial with Mrs. Kinsley, and your Father and Mr. Chandler are talking some Mexican matters, apparently of interest, as the former is fast working himself into a fury. I am trying to catch the foreign mail which closes at the Department to-day at twelve. Congress is in session, so we are daily expecting your Father's

[1] President Arthur lived temporarily in the Butler Mansion, New Jersey Avenue and B Street, S. W., while the White House was being renovated. Mrs. Arthur, who was a daughter of Commodore William Lewis Herndon, U. S. N., died in 1880.

[2] Senator Henry B. Anthony of Rhode Island.

head to roll in the basket. I cannot but feel a little blue, though the person chiefly interested was never gayer or in better health. Last night he dined at the Spanish Minister's and to-morrow we go to Mr. West's. The Hales are settled in the Morton house,[1] with which they are perfectly delighted. It is a charming house, full of sunshine and all manner of possibilities. Mr. Hale's mother died Monday, and he has now gone to Turner to the funeral. Mrs. H. spent last evening with me, also Mr. Reed, who feels the loss of the Speakership; not that he had ever a good prospect of getting it, but it was a beckoning ambition, and he seems to be without a polestar. Not one word do we yet know about your voyage. I am so glad you like the Scotts. Indeed I can think of little but yourself and would like to talk of nothing but the rare wonder of your actually having been to London. I suppose to-day you commence your school. We expect C. A. in a fortnight. I am now going to re-read your letters. Walker's friends come in every day to bewail his departure. You see of course that Mr. Kilpatrick[2] is dead.

With love from everybody,

H. S. B.

[1] The residence of Senator Oliver P. Morton of Indiana, later occupied by Mr. L. P. Morton of New York. Its site is part of the present Shoreham Hotel.

[2] Brig.-Gen. Judson Kilpatrick, Minister to Chili from 1865–70,

821 Fifteenth St. Washington Dec 11th 1881.
Friday evening.

My dearest M., — I have been again to-day to the Trial — the most interesting place, by all odds, in Washington — and after enduring the bad air and shifting companionship of the crowded court-room for three hours, and after gaping with the rest of the crowd at the van till Guiteau sprang into it like a rabbit, I drove home with Mrs. Kinsley, stopping on the way to look at photographs of the President and of Mrs. Garfield and of Guiteau, which I am intending to send to Lady Thornton. Found no one at home, and an untouched luncheon table standing. H. had gone to Mrs Cameron's, Alice to Mrs Baird's, Jamie was on his travels, your Father at the Department, and this, alas, includes my family. I am conscious of a great want. It is right and natural, and for the highest good of those most nearly concerned, that my three children should be away, but it is not a costless sacrifice. I pay dearly

and reappointed in 1881. He died in Valparaiso, Dec. 4, 1881. In a letter dated Dec. 13, 1881, Walker Blaine wrote to his father:

"Poor Kilpatrick, how short his enjoyment! I recall his extravagant joy when he received the place last May, and now he's gone, leaving the little wife and two children in Chili. . . . I am extremely complimented by the high honor which the President has paid in making me chargé. Mr. Trescott was, I think, extremely gratified, as it removes any embarrassment that might attend the success of the mission by a new man being sent."

for Emmons's business, for Walker's opportunities, and for your French. Col. Corkhill assures me that Guiteau will be hung. If he is not, as dreadful a villain as civilization has produced, will go unwhipped of justice.

All your letters have now come and I can make a complete Progress for you from the moment you arrived at the Mersey till the day before you left London. Every word is interesting you write, but I am sorry not to know something of your voyage. All your letters have been started this afternoon to South America. Last night we dined at the British Legation. Twenty-five at the table, representing thirteen nationalities, ourselves the only Americans. It was a pleasant dinner, though not so good a one as Lady Thornton's cook, whom Lizzie Cameron now has, would have given us, and the house is frightfully bare, all the cabinets empty, no bric-à-brac, no pictures. I was taken out to dinner by the host, and on the whole, had rather an agreeable evening. The President has to-day telegraphed Walker to be chargé d'affaires at Chili till Kilpatrick's successor is appointed. Did you ever know of such luck as he has? The President went into the White House Wednesday.

Do you notice that Arthur was unwise enough to destroy the letter Guiteau wrote him after the Presi-

dent's death? I am thoroughly tired, but am always yours, with the greatest love,

H. S. B.

821 Fifteenth St. Washington Dec 13th 1881,
Tuesday morning.

Dearest M., — We are at breakfast. H with her Philly, your Father cutting around the outer crust of all the corn cake, Alice latest of all, and Jamie with inky fingers, fresh from his Cæsar, which he had been translating with a free hand and out loud at the last minute, at your Father's desk.

Well, my dearest daughter, Frelinghuysen's [1] name was sent in yesterday and yesterday confirmed, and in a few days, he will take the oath of office, and for the first time in twenty-three years, he (your Father) finds himself out of public life, he entering the legislature in '58. Of course he is extremely busy, getting ready to welcome his successor, so I cannot yet judge how the absolute freedom will affect him, but I have few misgivings. One of our first privileges will be to give a diplomatic party to meet the Frelinghuysens, and then I rather hope we shall shut down on dinners and all that sort of outlay, for a little while.

Your Father and I dined at the Hales Sunday even-

[1] Frederick T. Frelinghuysen of New Jersey was appointed Secretary of State by President Arthur.

ing, the first persons to eat at their board since they went into the Morton house. We went unexpectedly, at the last moment leaving a most interesting supper, which Lewis had just brought up. I think the house they are in charming, and we had a nice visit, your Father being in one of his irresistible moods, when no man, I care not who he may be, can surpass him. Then, as Mr Chandler says, I would rather hear him than eat.

To Walker, in South America

821 Fifteenth St. Washington Dec 13 1881
Tuesday morning.

Dearest Walker, — The bell is being pulled every moment, and at each tinkle, I look up, hoping to see a telegram which will prove to be from the Isthmus, for we began to hope to hear from you Sunday, and it seems a very attenuated pathway on which the lambent flame now plays.

Clarence Hale is here, trying to get an answer from your Father for Mr. Rollins,[1] from whose house he has just arrived, as to whether he will speak at the New England dinner. And Mr Frye is here, and Robeson and Gibson,[2] and Mr West — these are all

[1] Edward H. Rollins, Member of Congress and later Senator from New Hampshire.

[2] Randall Gibson, U. S. Senator from Louisiana.

in, but there is a circle kept outside, larger and more importunate than this privileged one. Mr Frelinghuysen's name yesterday sent in and at once confirmed, seems to time the day and provisions of grace. Your Father has promised me that once out, he will not try to get places for this hungry horde of office seekers. I cannot help feeling a little blue over the loss of place. Do you suppose that a Prime Minister ever went out without a secret feeling that he was deprived of a right? But every day I see the wisdom of your timely absence. For instance, Sunday afternoon, when I was at the B.'s, it taxed all my equanimity to hear them calmly discussing your Father's removal without remembering to regret it, even to me. Not the shadow of a shade of complimentary allusion passed the lips of one. Everything that was kind was said of you, and with an air of proprietorship, which had they been nice in other directions, would have warmed my heart, but what are you, my dearest boy, what care I for any other name than your Father's? He himself says that you have more of a reputation than he had at your age, but you must remember that he rose without advantage, while you are free born.

Gen B is, I suppose, going into the Cabinet. I understand Grant insists. The first privilege we shall enjoy, is the giving a party to the Freling-

huysens to meet the Diplomatic Corps, and I anticipate the luxury of choice in my guests. They have just telephoned from the State Department that a cipher despatch from Mr. Trescott at the Isthmus, is there, so farewell to anxiety.

Wednesday

We dined at the Allisons' last night — dull dinner, Mrs. R. talking self and nursery and Paris salons and Oscar Wilde and cotillion (pronounced French fashion) to which her girls — M., S. and Miss P., " the latter with a mediæval lily in her hand and looking do you know, exactly like a figure out of stained glass " — had gone unprotected, until this paragon of duennas should get there; and R., who is considered a sort of assistant Speaker, he having undoubtedly presided at the appointment of committees, talking old poetry, invariably misquoting; and Mr. Evarts, sandwiched between Mrs. Story [1] and Mr. Bancroft; — I with Secretary Howe,[2] who is old and weak; — and our dear little hostess as flighty as a bird; — and the Outreys.

I am writing this sheet by fits and starts over your Father's bed, where he lies helpless with the gout, and since the top of the other page, I have adminis-

[1] Wife of Captain John Story, U. S. A.

[2] Timothy O. Howe, Postmaster-General under President Arthur.

tered his breakfast, his soda, his medicines, and an amount of sympathy and attention such as I could not give to any other human being. Now Tom is taking down in shorthand a letter of regret to Mr. Hutchins,[1] that on account of *hoarseness* he finds himself unable to preside at the Webster Centennial meeting, and Senator Plumb[2] has just telephoned from the senate that a party of Kansas gentlemen will call this evening and pay their respects, and I have telephoned back *hoarseness*. So you see we are to-day as you have a thousand times seen us. Mr. and Mrs. Hunt were here Sunday and stayed to lunch. Not one word has the President said to him about staying, nor to Mr. Kirkwood[3] either. I can see that the President is bored by having these reminders of Garfield still about him. Good-bye, with oceans of love from all the Blaines.

To M., in Paris

821 Fifteenth St. Wednesday morning, Dec 14th, 1881.

My dear M., — Mr. Frelinghuysen has just called. A note came before your Father was up, asking for an interview. Everything connected with the

[1] Stilson Hutchins, journalist, of Washington.

[2] Preston B. Plumb, U. S. Senator from Kansas.

[3] Samuel Jordan Kirkwood of Iowa, President Garfield's Secretary of the Interior.

State Department is all right, most of all the retiring Secretary, who went with me last night to an auction of water colors, and amused himself by buying many pictures.

Your first Paris letters came this morning. Delighted to get them and they now lie before me, enveloped for Emmons. I see there were double stamps on them, so I suppose they did not come by the despatch bag. Walker was to leave the Isthmus yesterday for Callao. Rachel has just been in, left her love for you. Your Tribune has been started three weeks ago. Do not feel uneasy about anything you may hear politically. The Chili and Peru business need not give you the slightest concern. It is a decided policy instead of drifting, as cowardly Americans only desire to do. Your Father has asserted the rights of this country, as was his bounden duty. Goodbye, with love,

H. S. B.

821 Fifteenth St. Friday evening,
Washington Dec 16th, 1881.

Dear M., — I am in the midst of the invitations to a reception which your father is to give Monday evening to the Diplomatic Corps to meet Mr. Frelinghusen, and to keep the house from being overcrowded, most of the notes remain unsent, though

Tom is perseveringly writing out the original list. I have written myself all out to Walker, so you will get little more than love and good wishes. Yesterday I went in to see the Frelinghuysens. The Eugene and Clarence Hales dined here yesterday, also the Allisons [1] and Mr. Chandler. Mrs. Allison was never prettier or better dressed. Your Father has just looked up through his glasses, to say that he has bought Hitt's horse for $180. I hail this as the beginning of a stable. Alice is just starting for a Presbyterian fair, first going through the inevitable preliminary of asking for money. H. is reading and eating buttered toast, deeply lamenting that Maggie Nurse, by her untimely zeal, has deprived her of the pleasure of dining at the Camerons, as she had fully intended to do, and Jamie is here with a pair of new shoes, larger than ever, and not as sweet as the rose, which he wants my authorization for purchasing. Mr. Bigelow and Joseph Manley have been in from the Guiteau trial, which they found extremely interesting. I had a lovely letter from Mrs. Garfield this morning, very simple, very effective and affecting. I shall send it to Lady Thornton, as there is in it a very kind message to her.

Brewster [2] is made Attorney General. All the

[1] William B. Allison, U. S. Senator from Iowa.
[2] Benjamin H. Brewster of Pennsylvania.

Stalwarts are going in,[1] and though the mills of Arthur may seem to grind slow, they grind exceeding fine. But whatever you may read or hear, always remember that your Father is a very careful as well as able man, and that because the press criticises, you need feel no apprehensions — there often is advantage in the very criticism. Abby is coming Monday — quite suddenly it seems, though we have waited so long. Good-night, with love,

H. S. B.

[1] "He (Arthur) had been one of the chief representatives of a faction in the Republican Party, and he never seemed able to shake off the influences which had surrounded him before his election. . . . He made a fatal mistake, as it always seemed to me, in permitting the resignation of President Garfield's Cabinet and filling their places with men who, like himself, belonged to the Grant faction. If he had said he would not allow the hand of an assassin to make a change in the forces that were to control the Administration so far as could be helped, and that he would carry into effect the purposes of his predecessor wherever he could in conscience do so, he would have maintained himself in the public esteem. But that was not his only mistake." — *Senator George F. Hoar : Autobiography of Seventy Years.*

To Walker, in South America

821 Fifteenth St., Washington, December 16th, 1881
Friday morning.

My dear Walker, — I went yesterday to Wormley's and called on the Frelinghuysens. Bancroft Davis [1] will of course be Assistant Secretary, and the maiden Frelinghuysens and Sallie Davis will look out for the social department, and will do it well. The outgoing secretary is still in gay spirits, and I think, the best of health.

In the meanwhile everything is going Stalwart way.[2] Mr Frelinghuysen has expressed to your Father his hope that you will remain in the Department. He desires it on your Father's account, and for his own, everything he hears of you making him anxious to have you near him.

Mr. Christiancy [3] having been interviewed by the

[1] J. C. Bancroft Davis, Assistant Secretary of State under Mr. Frelinghuysen.

[2] "Stalwarts" was the nickname given about this time to persistent advocates of a third term for Grant, 306 of them standing out for him in the Republican National Convention of 1880. To appease them Arthur was given the vice-presidential nomination, and on President Garfield's death and Arthur's accession to the Presidency their influence became predominant. E. Benjamin Andrews in his "History of the Last Quarter Century in the United States," states that this word "stalwart" was coined by Mr. Blaine, who, however, makes no use of it in the account he gives in his book "Twenty Years in Congress," of the Chicago Convention of 1880.

[3] Isaac Peckham Christiancy, Free-Soil candidate for governor of

Herald, and stating that the first sentence or paragraph of your Father's South American despatch to him, as now published, had not been on the original paper, your Father wrote him, when he came down handsomely. His note will be given to the Press to-day. Joseph Manley and Mr. Bigelow are here, and have just interrupted my letter with a most friendly call. They deeply and devotedly feel your Father's retiracy, and are longing to see him in the Senate. M. and B. have just come from the trial, in which they had been most deeply interested. With oceans of love — and you know what an ocean is.

WASHINGTON, Monday, Dec. 19, 1881, 10 A. M.

MY DEAR WALKER, — I am in the midst of punch making, and Lewis has judiciously allowed a stick of wood to fall on his side, and your Father surrenders the portfolio to-day to Mr. Frelinghuysen, and has now gone to the Department with Secretary Hunt, and C. A. comes this afternoon, and to-night we give a reception to the Corps Diplomatique, and Congress has unanimously asked your Father to deliver the oration at the Congressional Memorial

Michigan in 1852, and one of the founders of the Republican party. Mr. Christiancy was elected U. S. Senator in 1875, and resigning in February, 1879, was sent as Minister to Peru, from 1879–81.

services on the death of Garfield, and I am against his accepting it, as he is himself, but almost every friend he has insists that he shall do it,[1] and how it will end, I know not. One insuperable objection, it seems to me, is the emotion your Father will feel, embarrassing him to an uncontrollable extent, I am sure. And the man is here about the flowers, and altogether it is a representative day in the Blaine family, as it has hitherto flourished, though very likely this is the last of them. Well, to a good deal of this make-up, I can cheerfully say good-bye; welcome to go, is the punch and all that part of it, and if your Father does not miss the carking cares, as the starved Irishman misses the heart of the potato, I am ready to lighten the ship by throwing overboard all this old load. He says he does not and shall not, that he is not thinking of it at all, but that all his trouble comes from his business. I am glad the Dodger comes this afternoon. Happily yesterday he had an engagement to dine at the Hales — a Senatorial dinner; afterwards he went to Mrs. Robeson's, coming home late and sleeping well. I suppose long before you are reading this all these troubles will be over, so you are not

[1] Representative, afterwards President, McKinley, of President Garfield's State of Ohio, was especially urgent, and it was his voice chiefly which persuaded Mr. Blaine to agree to the delivering of the eulogy on President Garfield.

to add to your homesickness, provided you are so afflicted, the positive element of anxiety about us.

We hope to go to New York in a few days, when I shall get myself as good an outfit as though we still had the State Department. Politically, everything goes one way. The wind is Stalwartward, and their laps are filled, and the hungry are not sent hungry away.

H. S. B.

To M., in Paris

Washington Dec 22nd, 1881,

My dear M., — I am afraid I have neglected you lately, owing to other letters which I have been writing, but my heart is always yours. The second day of rain is drawing to a close, very bad for Christmas week. Two presents only have I bought, a pin for Alice and another for Carl Sherman. There seems nothing in Washington to buy. The Frelinghuysen reception was a very brilliant affair. I wore my old white and stood in my old satin slippers till I nearly fainted. As is usual with our parties, a number stayed until very late. Your Father appeared at his very best, but after all it was the dying song of the swan, and the next morning there was no John, and the next afternoon no New York papers. However, for the former I do not care, as I always hated

to use an official carriage. C. A. and I have now taken to the horse cars, but I think your Father is seriously contemplating the carriage question. It does seem absurd, to have four horses and a pony in Augusta, and hire a carriage here. While I write, F—— S—— is playing all sorts of old fashioned tunes to your Father, who I fear, is in too tender a mood. To-morrow he goes to New York, which will be a good change for him, and Tuesday I expect to join him, C. A. going with me. From Walker we do not yet hear, though I long inexpressibly for him. I suppose you will want to know what the ex-Secretary is going to do. Well, first and foremost, he will try to retrieve his fortunes, and then he is to deliver the eulogy on Garfield before Congress, and thirdly he will look up his railroads, etc.

H. S. B.

821 Fifteenth St. Washington Dec 24th, 1881.

Dearly beloved M., — School is out, but the boy is not at play. On the contrary, his leisure is as oppressive to him as Rollo's on his holiday, and were it not for the Garfield eulogy, which makes a goal for his reveries, I should think him a little blue. Not so much because he has lost the Secretaryship of State alone. It is not so much the money I care for, as the time in which it has taken to itself wings.

The tonic of money making is so much more stimulating than any other at certain times. Breakfast is just over, and your family are sitting about as usual. Tom not yet here, because, poor fellow! he fondly hoped he was to have an idle day, as your Father had expected to spend to-morrow with Mrs Lawrence at Doylestown, but H made such a fuss about his leaving our already diminished family for Christmas, that he gave it up, so now we have all to make an effort to keep him in a good humor. Alice is dressing one of her dolls for a Sunday School scholar, I think, and C. A. with one hand shading her eyes, is going through the morning papers. The Frelinghuysens have left town, also the President. Mrs F has asked me to receive with her on New Year's Day, and if I am in the city, I shall, but Tuesday we go over to New York. Yesterday Sackville-West brought his daughter to call. She reached Washington the night before, and he wished her to make her first call at this house. She is extremely pleasing and quite pretty. Not one word yet from Walker, though we shall now begin to look for letters. Can you imagine how I miss him?

Christmas Day.

Father has only now had his slice of toast and cup of tea. Meanwhile since the family breakfasted, I have had a long talk with him, finding him very cheery and

cheerful, even over his moneys which are not what could be wished. He says there is only one position which he craves in the future, the Presidency may go, but he would like to carry out his views of statecraft in 1885 as Secretary of State. Do you know, I think this election of a President every four years makes life very short. Hayes is elected, and the disappointed immediately mortgage the future. And Garfield dies, and his friends, pushed to the wall, at once forecast conclusions for the next administration.

I interrupted myself in my letter yesterday to take H to Mme Outrey's, whither she was to go to practice a carol which her children and Ethel Robeson and Max Heard are to sing to-morrow at eleven. I came home just too late for Mrs. Swayne's [1] funeral, which C. A. and I had it in our hearts to be at, and then came a long stretch of visitors, all agreeable, some foreign and most of them regretful of our changed fortunes. Not all, perhaps, as Bancroft and Mrs. Davis were among them, and I suppose he is de-facto Secretary of State. After these visits were over, C. A. and I returned the West visit, and paid one to the Spanish Minister's wife, then home to dinner; after which, your Father, C. A., H. and Jamie went to hear Lotta in "Bob," a Christmas treat from the Pater.

[1] Wife of ex-Justice Swayne of the U. S. Supreme Court.

I am delighted that you have seen Mr. Phelps. I should have written him long ago, had I not supposed he was coming home. I do not see how I can write you anything about politics, inside or outside views. In Europe, of course, your Father's policy, which is decidedly American, you will see very much criticised, and you must remember that this is really greatly to his credit. A policy which European countries would applaud, could not be very American.

H. S. B.

FIFTH AVENUE HOTEL, NEW YORK Dec 29th, 1881.
Thursday morning.

MY DEAREST DAUGHTER, — Your Father and I came over to this city Tuesday afternoon, arriving in a storm, and stormy it has been ever since. I am about my dressmaking, and my dearer self — and certainly he might apply the title with another significance to me — is looking up his sadly neglected stocks. The only question now is, are they worth taking any notice of? All that fine Fortunatus' purse which we once held the strings of, and in which we had only to insert the finger to pay therewith for the house, has melted from the grasp which too carelessly held it, and we must look about for new investments, the comfort of which I find is the inference that there is still enough left to spare for investments.

Your Father says he is not even thinking of public

affairs, while every issue of the press contains at least one résumé of his intentions and ambitions, the upshot of all being the presidency in '84. I am fast becoming content with the situation. As soon as people cease asking me if I am going to leave Washington, I shall be entirely so.

1882

To M., in Paris

Friday morning [January].

Here is a letter from your Father just received, though I do not know that I have yet told you that he went over to New York again Wednesday. While I was there, we were invited to Mr. Reid's to dinner, to meet Mr. James, the novelist.

I suppose you will see in the newspapers that Gen Grant is out for the restoration of Fitz-John Porter,[1] the simple meaning of which is, that he desires himself to be placed on the retired list of the U. S. A., with the pay of General, and the Democrats will not vote for it, unless Porter goes through at the same time. This I suppose is the true inwardness of the whole thing. What do you suppose Mrs. Logan will do with all that testimony she got together for her husband's three days' speech two years ago? The

[1] "General Fitz-John Porter, one of McClellan's most efficient commanders during the Peninsular Campaign. . . . Temporarily attached to the Army of Virginia (Pope's) and formal charges having been made against him, he was deprived of his command. . . . He was ordered to Washington for trial by court-martial, on charges preferred by General Pope, and in 1863 he was cashiered for violation of the 9th and 52d Articles of War. In 1870 he appealed to the President for a reversal of the sentence, and in 1878, a commission of inquiry was instituted to determine whether there was new evidence in his favor. . . . He was finally, in 1886, restored to his rank of colonel and retired." — *Harper's Encyclopædia of United States History.*

allusion in your Father's note relates to a criticism of Mr. Evarts on the Clayton-Bulwer [1] paper of your Father's. I was at the White house on Monday, also at the Frelinghuysens'. Jamie went around and paid visits with your Father and was quite in love with the ceremonies of the day. We were all at the Frelinghuysen breakfast. Alice, as usual, was at Gen. Sherman's, and wore her new prune colored velvet, looking very handsome. Good-bye, with quantities of love from everybody.

H. S. B.

To Walker

We have cards to-day to the Susy Washburne wedding. Mr. Bishop is to be in the city to-morrow, as we know by a telegram to your father.

Mrs. Wadsworth made me a long call the other

[1] "The Clayton-Bulwer treaty was negotiated in 1850 between this country and Great Britain, and guarranteed the neutrality and encouragement of lines of interoceanic travel across the American isthmus. In 1881 the Columbian Republic had proposed to the European powers that they should unite in guaranteeing the neutrality of the Panama Canal. On June 24, Mr. Blaine issued a circular letter declaring the objection of this government to any such concerted action, and asserting the prior and paramount rights and obligations of this country. . . . Throughout the correspondence, Mr. Blaine insisted in the firmest tone that it was the fixed purpose of the United States to consider the Isthmus Canal question as an American question to be dealt with and decided by the American governments." — *Appleton's Encyclopædia of American Biography.*

day, full of inquiries for you. Said she never was at a better fête or had a more delicious lunch, than that on the Despatch,[1] all of which she understood was managed by you. Reminded me that she there first met Arthur. We dined at Judge Cox's[2] Saturday. Arthur has at last asked Lincoln to remain. Do not feel uneasy about us. Your Father said yesterday, the Presidency came no more into his calculations, but that his family had never seemed so dear to him, nor had he ever felt himself so devoted to them. With which lovely sentiment I take my leave.

With love,

H. S. B.

To M., in Paris

821 Fifteenth St. Wednesday evening, January 11th, 1882.

My dear M., — I am writing at your Father's sacred table — the table consecrated to his Eulogy on Garfield — and where do you think this table is situated? In medias res, you will at once decide, for you who know him so well, will remember that his muse, historical or political, dwells always in the bosom of his family. So when he saw my large old-

[1] The U. S. S. Despatch, presidential yacht, afterwards lost off the coast of New Jersey.

[2] Walter Smith Cox of Washington, appointed by President Hayes, in 1879, Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia. He presided at the Guiteau trial in 1881–82.

fashioned table, which I had had brought down from the billiard room and covered with one of those old green table cloths which I have had time out of mind, that I might have writing room for my correspondence with my absent children, he at once asked if it might be kept for him; so almost all day he has been here, writing the parallels between Thaddeus Stevens [1] and Garfield, Garfield and Gladstone, and Garfield and Garfield.

Alice is going to hear Rossi [2] in Lear to-night, and one of the Jamies or one of the H's must accompany her, and if it be I, I must put on a short dress, and I have still to eat an unpretending dinner of stewed chicken, for which I have little inclination, as it was there when I had luncheon, your Father and I having made a pilgrimage at high noon to the new house. I went into your room and echoed Duchess May's prayer as she crossed the threshold of Lintergen. We also walked the plank into the Windom house. Alice has been out and made Cabinet calls for me, for you know I am reduced now to Mrs. A's

[1] "Thaddeus Stevens was the unquestioned leader of the House of Representatives from July 4, 1861, when it assembled at the call of Lincoln, until his death, which occurred in 1868. The legislative work of that period stands unapproached in difficulty and importance in the history of Congress, if not indeed of any parliamentary body in the world." — *S. W. McCall: Thaddeus Stevens, in American Statesmen Series.*

[2] Ernesto Rossi, the Italian actor, author, and dramatist.

foundation, and must call on everybody, even on the A's, so to the lowest deep I find a deeper still. As my new cloak had not come from Egan, your Father — who would accuse him of such weakness? — advised me to call by proxy, hence Alice's mission. My dresses came yesterday. Only think of the relief! They fit, they are not loud, they are handsome, and as far as can pertain to my years, they are becoming. We are now in the midst of all the gayety there is, and perhaps I have never seen as quiet a winter in Washington.

Thursday noon.

I am about starting for Mrs. S.'s, where to my sorrow, I am going to luncheon, with Alice and Miss Dodge. I have the excitement of my new dress and the prospect of three good hours indoors, when I want to be visiting. Then all the morning, there has been a steady run of callers, so that I have been in the parlor all the time. Your Father has been in possession all the morning of my room, and a more unhandy thing than this fancy, it would be hard to conceive. But perhaps this is the last sacrifice I shall be called on to make for Garfield.

Saturday afternoon, Jany 14th.

I hope, M., you will see the Tribune, to read the telegram from Whitelaw Reid, sent to President Gar-

field about the Robertson appointment,[1] and stolen and given to the Herald; then John Hay's letter from Cleveland to Reid,[2] and Garfield's letter to Nichols,[3] and the editorials coresponding, which all

[1] A telegram from Mr. Reid, dated March 27, 1881, advising President Garfield to stand by his appointment of Judge Robertson as Collector of the Port of New York. President Garfield's New York appointments were in general opposed by the Senators from that State, Conkling and Platt, and the publication of the despatch alluded to in the "Letters" was called at the time a "stalwart" attempt to attack the dead President as having been too much under the influence of Secretary Blaine.

[2] Referring to the letter from John Hay to Mr. Reid given below, published in the New York Tribune of January 11, 1882. The Washington correspondent of the New York Herald had published Mr. Reid's despatch with the assertion that it had been personally shown to him by President Garfield, who had allowed him to take a copy of it.

"No. 506, Euclid Avenue,
Cleveland, Jan. 7, 1882.

I write in haste to let you know that your dispatch to me must have been stolen from the wires. I have it here under lock and key. *Nobody* but myself has ever seen it — not even Garfield. I took it over to him and read it to him. He *never saw it, except in my hands* — never touched it with his. It has been under lock and key ever since. You may proceed on this with absolute confidence. It was either stolen from your own copy in New York, or stolen from the wires. . . . I read it to Garfield and you remember what he at once said about withdrawing Robertson's nomination — 'They may take him out of the Senate head-first or feet first; I will never withdraw him.' I have only a minute to catch the mail.

Yours faithfully,

John Hay."

[3] Mr. Thomas M. Nichols had been one of the private secretaries as well as an intimate friend of President Garfield. He published a letter from the dead President, dated May 29, 1881, in which, referring to the Robertson appointment he wrote: "The attempt to

make very interesting reading. I enclose one of Grundy's stupid matter-of-fact society notes, thinking you may see some names you are interested in. Yesterday C. A. and I spent the day at court, the Guiteau trial, I mean. Very interesting.

H. S. B.

821 Fifteenth St. Washington Jany 17th 1882,
Tuesday morning.

Dearest M., — I am sure I do not know what to write you, for I have pre-empted my day for letters to Walker and Mr Phelps, to whom I am certainly going to write at length. Here we sit just through with breakfast, your Father having spent the hour of the family meal, in the parlor, talking to an untimely visitor, and now H and C. A. are sitting in one window, she reading and she reading — the one her book, the other the morning paper — and Tom is answering invitations, to the Frelinghuysens, accepting dinner invitation to the united Blaine headship, and to Gen. Schenck, accepting breakfast invitation to your Father to meet the President next Saturday. And to-day I dine at the Allisons, and Alice lunches at Mrs. Wood's.

shift the fight to Blaine's shoulders is as weak as it is unjust. The fact is, no member of the Cabinet behaves with more careful respect for the rights of his brother men than Blaine. It should be understood that the Administration is not meddling in New York politics. It only defends itself when assailed."

Thursday we gave a dinner to the President, Wests, etc. Your Father is writing the Eulogy, which now interests him, now tries him. The trouble is in eulogizing and not going beyond the truth, for no man knew Garfield better than your Father, all his weakness and the greatness of his power.

We see by newspaper telegraph from Panama, that Walker and Mr Trescott left Callao Christmas Day. Do you realize how little we know about him? You seem almost face to face with me. I wore my new velvet coat for the first time yesterday. Apparently Atlas did not find the world so heavy on his shoulders. *This* is a complete kill-joy. It cramps my arms and embarrasses my elbows. Your loving,

H. S. B.

To Walker, in South America

821 Fifteenth St. Washington, Jany 17th 1882.
Tuesday.

Dear Walker, — The day has been made delightful by the arrival of letters from your own dear self, Hat's containing the Neptune Rex (You know Rex is one of the Latin words she is always declining, Continental fashion) address, your Father's and my own. Mr. Elkins was sitting with us when they came, and enjoyed listening to them, apparently as much as any of us. You ought to have heard H. "Oh,

what a brother Jacky is!" Your letter reveals such a depth of ignorance of the family affairs, I hardly know where or how to begin your enlightenment, and by this time, of course, you must know much which, when you wrote, had not been revealed to you. We have been now in private life for some time, but it makes but little difference to us, save in the matter of etiquette. It is Tuesday, and we dine to-night at the Allisons', Thursday we give a dinner to the President, Friday we dine at the Hales; then next week Thursday we dine at the Frelinghuysens'. They seem to take Thursday for their dinner day, and this week we stumbled in our invitations upon many of their guests, Mrs. Wadsworth,[1] for instance, the F's themselves, and the President. There was a little misunderstanding about the President, and John Davis [2] came around yesterday to make it straight. He had engaged on the same day to dine at two places, the Secretary of State's and here, but as our invitations were given out "to meet the President," of course he had to come here. Hunt and Delano [3] and Lincoln are still in his cabinet, but I

[1] Wife of James Wadsworth, Member of Congress from New York.

[2] Private Secretary to President Arthur and afterwards Judge of the Court of Claims; married Miss Sally Frelinghuysen, daughter of the Secretary of State.

[3] Columbus Delano of Ohio, Secretary of the Interior.

think he would be better pleased to have them where your Father is. It is plainly evident that Arthur is not his own master. I suppose you have seen that Grant has been interviewed on the Fitz John Porter matter? And that he has, over his own signature, stated that he believes nineteen years of injustice have been done to Gen. Porter. He is of course accused of bidding for Democratic votes for his own retirement as General. Logan stands to his old argument and refuses to take any step backward. Your Father is this moment riding up to the door, with Mr. Parsons, who supplies horses and saddles and escorts. He looks well, and is cheerful and gay.

To M., in Paris

821 Fifteenth St.
Washington Jany 25th 1882,
Wednesday.

Dear M., — I had the pleasure of reading your last letter — the first in your new *famille* — in the court room, that vile room, daily resounding to the imprecations of Guiteau, the narrative of the taking off of poor Garfield, the murmur of the crowd of attendants, the indecisive Judge's decisions. I had gone thither after a hasty breakfast, with Mrs Hill

of Colorado, Alice and C. A. and we stayed till the adjournment at 1–½, but I shall never go again. Before this letter reaches you, everything will be decided, and I am much afraid to the interests of the wretch. It is amazing to see how many people insist upon his lunacy, which is only another term for acquittal; Mr. Ingersoll, for instance, who for some reason never speaks of Garfield, the Pendletons, and scores of others. For myself, I have but one wish, to see him put out of the way. I want it impossible for that hoarse, cracked voice, ever to raise itself again. As a pleasing contrast to the surroundings in which your letter was read, let me describe these in which this is being written. My own room, — the big old table from the billiard room in the center — your father at it writing the Eulogy — and as fast as he completes a page, reading it out to his admiring audience of Alice, C. A. and me. Jamie too can find no place to study in outside of my chamber door, and he is here at this moment with pen and ink and parchment paper and algebra, shouting at the top of his voice for information as to his co-efficients and exponents. H., dear darling H., has just started off through the snow storm to spend the morning with Rachel Sherman in her room, to which she is now confined. At twelve thirty she will come back and cheerfully take up her French conversation with Mme.

Kline, and at two, when lunch is ready, I shall go in and say, "Bon jour, Madame, come out and take a cup du thé," and with this mixture of French and English, and with the combined efforts of H and Alice and C. A; and above all of your Father, whose quick ear catches everything that is said, we scramble through a most entertaining meal, during which I manage to convey to Madame everything which I have been doing during the day. She says H is charmante, and parles with a correct accent, but as you say, your true Frenchman will always say something pleasant to you. I was out all day yesterday making calls with Mrs. Hale, who had really taken to heart my indifference on this subject. On the whole, I enjoyed it, and in the evening C. A. and I were at Mrs. Hill's [1] at a musicale, where good music and a better supper made the time pass very nicely. To-day I am going out again with a carriage full of cards and addresses. Now let me go back and take up a few dropped stitches. Have I told you that Oscar Wilde has been here, bringing a letter to your father from Archibald Forbes? [2] We would not invite him to the house, but he came and called Saturday evening, and was here more than an hour. Very interesting I

[1] Wife of Nathaniel Parker Hill, U. S. Senator from Colorado.

[2] Archibald Forbes, the English war correspondent, who married a daughter of General Meigs of Washington.

thought, though previously I had not been able to stay in the room with him. We have also been seeing Henry James, who dined here.

H. S. B.

821 Fifteenth St. Jany 28th 1882, Saturday morning

My dear M., — I do not know with what particularity the text of the Chili-Peruvian papers [1] may be cabled to Europe, but as there is a great deal of talk on this side concerning them, I hasten to say, Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid. Only on the publication of these state papers,

[1] Mr. Blaine's "foreign policy had two principal objects. The first was to secure and preserve peace throughout this continent. The second was to cultivate close commercial relations and increase our trade with the various countries of North and South America. The accomplishment of the first object was preliminary and essential to the attainment of the second, and, in order to promote it, he projected a peace congress to be held at Washington, to which all the independent powers of North and South America were to be invited. His plan contemplated the cultivation of such a friendly understanding on the part of the powers as would permanently avert the horrors of war either through the influence of pacific counsels or the acceptance of impartial arbitration. Incidentally, it assumed that the assembling of their representatives at Washington would open the way to such relations as would inure to the commercial advantage of this country. The project, though already determined, was delayed by the fatal shot at Garfield, and the letter of invitation was finally issued on the 29th of November, 1881, fixing the 24th of November, 1882, as the date for the proposed congress On the 19th of December Mr. Blaine retired from the cabinet, and within three weeks his successor had reversed his policy and the plan was abandoned, after the invitation had been accepted by all the American powers except two." — *Appleton's Encyclopædia of American Biography.*

yesterday morning, in the daily newspapers, did your Father know that his instructions had been altered and revoked, and when I say *his* instructions, you will remember they are officially the President's act, he alone being responsible for them, and it is he who has gone back on himself, for you (his friends), must either admit, that he does not know to what he signs his name, or that he is vacillating and doubtful to the last degree. In point of fact, the papers were all read to him, and he approved them, understanding distinctly that they committed his government to a positive policy. I suspect that Bancroft Davis has kept from Frelinghuysen the successive steps of alternation and recantation and that the President himself is not intelligent on the matter. At any rate, he seemed completely unprepared for the charge of fickleness yesterday morning. You remember, don't you, what Orville Baker told us about Arthur's two passions, as he heard them discussed at Sam Ward's [1] dinner in New York? New coats being one, he having then already ordered twenty-five from his tailor since the new year came in; the other, seeming to do things, while never putting his mind or his hands near them. Your Father saw the President yesterday morning and had a courteous interview with him. What he, the Pater, may do hereafter, I do not know,

[1] Samuel Ward of New York, a brother of Julia Ward Howe.

but at present, he has decided on the patient dignity of perfect silence. But he says he never wrote papers of which a man or his children ought to be more proud, and that there is not a single word in them he would have changed. Boynton on the New York Herald is particularly outrageous on your Father, and as Mr. Nordhoff [1] employs him and is the responsible manager of the Herald in Washington, we are going to cut him. Your Father is well and bright and busy, but feels that he has been treated with indignity and that the whole thing is simply a determination to break him down.

With oceans of love,

H. S. B.

821 Fifteenth St. Thursday morning, Feby 2nd, 1882.

Dearest M., — I am in the very throes — not of dissolution, but of visiting, — and having now made out a list twice too long for my day and cards, I snatch the moment preceding luncheon, to tell you that Jacky was very wise, when he foresaw that the Frelinghuysen dynasty might not settle itself into the saddle, without an impulse to ride down your Father. Undoubtedly the State Department intended the life of your Father, which they expected

[1] Charles Nordhoff, author and journalist, at that time Washington correspondent of the New York Herald.

to take, with all due regard for the *convenances*, and with so much dignity on their own part, that nobody would know that anybody was hurt, only by and by, it would strike people that our dearest dear was forever silent. But a man attacked from behind is not always worsted. He faces round, and is not deterred from striking back, for fear of hurting the clothes or gentility of his assailant. So with your Father — what difference does it make to him that Frelinghuysen is a nice man who does a dirty thing? He knows the act and the man, and holds the latter to account for the former. I verily believe the Secretary of State expected to silence Blaine. They revoked his instructions, though they were Arthur's as well; they kept back his papers, they sent to Congress garbled despatches of Trescott's, they permitted private letters of Christiancy to be sent to Congress. Nordhoff employed Boynton, an old and bitter enemy of your Father, to send the telegrams to the Herald, and John Russell Young[1] wrote editorials accusing the ex-Secretary of dishonesty and dirty tricks, and Nordhoff himself has telegraphed attack upon attack, and what does it all mount to? Your Father will be vindicated in every particular. His policy is a patriotic one, and the people are going to

[1] Journalist, war correspondent, and librarian, succeeding A. R. Spofford as librarian of Congress.

so recognize it. Not a selfish thought is in it, but it is in all its ramifications, American.[1] I must stop, but first, a word or two *en famille*. Your Father is going this afternoon to Baltimore to dine with Mr. Garrett.[2] Last night, we were at Mrs. Bancroft's. The President came up and asked me to do him the honor of walking through the rooms with him. Of course it was intentional. I complied, and we made a slow progress, I in my new dress, which is the handsomest I ever had. Never talk to me about black velvet again! I expect to see it in the newspapers, or should, only there was no member of the fraternity there. Not a word of news from Walker. Poor fellow, should n't you think he would feel perplexed? Young Mills[3] is to be married to Miss Livingston in a month. In great haste,

H. S. B.

Your Father sends his best love. This attack has stimulated him, and he is as well as he ever was in his life. There comes a fourth of March, which, to use Fred's term, is a cold day. Look at poor Hayes. I

[1] See note, page 13, Vol. II.

[2] Robert Garrett, at that time first vice president of the Baltimore and Ohio R. R. It was at a business interview with Mr. Garrett that William H. Vanderbilt died suddenly from apoplexy, at Mr. Vanderbilt's house in New York.

[3] Ogden Mills, son of D. O. Mills of New York and California, married Miss Ruth Livingston.

heard him so abused at Mrs. Hill's breakfast yesterday, that I really came to his defense, and as I did it, I said I believed I was the only person at the table, who, four years ago, had dared to have the courage of my convictions, but that now I thought his offenses were condoned. No one had hitherto sat in judgment upon him or Mrs. Hayes, and now they deserved the charity of the grave. All our friends say that your Father's position is all that could be desired.

To Walker in Chili

821 Fifteenth St. Washington, Feby 8th, 1882,
Wednesday A. M.

Dearest Walker, — Sevellon Brown has sent over a list of the Foreign Mail departures, so that I now, every time that I raise my eyes, am reminded that the South American mail leaves New York Friday the 10th, and it behooves me to set down, in order or disorder, all that I can remember of what has been going on in the bosoms and home of your devoted family, since last I wrote; and, to begin at the end, Emmons is with us, or rather was yesterday, and will be we hope at any moment, though he yesterday afternoon went over to Baltimore to look up Otho and spend the night.

Emmons says he is going to Topeka, Kansas, and I have no doubt it is his destiny to do so, as so often as he ends his negotiations, kind fate re-opens them, and we know that what is writ is writ. He is a dear delightful son. . . . Business tells on him, and he begins to look careworn and more man than boy. Of course he lost no time in tasting the sweets of Washington society. Commencing with the Pendletons, to whose reception we went that evening, where was everybody almost whom one wants to meet, all the old stars and others, like the Jays, the Rathbone girls, Miss Heard,[1] and a score of others. The Pendleton House is a funny little box of an affair, where I have a feeling that only a portion of the company is on exhibition at once, and that after the spectator has looked long enough at this section, the crank will be turned, and as many more come into view. I am willing the Pendletons should have it for an abiding habitation, as Jamie would say, but as for me, give me Massachusetts Avenue and 20th street.

And yesterday morning Emmons breakfasted with E., first going to the P. O. Department to look up his case, which alas, he finds decided against him, solely on the responsibility of Solicitor General Phillips, Mr. Howe and Mr. Elmer dissenting totally.

[1] Daughter of Augustine Heard, at one time one of the great merchants in the Chinese trade.

After his breakfast, Baltimore, and to-night he dines with Mrs. Hale. Whether he will immediately return to Chicago or await the Eulogy, he has not yet decided. This important funereal day is fixed for the 27th, and the orator to be is really devoting his morning to it. I can hear Jamie this minute kissing him good-bye, as he makes ready to climb the Hill of Learning, as is his daily wont, for his tutor lives beyond the Capitol.

February 8th, 1882.

You would be delighted, could you see how well and bright and happy your Father is, dressed immaculately in one of his new Baltimore suits, carefully trimmed quoad hair and beard, and in the full exercise of a mental faculty which makes the administration cry for the little dog at home to know whether they be they. It would be impossible for me to post you as to the situation, which is so interesting, that I am half the time breathless with excitement. Still I congratulate you that you are not here. Your position would be embarrassing, and if the State Department did not drop you, you would feel obliged to drop it. There can be no doubt, however, that a strong feeling is growing for your Father's policy. It appeals to the *American* sentiment, and the friends of the Administration have done the President incalculable harm

by rushing to his defense with all sorts of wild assertions; such as that he did not know of the Peace Conference, that Mr. Trescott had private instructions from the Secretary, etc., which, proved to be true, would condemn Arthur out and out.

I must not forget to chronicle an adroit little trick of Mrs. Bancroft's. We were all at a lovely little party at her house last Wednesday evening, and it was not till Saturday that I discovered that all the other invitations, save ours, read "To meet Secretary and Mrs. Frelinghuysen." Accordingly, I asked your Father if he would go to the Bancrofts to meet the Frelinghuysens. Most decidedly not, he said. So I looked up our invitation and found, to my great satisfaction, there was no mention of the F's. in our notes. Now it turns out that all the other invitations mentioned the F's. So Monday afternoon, when I was making my party call on Mrs. Bancroft, I asked her about it. Why, the Frelinghuysen name was so long, that after writing out a good many invitations, she concluded to drop it, and our cards came among the abbreviated ones. I assured her that the explanation was entirely satisfactory to me, but I asked as a special favor that she make the same explanation to Mrs. Frelinghuysen, at the same time telling her that our cards did not contain their honored name. This she solemnly promised to perform, but she

looked at me scrutinizingly as she promised, no doubt deciding whether it would be safe to remember to forget.

To M., in France

821 Fifteenth St. Monday morning, Feby 13th, 1882.

Dearest M., — I have your letter of the 29th ultimo, and as I received it this morning, I know how you were just two weeks ago yesterday, and I have been looking in my diary to see what we at home were doing on that day, and find that your Father was giving his interview to the Post, that H—— went to St John's and was extremely affected by the sermon, which was pertinent to the installation of deacons, which there occurred, and that in the evening the Sperrys of New Haven — do you not remember being invited there while in Farmington? — were here. Also that your Father, to show that he was well and generally as good as of old, attended Mrs Robeson's Sunday evening. Since I wrote you, Emmons has come and gone, and we miss him fearfully, as he fills a relation to his parents which neither H, J'aime or Alice touch. Saturday evening he dined at Lieut. Emory's, then went to a theatre party with E., then home, almost at the same moment with your Father, C. A. and I, who had dined at the

Outreys. After admiring my dress, which he saw for the first time, he packed, while Lewis got him a supper and all the others went to bed, save myself, who sat up till twelve, when I sent him to the station, though his train was not to leave till two, but he could go to bed at once, and this morning I hope he is all ready for business at his office in Chicago. He lost one day at home, through sick headache, including a dinner at Mrs. Hale's. E came over at five last night, bringing Mr. Northcote, the second son of Sir Stafford,[1] with her. She would not stay for supper, but Mr. Northcote went away, put on his evening dress, returned, and with Mr. McBride, the Utah M.C., seemed to enjoy supper and talk immensely. As he had had no dinner, there was the best reason in the world for his appetite, and another and not a bad one, for his more intellectual avidity. I am as usual writing in my room, which has now, as I have often told you, been converted into a sanctum, sacred to Garfield, and here your Father, who cannot bear to be alone, though he prohibits talking, is devoting himself to the most difficult portion of his eulogy, the long sickness with its fatal termination. For the second time this morning, I see him taking from the

[1] Sir Stafford Northcote, latter Lord Iddesleigh, the English statesman, a member of the Alabama Commission. Lord Iddesleigh was executor of Gladstone's will.

drawer a fresh pocket handkerchief, with which he vainly tries to hide his tears, and this time, wholly overcome, he has beaten a retreat to the blue room. Oh, M., there indeed is a Douglas, tender and true! But if the writing so moves him, how with a great audience before him, is he ever to control his emotion? Two weeks from this very hour, unless the unforeseen prevents, he will be in the very thick of it. Emmons comes back to hear him. It will not be eloquent, but it will be faithful.

Alice is soon to start for Leavenworth. Mrs Dunn[1] is here in the city. Friday she dined with us. It seems very soon for the Scotts to be returning, but how much better to make even that short trip than none! There is nothing I so much regret, as that I have not been abroad. It is too late now for the foreign tour to seem attractive to me. Glasses, embonpoint, and a certain tendency to uncertainty regarding all earthly affairs, make me reluctant to take risks, but if we cannot come abroad this year, you must remember that you can come home, to return in the fall. As you are a good sailor, money will be the only preventing consideration, and we are not yet quite poor.

Poor Father, I wish he would come down stairs!

[1] Wife of Major William McKee Dunn, U. S. A., and daughter of Senator Morrill.

The political situation remains about the same. I saw the President last at Mrs. Bancroft's party. The Frelinghuysens are exteriorly all that could be desired, but I think this administration is doomed. I do not believe that anything will seize it but perdition, and I do not love it.

I have been looking over the album to find an autograph of Garfield, in vain, but in my next letter I hope to send you one. I think Gambetta [1] is the man of France. We have two portraits of him hanging on the wall, and I presume he is the one Frenchman of all others who has a foreign reputation.

Whitelaw Reid is with your Father in his foreign policy, but the papers were all given to the press without warning, and he says he was caught uninformed on the subject. Not one word from Walker. Good-bye, my dearest. I am now going to lunch and then to call on Mrs. Dunn with Mrs. Van Vliet [2] in the rain. With a bridge of love to span the ocean between us, always yours,

H. S. B.

[1] Léon Gambetta was a member of the French Chamber of Deputies in 1869 and in the following year Minister of the Interior in the government of National Defense, dictator, deputy again and premier, 1881–82. He escaped from Paris during the Franco-Prussian War in a balloon and organized the armies of the Loire and of the North.

[2] Wife of General Van Vliet, Mr. Blaine's next-door neighbor in Washington, occupying the former home of Governor Buckingham.

821 Fifteenth St. Washington, Feby 18th 1882,
Saturday morning.

Dearest M., — Alice is going away tonight and the eulogy is finished in all its parts, and only needs now the work of the skillful joiner, and I went to a picture auction this week, where I have foolishly or wisely spent many dollars, so that with the exception of notes, I have not this week had pen in hand. And even now, I am writing at one side of the table, vis-à-vis with your Father, and C. A., the former transcribing to the latter's reading, "the religious element of Garfield was strongly marked," etc. etc. The eulogy is going to be good. Carefully discriminating, it is an authoritative utterance on the ability and work of Garfield, which, while it carefully ignores the author, shrinks from no issue which the administration of Garfield involved.

We have heard from Walker at Santiago de Chile, but his letter, which is a Journal, is painfully deficient in "personal mention," and I agree with E. who read it, that she would rather know whether he had garlic for supper than all these pages can tell of Presidents and Ministers of whom we know nothing. And speaking of foreign potentates reminds me that you are not to give yourself the slightest anxiety concerning your Father's condition, past or present. Whoever has explanations or backdowns to make, it is

certainly not he. Serene in the consciousness of a policy or policies which looked out for the interests of America, and which time is as sure to justify as it is to come, he may well wait undisturbed,[1] while Mr Frelinghuysen accounts to his masters, the people, for his truckling subserviency.

I have had a long visit between these lines from Miss Snead,[2] who has been here to get a suggestion from me as to the observance of the Eulogy Day. I can imagine your amusement at the large place the Eulogy occupies in my letters nowadays. When Jamie was snubbed by his Father the other day, he exclaimed, "Crushed by a Eulogist." To revert to my *moutons*, Miss Snead, she is to suggest that all ladies in the House on *the* day shall dress in black. I must not forget to tell you one bit of domestic news. Maggie Nurse is going to be married after Lent. She is really very much pleased, naïvely says she never dreamed she could get him. I am very much attached to her.

All the time I am writing, imagine the careful criticism of language going on, "The true prerogatives of his high office," reads your Father. "Is that any better?" says C. A. "than the true prerogatives of the Presidency?" I join in the ensuing de-

[1] See note, page 13, Vol. II.

[2] Reporter for the Evening Star and National Republican, Washington.

bate, and by and by, we lay over that line for to-morrow's fresh reading, and by and by I begin to listen again. "He followed with quickening step the researches of Darwin, Huxley," —

Your own, —

MOTHER.

821 FIFTEENTH ST. WASHINGTON Feby 21st 1882.

DEAREST M., — I have this morning your letter of February 5th, and with it for a text, I think I can manage to fill this small sheet, though it was only day before yesterday that I mailed you a letter, and all of my letters, it seems to myself, go through certain formulas.

I always mention the Eulogy, always speak of E. and the C.'s, name your Father and the children and C. A. and modestly allude to myself. Following the usual guides this morning, I have to say that your father is down stairs with Mr. Elkins, and Tom and C A are also there, waiting for this room, which Fagie is now vindictively dusting, with that thing abhorred of Aunt Hannah, a long-handled feather-duster. Whatever becomes of it eventually, she certainly dislodges a vast quantity, and while she raids, I know that her mind is far away from this home and family, and that she is mentally deciding on the color of her wedding dress. I know it, because she has just

brought me two samples of silk, one, claret colored at a dollar a yard, — the other black, fifty percent higher. Neither of them will of course pay for making up. I would give her her wedding-dress myself, did I not think I had better perhaps look out for something less perishable. Last night, your Father and I were at the English Legation, at a ball. For a wonder, I enjoyed it thoroughly. Plenty of room to sit, delightful music, pretty dances and dancers, a supper, and attentive friends. Mr. West took out Mrs. Bancroft Davis, and Count Lewenhaupt [1] followed with me. The President and the Frelinghuysens had gone to Baltimore to see "Patience." If you remember the description of Arthur, as given by Mr. Hurlburt of the World, at Sam Ward's dinner, when Orville Baker was present, you have a very correct idea of him. I do not think he knows anything. He can quote a verse of poetry or a page from Dickens and Thackeray, but these are only leaves springing from a root out of dry ground. His vital forces are not fed, and very soon he has given out his all. I hardly know whether we are on terms with him. The last time I saw him was at Mrs. Bancroft's party, and I am not likely now that Lent is upon us, to see him again. The last time he was

[1] Count Carl Lewenhaupt, Minister from Sweden and Norway to the United States.

here, he spoke to me of his chagrin that we had not been invited to the White House, but time wears on, and the invitation lingers, and I do not think a perfectly well bred President would make such an apology. He certainly commands his own house and table. I hear in society only approving words. Can a President be otherwise than fascinating, pleasant, intelligent and delightfully welcome?

To Walker, in South America

821 Fifteenth St. Ash Wednesday, Washington's Birthday, February 22nd, 1882, 4 P. M.

Dearest Walker, — It is too bad you are so far away that I cannot sit down and write you a careless note, as I do to M. in Paris, to Emmons in Chicago and to Alice in Ft Leavenworth. Here I am, only just through lunch, at which hour Mrs. Kinsley, Miss Markoe, and Mr. Elkins all happened in. Mrs. Kinsley stayed over from a call, Miss Markoe came to bring me a package of cards left at the State Department, and Mr. Elkins is already here, to make sure of the Eulogy. This important document is now in the hands of Tom, who is transcribing it in the blackest of ink and the largest of hands, on deeply black edged paper, so that the beloved orator need wear no glasses and may have perfect freedom

of feature and of expression. Nothing can equal the interest taken in the day, the pressure for seats and tickets is enormous. I am quite sure you will be satisfied.

Last night, we all went to the Art Club's reception to Mr. Corcoran.[1] Your Father gave the welcoming address, which was a perfect gem, and given in a manner which made moist eyes. I felt it deeply myself, but when Mrs Story said to me that she felt like crying whenever she thought of it, I knew he had played on the harp of a thousand strings. It was a complete surprise to me, who had not even heard one word of it. Mr Corcoran took me out to supper, and in every way in his power, testified to his delight. And, Walker, you would have felt proud and tender, could you have seen the dear Pater, giving in a voice, which was a caress and a benediction in itself, the little address I enclose — then seen him step one side, and with a simple dignity defer to Mr. Corcoran. Nothing better was ever done or said.

Thursday morning.

Am just getting off invitations for a dinner on Tuesday. Mrs Foster,[2] Mrs. Wadsworth,[3] the Lewen-

[1] W. W. Corcoran, Washington banker, philanthropist, and founder of the Corcoran art gallery.

[2] Wife of John W. Foster, who succeeded Mr. Blaine as Secretary of State under President Harrison.

[3] Mrs. Craig Wadsworth.

haupts, the Jays, Kasson,[1] Bliss, Schlesingers, Schuylers,[2] Patterson [3] (Mr. Medill's son-in-law). Emmons we hope will take your place, though these terrible wash-outs, involving so much extra labor for all R.R. employees, may prevent.

I am afraid, dear Walker, that if you have depended on me as to the situation, personal and more general, you have leaned on a broken reed. This morning I notice among the telegrams in the Boston Traveler of yesterday, that you have resigned, because of the strictures upon your Father, in his South American course. I do not suppose you have done so, though your Father for the first time seems aware of the importance of keeping you posted as to public sentiment here. I am constantly writing family letters, which, I suppose, have the happy faculty of touching on things of the least importance. I am truly disgusted with myself as a universal correspondent anyway, and I feel as though my children must long for the sight of another handwriting, but to repair past neglect, I send you a budget cut indiscriminately from the newspapers this morning. Do not

[1] John A. Kasson of Iowa, formerly Minister to Austria; Col. William Jay and Mrs. Jay of New York.

[2] Eugene Schuyler, the author and diplomat, who later died while Consul-General at Cairo.

[3] Robert W. Patterson married a daughter of Joseph Medill of Chicago.

for one moment imagine that your Father is going down under this preconcerted attack on the part of the State Department and its friends. I imagine him very strong, and that the administration has lost its grip upon this policy, which is so American that it is bound to be the popular will. In short, dear Walker, use your own good sense, and ask yourself if it accords with your Father's past, that an attack does him anything but good. Good-bye,

H. S. B.

To M., in France

821 Fifteenth St. Washington, Feby. 24th, 1882.

Dearest M., — No better proof of the imminence of the 27th could be given, than the immense pile of books, now encumbering the chairs and slab of the entry, while waiting transportation to the State Library. In fact, your Father is at this moment for the eleventh time, going over the manuscript, smoothing out all inequalities of language, for he persisted in the first place in writing in the most careless manner, insisting always, when I remonstrated on the awful after labor that he was laying up for himself, "Let me get down the ideas, and the language will come of itself." But alas, he often finds it frozen truth, only to be warmed into motion by infinite nursing and pains. I have had a letter from you this morn-

ing, which like all its predecessors has had a warm welcome. I read it to your Father in bed. If I did not remember how Emmons mourned at Geneva and Walker at Madame Hedler's, I should be quite miserable about you. But you are not yet up to their concert pitch.

This letter is interjected between the lines of all sorts of things. Notes to people asking for tickets Monday are in order always. We have about thirty tickets and hundreds of applications. E., the Lawrences, Col. Bliss and Miss Markoe go with me. No tickets are necessary for our high mightinesses. Jamie goes in with the Pater, also Emmons, also Tom, also Mr. Chandler. I think of your wardrobe. Why do you not get a seamstress to put you in order? We have a tea-party Sunday, a lunch Monday, a dinner party Tuesday. This is only to sing BAH to you, so good-by —

H. S. B.

To Alice, at Fort Leavenworth

821 Fifteenth St. Washington, March 1st,
Wednesday Morning.

Dear Alice, — Now that the Eulogy is over and all the books sent back to their several libraries, and all the black edged paper banished, and this formerly

heavily freighted table, cleared up, you cannot think how bare and empty the room seems. All the world may come into it now and find nothing out of order, and I miss the dear figure, that for so many weeks has made it his studio. He is down stairs, however, for he cannot make up his mind to separate himself from his family, and I have this moment left him after a whole morning's talk with Mr. Elkins and Emmons, on railroads and coal. Mr. E. has now gone into Mr. Chandler's to ask him about the Cabinet appointment which the President is very possibly about to offer him. He will come back here for lunch if he sees Mr C. and gets through his call.

Well, Alice, the Eulogy has been made, and when I say that I could ask nothing more of it, both as to audience, subject matter, time and place, delivery and reception, you will see that it equalled the unequalled occasion, for probably your Father had not in that vast assembly a more exacting critic than myself. He has had the most delightful and warm assurances from his friends both by letters and word of mouth. The former, I shall keep for a special scrap book, and the latter I shall cherish in my heart of hearts. Yes, Alice, it is not too much to say that it is a success, and nothing succeeds like success. I had eight tickets to the Executive Gallery, E. had yours, C. A. another, Mrs. Lawrence and Fanny Chapman

other two, Mrs. Emory and Col. Bliss and Miss Markoe the others. We all left this house about ten, I in Mrs B——'s carriage, and we all got fairly comfortable seats in the gallery. Mr Bradbury represented Augusta, on the floor of the House, going in with some Senator. There was a great deal of trouble about the seats, as only three galleries were reserved. The door keeper came down to turn me out of my seat, saying it was to be reserved for the Secretary of State's family, but when he saw who it was, he beat a retreat, and I and my friends had most of the seat, Mrs. Justice Matthews having one end and Mrs. Brewster the other. I believe there was a great deal of fuss and fume among the ushers in the gallery later, but I never turned my head, though E. with her big glasses, did not fail to note and comment upon all that was going on. From the first word, I knew that your Father had the ear of the audience. The attention was profound, and the interest untiring.

To M., in Paris

Wednesday afternoon.

Dear M., — I have written and addressed and revoked the letter to Alice, which I now send to you. I am afraid to put off your letter, and I find I have no time left. It is not exactly written in the order

in which I was intending to unload my mind for your benefit, but the load is exactly the same. The Eulogy was fine and tender, and concise and interesting to the last degree, was listened to with untiring interest, and has been followed by an almost unbroken stream of congratulations. Probably you will miss nothing to compare with it while away from us, and I am truly sorry that only Jamie and Emmons, of all the children, heard it. The former, who might, had he listened, have known the whole history of the Eulogy from table talk for the last six weeks, woke up to it, only on the morning of the 26th, and then only to tease with persistence for tickets for two of his friends. But once your Father had begun, he lost not a word, and Mr. Elkins who was near him, says he cried without reserve or restraint. I send you copy of the resolutions [1] passed in the Senate to-day. Perry Belmont [2] has offered a similar Resolution in the House. "France" means Mr. Morton, who is said to have been interested in the sale of nitrates and guano.

H. S. B.

[1] Resolutions calling for an investigation of our government's course in the matter of the recent war between Chile and Peru. The question of adjudicating specified American claims to guano fields which Chile claimed by right of conquest was involved, and an attempt was made by Democratic members in Congress to show that the Secretary of State's course was not disinterested.

[2] Perry Belmont, Representative from New York and a member of the Foreign Affairs Committee.

March 2nd 1882, Thursday morning.

My dear M., — If I have neglected you of late, let the times past suffice. I am now really beginning daily correspondence, as this letter if compared with my last in date and matter, proves. I am through with breakfast, through with my hair dressing, which I am in grave doubts about, as Lizzie has a constant tendency to elevate my frontispiece, a la Drum, and at twelve Emmons is to breakfast with the divine E. and Edith Fish, divinely tall and most divinely fair, — and at one, C. A. and I enjoy a déjeuner with my lofty examplar in chignons — leaving your Father and Tom Sherman to each other, for Jamie is always with his tutor at one. Our matutinal reunion was made delightful by a great number of congratulatory letters, a very feeling one from Uncle Homan,[1] to whom your Father had considerately sent an advance copy of his Eulogy, which he read, he said, to the neighbors and friends, at the same hour that it was delivered to the larger and more distinguished, but not more sympathetic and appreciative and affectionate, audience. One from Mrs. Garfield which I shall hereafter send you, a truly

[1] Joseph A. Homan of Augusta, Maine, formerly editor of the Maine Farmer ; for more than thirty years Mr. Blaine's next-door neighbor and close friend.

beautiful letter, pathetic in its perfect simplicity, not one trace of affectation to be discovered in it.

The house was full of visitors all yesterday afternoon, everybody calling now to compliment the Eulogy, and Col. Rockwell has just gone away with a package of photographs of Mrs Garfield, which he had brought me to look at. Very pretty — and taken with the idea of affording an opportunity for a good portrait hereafter. I do not know anything further about the visit of your Father to England in May. His business is very uncertain, and it all depends on that. But I hold to your coming home, in the event of none of the family visiting Europe. Mr. Phelps is in Egypt, as I suppose you know. With love and prudent advice,

H. S. B.

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